

# SPORT<sup>®</sup>

JUNE  
1979  
\$1.00

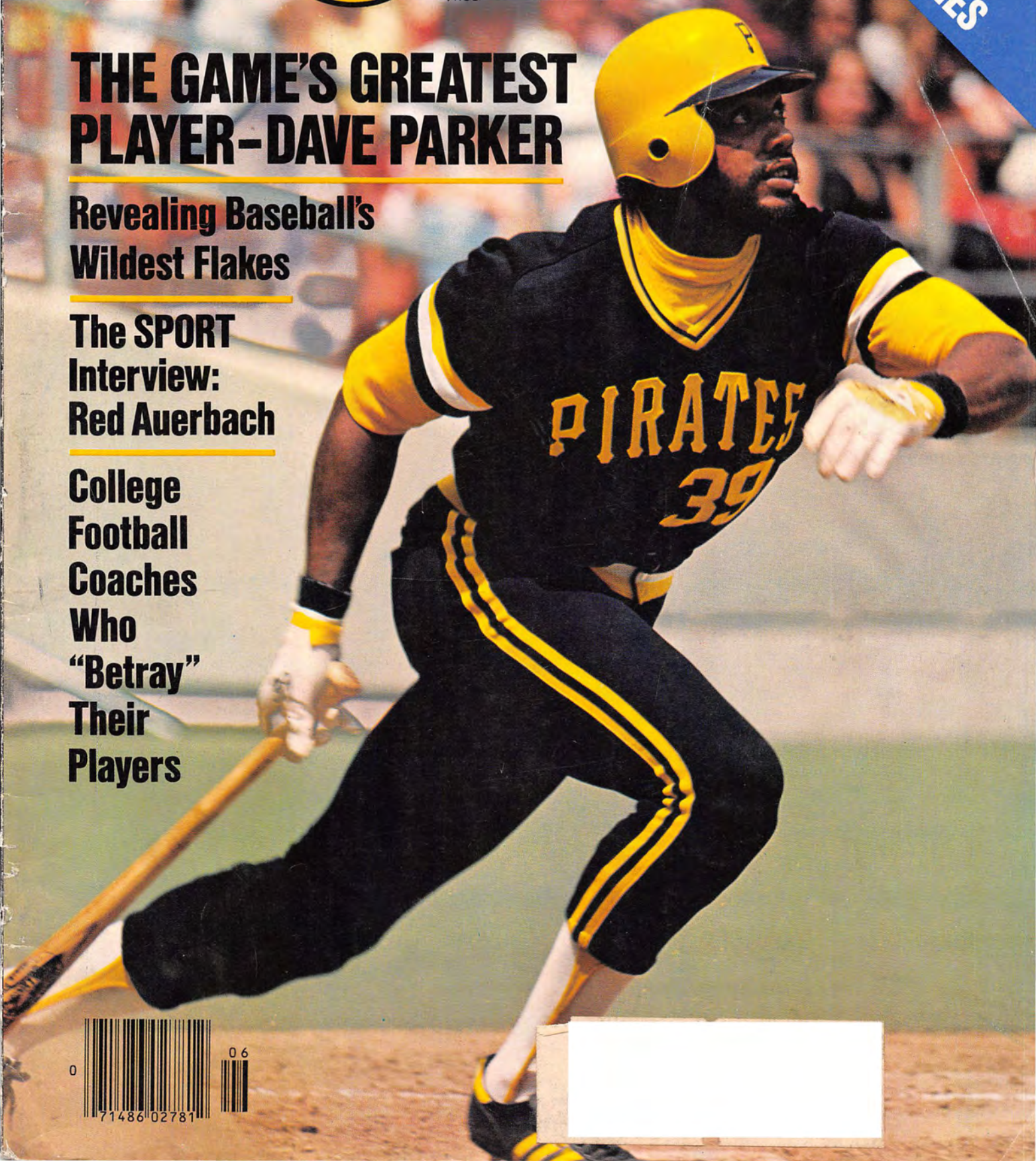
A FAN'S GUIDE  
TO SOCCER  
FIRST OF A SERIES

## THE GAME'S GREATEST PLAYER—DAVE PARKER

**Revealing Baseball's  
Wildest Flakes**

**The SPORT  
Interview:  
Red Auerbach**

**College  
Football  
Coaches  
Who  
"Betray"  
Their  
Players**



0



Come to  
**Marlboro**  
Country.



Marlboro Lights, Longhorn 100's and famous  
Marlboro Red — you get a lot to like.





Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Lights: 12 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine—Kings: 17 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine—  
100's: 18 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78



## 12 "I'm Pursuing the Ultimate..."

Says Pittsburgh's Dave Parker, the outfielder whose talent and tenacity make him the best in the game  
By PHIL MUSICK

## 23 The SPORT Interview: Red Auerbach

The man behind nine Celtic championships reveals his NBA playoff secrets  
By PHIL BERGER

## 30 Baseball's Unheralded Wild and Crazy Guys

Meet the game's new-generation flakes in all their glory  
By MARK RIBOWSKY

## 36 A Fan's Guide to Soccer: Part 1

Inside the booming sport that is, Pelé points out, "like chess played at 100 miles an hour"  
By PAUL GARDNER and DAVID HIRSHEY

51 Though Norm Nixon says little off court, he does everything in the Los Angeles Laker backcourt. Which is why he is called...

**Slick Nick**  
By TIM TYLER

## 62 "I Feel Betrayed"

That's the common reaction of college football players when their father-figure coach suddenly jumps to another school. Can anything discourage contract-breaking coaches?  
By PAUL GOOD

## 70 Unwinding with Vida Blue

Vida Blue leads the Giants in left-handed pitching and ambidextrous cheerleading  
By JACK HICKS

## 78 "Give Blood, Play Rugby"

The U.S. National Rugby Side wins its first international match  
By CLARK De LEON



## 84 The Opponent Within

Heavyweight Duane Bobick discovered that his toughest fight must be with himself  
By SAM TOPEROFF

## 94 Danny Ongais Waits for No One

This newcomer dominated USAC racing because, says Indy-winner Al Unser, "Danny just charges. Always"  
By VIN GILLIGAN

## 100 No-Hassle Hisle

The Milwaukee outfielder is one of baseball's best run producers and a notoriously nice guy  
By BOB WISCHNIA



## OVERTIME!

### 45 SPORT Talk:

Soccer blackmail... Basketball's Anne Donovan... Bill Lee... Flake Don Stanhouse... Sparky's Pick

### 47 Sportsmedicine:

Keeping Your Head  
By DR. ROBERT KERLAN

### 48 Olympic Gold Diggers:

Preparing for a New Oerter  
By GLENN LEWIS

### 57 The Doers:

Water Bedlam  
By PHILIP SINGERMAN

### 58 Viewpoint:

Farewell to Fairly  
By JOHN LEONARD

### 59 Replay:

Redemption for a Heavyweight  
By PHIL BERGER

### 60 SPORT Quiz

### 5 This Month in SPORT

### 8 SPORT Letters

### 76 Photo credits, Next Month in SPORT

Cover photographed by George Gojkovich





# ANNOUNCING 1980 PONTIAC PHOENIX!



When Pontiac introduces front-wheel drive, we do it right. With the kind of traction and pulling power through corners that you expect. And the kind of five-passenger roominess that may surprise you.

**NEW FLAIR!** You get Pontiac's kind of styling flair.

Distinctive new Phoenix Coupe and 5-door Phoenix Hatchback. And this exclusive new instrument panel design.

**NEW FUN!** You get Pontiac's kind of driving fun. New rack and pinion steering, 4-cylinder acceleration as peppy as last year's

model with V-6.\* And available V-6 response as good as last year's model with 5.0 litre V-8.\* Phoenix is equipped with GM-built engines produced by various divisions. See your dealer for details.

**NEW FUNCTION!** You get Pontiac's kind of lasting quality. New MacPherson strut front suspension with long-life shocks. And some of the most extensive corrosion protection in Phoenix history.

The all new Phoenix.

That's starting the '80s,

Pontiac style!



\*All with automatic transmissions.

## ADVANCED ENGINEERING FOR BETTER GAS MILEAGE.

Numerous efficiency features include: new design for low aerodynamic drag. Standard engine cross-flow cylinder heads. Low drag brake calipers. And much more, contributing to better gas mileage than last year. EPA estimated at 24 MPG and a highway estimate of 37 with 2.5 litre 4-cyl. engine with manual trans.

Remember: Compare the *estimated* MPG with that of other cars. Your mileage may vary depending on speed, trip length and weather. And your actual highway mileage will probably be less than the highway estimate. Your mileage will be slightly lower in California.



# A NEW FRONT-WHEEL-DRIVE CAR, PONTIAC STYLE.



# America's favorite couple

Seven and Seven have been going together for over 40 years. For a perfect marriage, just pour 1½ oz. Seagram's 7 over ice in a tall glass, fill with 7-Up and enjoy our quality in moderation.

**Seagram's 7 Crown**  
Where quality drinks begin.



SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.C. AMERICAN WHISKEY—A BLEND. 80 PROOF.



# SPORT

President Charter Publishing Company  
PETER A. BONANNI

## Editor

**BERRY STAINBACK**

## Executive Editor

**ELLIE KOSSACK**

## Managing Editor

**ROGER DIRECTOR**

## Senior Editor

**RICHARD TURNER**

## Features Editor

**MARTHA LORINI**

## Editorial Assistants

**PAUL BARNOSKI, CHRISTOPHER CORSITTO,  
DAWN TYLER**

## Art Director

**PHYLLIS CAYTON**

## Art & Production Editor

**PAULA HOLLANDER**

## Photo Editor

**KEVIN FITZGERALD**

## Assistant Photo Editor

**DOROTHY AFFA**

## Photo Research Editor

**BILL DUNCAN**

## Research Editor

**STEPHEN HANKS**

## Assistant Research Editor

**BRIAN GREENFIELD**

## Editorial Consultants

**MARTY BELL, STEVE GELMAN, DICK SCHAAP**

## Contributing Editors

**BOB CURRAN, JOHN DEVANEY,  
PAUL GOOD, RICHARD O'CONNOR,  
MARK RIBOWSKY, CHARLEY ROSEN,  
PHILIP SINGERMAN, ROBERT WARD**

## Contributing Photographers

**DANIEL S. BALIOTTI,  
MARTIN BLUMENTHAL, BARRY BREGMAN,  
JOE DIMAGGIO, MALCOLM EMMONS,  
FRED KAPLAN, DARRYL NORENBURG,  
RICH PILLING, MANNY RUBIO,  
CARL SKALAK JR., TONY TOMSIC,  
JERRY WACHTER**

## Publisher

**THOMAS A. WOLF**

## Advertising Director

**WILLIAM K. HUGHES**

## Business Manager

**JOSEPH CANTARA**

## Promotion Director

**ROSE-MARIE BROOKS**

## Public Relations Director

**LARRY KLEIN**

## Production Manager

**JOHN W. CONDIT**

**A MEMBER OF THE CHARTER  
PUBLISHING COMPANY**

## Chairman of the Board

**RAYMOND K. MASON**

## President

**FRED C. DANNEMAN**

SPORT PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY MVP SPORTS, INC., (ISSN 0038-7797), A MEMBER OF THE CHARTER PUBLISHING COMPANY, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: U.S. & POSSESSIONS, TWELVE ISSUES-\$5.94, TWENTY-FOUR ISSUES, \$8.94. ADD \$3.00 PER SUBSCRIPTION FOR ALL OTHER COUNTRIES.

EXECUTIVE, ADVERTISING AND EDITORIAL OFFICES AT 641 LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022. RAYMOND K. MASON, CHAIRMAN; THOMAS A. WOLF, PUBLISHER; WILLIAM K. HUGHES, ADVERTISING DIRECTOR; DAN McNAMEE, VICE PRESIDENT; CONSUMER MARKETING: JOSEPH CANTARA, BUSINESS MANAGER; MICHAEL RICH, PROMOTION DIRECTOR. ADVERTISING OFFICES ALSO AT 1025 EAST MAPLE STREET, BIRMINGHAM, MICH. 48011; 444 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILL. 60601; 3100 CARLISLE STREET, DALLAS, TEX. 75204; AND 6290 SUNSET BOULEVARD, LOS ANGELES, CALIF. 90028.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: SIX WEEKS NOTICE ESSENTIAL. WHEN POSSIBLE PLEASE FURNISH AN ADDRESS LABEL FROM A RECENT ISSUE. CHANGES CAN BE MADE ONLY IF YOU SEND US YOUR OLD AS WELL AS YOUR NEW ADDRESS. WRITE TO SPORT, P.O. BOX 5016, DES MOINES, IOWA 50306. OR, IF YOU PREFER, CALL THIS TOLL-FREE NUMBER: 800-247-5470. (IN IOWA CALL 800-532-1272).

Second Class Postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as Second Class Mail, P.O. Dept., Ottawa, Ont., Canada, and for payments of postage in cash. © 1979 MVP Sports, Inc. All rights reserved. Copyright under the Universal Copyright Convention and International Copyright Convention. Copyright reserved under the Pan-American Copyright Convention. MAIL ORDER ADVERTISING: CHARTER MEDIA REPRESENTATIVES, 641 LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022, (212) 935-4100. MANUSCRIPTS, DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS SHOULD BE ACCOMPANIED BY SELF-ADDRESSED STAMPED ENVELOPES. THEY WILL BE CAREFULLY CONSIDERED BUT THE PUBLISHER CANNOT BE RESPONSIBLE FOR LOSS OR DAMAGE.

# THIS MONTH IN SPORT

Soccer is America's fastest-growing major professional sport, yet all too many of us who enjoy it have far too little understanding of its technical and tactical subtleties. For instance, a soccer player is fortunate if he has the ball for three minutes in a 90-minute game. What does he do during the other 87 minutes? You'll find out in the first installment of our three-part series, "A Fan's Guide to Soccer," which begins on page 36. Its authors are David Hirshey, who has written several outstanding soccer stories for this magazine and is co-author with Shep Messing of *The Education of an American Soccer Player* (Bantam), selected by the *Boston Globe* as the "best book of 1978," and Paul Gardner, who has been the most authoritative and insightful soccer writer in this country for many years.

Gardner, a 48-year-old licensed pharmacist in his native Great Britain, practiced his profession for only a year before switching to journalism. "I played soccer very badly when I was young," Paul says, "but I love to write about the game." He has written innumerable newspaper and magazine articles on his favorite sport as well as two books: *Soccer*, a how-to which he co-authored with North American Soccer League president Phil Woosnam, and an in-depth view of the sport entitled *The Simplest Game*. Gardner also wrote a series of award-winning soccer films with Pelé. He was the color man for Cosmos telecasts in the early 1970s "until the station went out of business, which wasn't all my fault." This year he will be the color commentator for ABC-TV telecasts of NASL games.

Having covered the NASL from its birth in 1967, Gardner became Hirshey's mentor when Dave was assigned to the Cosmos beat in 1971. "I was a rookie reporter for the *New York Daily News* and got the assignment because no one else wanted anything to do with soccer," says Dave, who's now 29 and a staff writer for the *Sunday News Magazine*. "The veteran sportswriters were writing things like: 'Soccer is the best thing for sleep since pillows.' My first game story ended up as three paragraphs under the tire ads. Those were 'the bad old days' when the Cosmos played their games on Randall's Island. One day the cleanup crew went on strike and I walked into the dressing room to find the general manager of the Cosmos, Clive Toye, sweeping up. Everything got better as soon as Pelé arrived in '75," Hirshey says. "All of a sudden *Daily News* sports editor Dick Young

decided soccer was a big deal—the same Dick Young who used to tell me: 'Don't waste your time on that sport; soccer's never gonna make it in this country.' " The Cosmos now regularly draw some 60,000 fans for games at Giants Stadium.

Hirshey's father Max, a semipro player in Switzerland and the U.S., introduced Dave to soccer when he was 13. He went on to play three years of varsity soccer at Dickinson College in Carlisle, Pa. "But only about 20 minutes a game," Dave says, "because the coach said I dribbled too much. I got even with him by covering soccer for the school newspaper using a pseudonym. For three years he kept wondering who the hell was attacking his tactics and soccer mentality. Now he knows."



*Dave Hirshey*

Hirshey's last SPORT story ("A Tale of Two Strikers," April), upset NASL officials. In it Giorgio Chinaglia called the fans who had booed him last season when he was setting a goal-scoring record, "all a bunch of ethnic idiots."

"Around the league office I'm known as 'the Hirshey problem,'" Dave says, "because they don't know whether to fine Chinaglia or not. But he certainly had a right to answer the fans who were always razzing him. I wrote what I feel is a fair profile and I think Giorgio is the kind of guy who stands behind what he says."

"You can see that Hirshey is impossible to work with," Gardner jokes. "Writing this series with him will be a harrowing experience." We think it will be an enlightening one.



*Paul Gardner*

*Berry Stainback*







# Killer!

**That's a Jensen car audio system.  
That's the thrill of being there.**

You've got to want the best. The max in music. The Killer. Then there's only one way to go.

The Jensen R430 car stereo receiver teamed with a Jensen Separates speaker system.

It all starts in the R430 Receiver. The AM/FM Stereo/Cassette unit that rivals many home receivers. Feather-touch electronic switches control Dolby® Noise Reduction, Loudness, Interstation Muting, and Local/Distance FM tuning.

A separate, trunk-mounted Power Amp gives you up to 60 watts RMS when you need it. The Bi-amplification mode distributes that power perfectly for knock-out realism.

More? Lots more. But look what the R430 teams up with.

The Jensen Separates. The revolutionary car speaker system that gives a faultless interpretation of everything the R430 sends it.

Imagine individual woofers, tweeters, and midrange units custom positioned throughout your car...for unparalleled sound reproduction. Coupled with an under-dash control unit that lets you balance the music to your personal taste. That's the Separates.

Touch the "Bi-Amp" switch on the R430 Receiver and each individual woofer, tweeter and midrange gets the precise frequency range and power to put you right in the concert.

This system's a killer. That's the Jensen R430 Receiver and Separates.

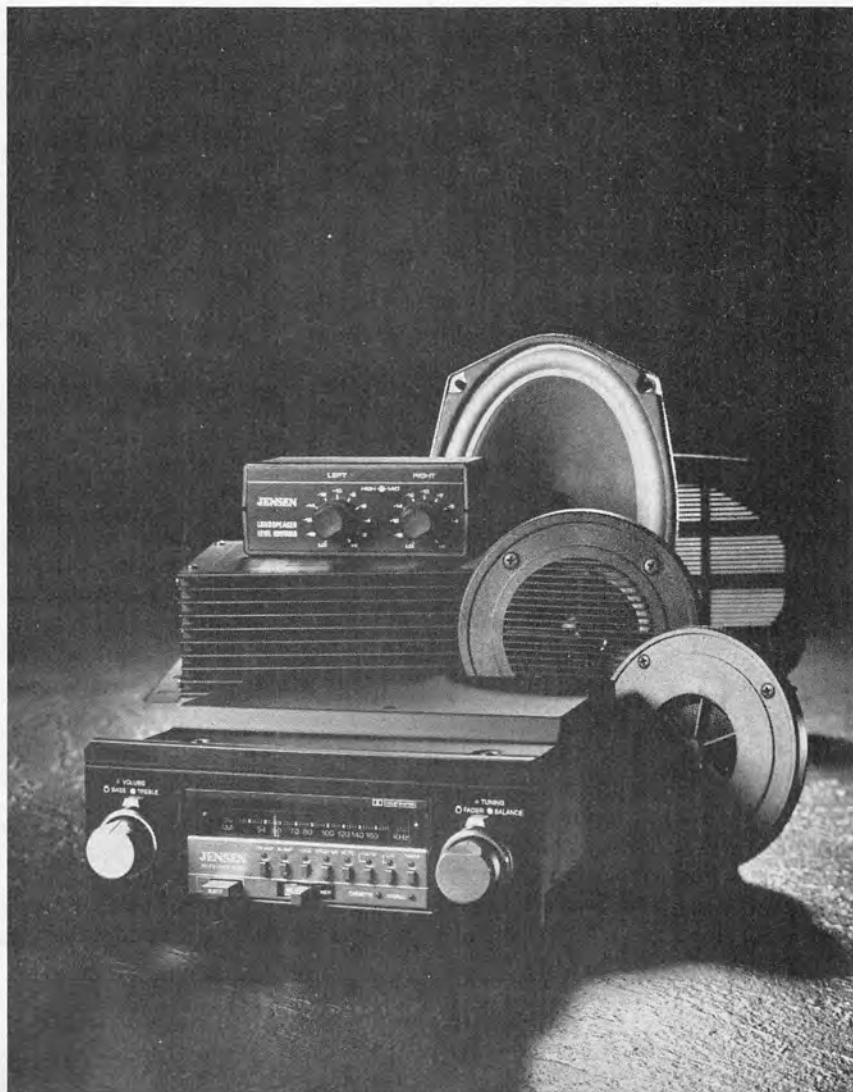
That's the thrill of being there.

## **JENSEN**

**The thrill of being there.**

For more information, write Jensen Sound Laboratories.  
4136 N. United Parkway, Schiller Park, Illinois 60176.

® "Dolby" and "Dolby System" are registered trademarks of  
Dolby Laboratories, Inc.





# SPORT LETTERS

## ROSE PROSE

Marty Bell's Pete Rose interview (April) was superb. It was refreshing to read an interview by a man who admires Rose as much as Rose admires himself.

Karen Sherwood  
New Canaan, Conn.

I had always been a Pete Rose fan, and had respected and admired him for both his playing ability and his off-field charisma, but after reading *The SPORT Interview* with Rose, I now realize what an egotistical person he is. Statements like, "Consistency, years of experience and popularity—who's got more than me?" and "I'm a cinch for the Hall of Fame" exhibited the raw quality of a man who boasts of himself as the "biggest selling attraction in baseball." The interview showed that the baseball business has the same elements as all other businesses—egos and politics. I hope other players have a different outlook on their profession.

Craig Garber  
Bronx, N.Y.

When Pete Rose says that he'd offer Carl Yastrzemski the largest contract in all of baseball, I can see that he knows a great ballplayer (other than himself) when he sees one.

Thomas Fanning  
Camden, N.Y.

Pete Rose has got to be the least intelligent player in the major leagues for saying, "I'm against interleague play. It only benefits the American League...because we got the better players and teams in our league." The National League may have better individual players but the A.L. has the better teams. In the last eight years, the A.L. has won five World Series. I'm against interleague play because it would only benefit the National League!

Jim Raffel  
Westport, Conn.

## BASEBALL FORECAST

Your 1979 Baseball Predictions (April) were excellent. Using insiders from every team gave the predictions credibility not often seen in that type of story. It was the best baseball preview I've ever read.

Christopher Smith  
Elmont, N.Y.

As a longtime Giant fan and admirer of Willie McCovey, I was shocked and disappointed at what Ribowsky said about

McCovey. Stretch's talents no doubt have diminished because of his age, but any man who has hit over 500 career home runs is still a dangerous man when armed with a bat.

Gary Van Ness  
Plainfield, N.J.

*SPORT's* 1979 Baseball Predictions were excellent—except for the A.L. East winner. The Yankees are out, Milwaukee is in!

Ron Solem  
Madison, Wis.



*Pete Rose, aka "Charlie Hustle" earns his nickname—and the right to a big ego.*

How could you pick the Brewers over the Red Sox in the A.L. East? After the season the Bosox had last year, I'd be willing to bet my subscription to *SPORT* that the Sox will finish either first or second in the division.

Jesse Putnam  
Boston, Mass.

Mark Ribowsky's attack on the Boston Red Sox's Fred Lynn in the preview was uncalled for. I'm sure Mr. Ribowsky has forgotten that All-Star Fred Lynn was second in batting behind Rod Carew for most of last season. As for Lynn not having any guts, I've never seen a player make so many risky diving catches. The preview of the Red Sox was a bunch of nonsense.

John Russillo  
Dover, N.H.

Who wrote those National League predictions? Mark Ribowsky, Ribooke, Ribobosky, or something like that! Who ever it was, where did he get his sources? I'd like to know who the "baseball executive" is who said the New York Mets have no future. Who are these so-called team insiders? Ex-managers, ex-players, ex-peanut vendors? Or did Mr.

Ribobosky just make them up? Anybody with even a little baseball knowledge knows the Mets *do* have a future. The Central Scouting Bureau, an agency subscribed to by most of the major-league clubs, rated the Mets' minor-league talent as the second most promising of all 26 teams. I could disprove by debate and fact almost everything Mr. Ribobosky said about the Mets in his article, but it would cost me a fortune in typing paper and ribbons!

Jim Flaherty  
Glen Ridge, N.J.

*The author replies:* All of those who read our preview are entitled to their opinions, just as I—as a fan—am entitled to mine. However, it was the people who *really* know baseball who had the final say about players and managements. Nothing that was between quotation marks was an amateur's opinion. As for the last reader, trying to debate the experts by using a Central Scouting Bureau report—an institution many experts consider bogus—might cost you more than typing paper and ribbons. It might cost you your credibility.

—Mark Ribowsky

## KINGS' MAJESTY

John Garrity's article, "The Kings Are So Loose It's Ridiculous" (April), was fabulous. No doubt the Kansas City Kings are the surprise team in the NBA this year and deserved what they got—a great season and a great article.

Greg Hammen  
California, Mo.

## SOCCER KICKS

It was with considerable pleasure that I read Dave Hirshey's superb article on Giorgio Chinaglia and Mike Flanagan ("A Tale of Two Strikers," April). How-



# 'I didn't sacrifice great flavor to get low tar.'

"The first thing I expect from a cigarette is flavor. And satisfaction. Finding that in a low-tar smoke wasn't easy.

"But then I tried Vantage. Frankly, I didn't even know Vantage was low in tar. Not until I looked at the numbers.

"That's because the taste was so remarkable it stood up to anything I'd ever smoked.

"For me, switching to Vantage was an easy move to make. I didn't have to sacrifice a thing."

*Peter Accetta*

Peter Accetta  
New York City, New York



## Vantage

Regular, Menthol and Vantage 100's.

FILTER 100's: 10 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, FILTER, MENTHOL.  
11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



# SPORT LETTERS

ever, it should be pointed out that Lazio was already a first-division club in Italy when Chinaglia joined them in 1969, not a third-division club. Lazio, in fact, has never been rated in the third division. It should also be noted that Lazio is a team from Rome itself, not some place outside of Rome, as the article suggested, and that they play their home games in the Olympic Stadium.

Colin Jose  
Hamilton, Canada

## MIDWESTERN BEEF

Why not be honest and change the name of the magazine to "Eastern Sports?" The April issue, besides the baseball preview, offers: Pete Rose, *Philadelphia*, the "Bronx Zoo," *New York Islanders*, *Baltimore Oriole* Doug DeCinces, *New York Cosmos*, *New England Teamen*. I now remember why, as a midwesterner, I had canceled my subscription once before.

Michael Murphy  
Columbus, O.

## THE BRONX BABIES

Reading the excerpts from Sparky Lyle's book *The Bronx Zoo* (April) was the last straw. I'm tired of reading about the antics of the spoiled brats of Yankee Stadium. News stories about the Yankees sound more like soap operas than descriptions of the hitting, fielding and pitching abilities of the ballclub. Small wonder there is so much dissension among the Yankees when people like Lyle betray team trust by holding up to public scrutiny the personal lives of fellow players. The Yankees should be called the New York Babies.

John Glynn  
Bronx, N.Y.

## FLYER DEFENSE

As a Philadelphia fan, I'm tired of seeing the Flyers singled out for using sometimes-overaggressive playing methods ("Killer Instinct," April) which are commonplace throughout the NHL. Evidently Stephen Hanks didn't catch the Maple Leafs-Islanders quarterfinal series last year, when "barroom brawls" were abundant. Writers like this damage all sports by continually preying on issues they feel will sell magazines or newspapers. It could have been a very good article about a team very deserving of recognition.

Mary Jane Himes  
Norristown, Pa.

*The author replies:* I don't mean to keep

preying on the Flyers' "overaggressive" play, but with three games remaining in the '79 season, they led the NHL with 1,521 penalty minutes. The Islanders were 12th with 1,035.

—Stephen Hanks

## BIRDS OF A FEATHER

Oriole fans send their appreciation to SPORT for the fine article on Doug DeCinces, "The Man Who Replaced a Legend" (April). It's about time a national sports magazine recognized the best third baseman in baseball since Brooks Robinson. There is a new era of baseball in Baltimore today, and Doug is a major part of it. Thanks again, SPORT, for introducing the country to the Gold Glove winner of 1979—Doug DeCinces.

Laurie Geller  
Carol Bonthron  
Doug DeCinces Fan Club  
Baltimore, Md.

*Editor's reply:* You're welcome, but have you ever seen Graig Nettles play third base?

## BOOSTER SHOTS

I have just finished reading your story on "Duke's Tenacious Mike Gminski" (March). What a remarkable young man! Knowing that there are young men around like him restores my faith in the younger generation.

Adele Buckworth  
Larton, Va.

Perhaps it's because I am an avid fan of Mike Gminski, but I think writer Richard O'Connor and photographers Kevin



*Red Sox sweet swinger, Fred Lynn.*

Fitzgerald and John Hanlon captured this athlete in a journalistic masterpiece. I may be somewhat influenced, though, by the experience of sharing a Duke political science course with Mr. O'Connor. If O'Connor does as well in writing future articles as he did in this one, basketball fans will anxiously await what Richie has to say every month.

Charles I. Bunn Jr.  
Rocky Mount, N.C.

Richard O'Connor's article about his "Memorable Return to Duke" (SPORT Talk, March) was excellent. Your readers should be aware of the fact that Mr. O'Connor was one of the best ever to play the game of basketball in the state of New Jersey. His articles in SPORT have given readers the same enjoyable moments that he provided me on the boards.

Jim Kelly  
Weehawken, N.J.

## McGUIRE PREDICTION

Regarding Al McGuire's quick prediction of the final four in the NCAA tournament (Notre Dame, Duke, UCLA and Louisville) in his March interview, I would like to suggest that he heed his own reminder that "there's plenty of time" (his favorite and seemingly only comment when a team is 14 points down with two minutes left) before making any predictions. Otherwise, I applaud his approval of "quiet time" during telecasts—though he has never created any.

Joe Pettit  
Address withheld

## PICTURE PERFECT

I think the color photos of Mitch Kupchak ("The Game's Best Sixth Man," March) were out of sight. My favorite shot showed Mitch diving after a loose ball. You really captured the competitive spirit of the big, hustling Washington Bullet supersub.

Al Ferreira  
Brentwood, N.Y.

I would like to compliment your art department on its outstanding layouts in the March issue. The photographs taken of Mike Gminski, "The Glorious NBA In-the-Air Show" and the article on Mitch Kupchak were superb.

Rick Yannetello  
Newport News, Va.

Letters To SPORT  
641 Lexington Ave.  
New York, N.Y. 10022





## GOOD TIMES ARE GREAT TIMES FOR SPRITE.

Trade-mark ©

Whether you're biking, hiking, roller skating, or just hanging out with your friends, Sprite can make a good time even better.

Sprite is cool and bright with the refreshing taste of Lymon. And it tastes terrific. With whatever you're doing.

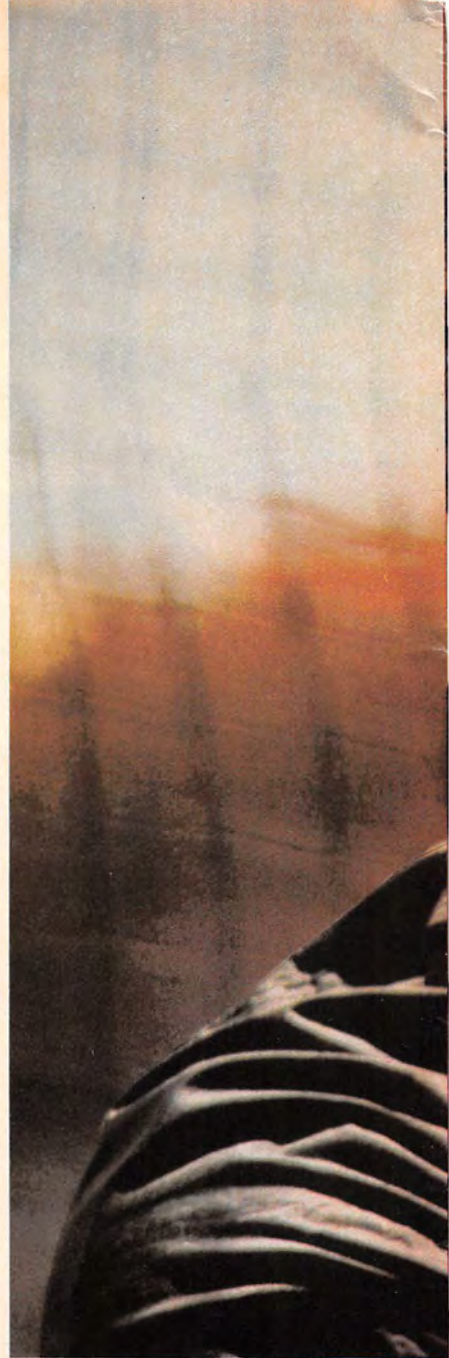
So go on out and have some fun. And remember, any time you're having a good time, have a Sprite.

### LYMON IS THE SECRET OF SPRITE.

"Sprite" is a registered trademark of The Coca-Cola Company.







*After signing his record contract, Parker reported to camp and danced with Petey Rose, kidded with teammates and then worked seriously on all phases of the game, including the home-run stroke he aims to improve and his speed on the basepaths.*





## "I'M PURSUING THE ULTIMATE..."

Says Pittsburgh's Dave Parker, the million-dollar-a-year outfielder whose talent and tenacity make him not only the best in the game now, but he believes potentially the greatest ever

By PHIL MUSICK

**I**t is one of those Florida Gulf Coast mornings so flawless you just know God is strolling through the Elysian Fields, flying a kite. The perfect morning on which to observe baseball's rite of spring.

David Gene Parker breezes into the

Pittsburgh Pirate clubhouse in Bradenton, laughing and untrammelled, as befits the greatest baseball player alive. Which, by acknowledgment of his peers, a recent Associated Press poll and his own candid lights, he most surely is.

Lying in ambush for Parker is his mock antagonist, Pirate third baseman Phil Garner, a .260 hitter with curling dark hair and a bandido mustache, whose

character and importance to the club are described more than adequately by his nickname, Scrap Iron. Parker had reported to camp a week ago, but two days late due to a sore throat (his version) or a girl (Garner's). In any case, Parker's tardiness is fresh ammunition for their inspirational bantering.

"Yeah, that's it, get all that money and then come down late," Garner screams as Parker enters the dressing room. "Prima donna! All you sportswriters put that in the newspapers. I've been down here bustin' my butt. . .and he gets here when he pleases."

Heads bob in anticipation. The tone of the Pirates' play—heads-up, aggressive, risky baseball—is largely set by the ex-



# RONRICO RUM'S "2 WAYS TO GO" SWEEPSTAKES

WIN THE SILVER...WIN THE GOLD...OR WIN BOTH



**1979 SILVER FORD VAN**  
and \$5,000 to customize it



**1979 GOLD FORD VAN**  
and \$5,000 to customize it



## PLUS OVER 1,000 ADDITIONAL PRIZES

Ronrico doubles the action with not one—but two—exciting sweepstakes. Great fun and easy to enter. Just answer the 2 Ronrico Rum questions on either or both of the entry blanks below with information found on the front and back labels of any quart or 750ML bottle of Ronrico White (Silver Label) or Gold Rum. Complete the form and mail to us. If you don't own a bottle of Ronrico visit your favorite restaurant, tavern or package store and look for the special Ronrico display.

While you're waiting to hear if you've won, try our White (Silver Label) and Gold Ronrico Rums in your favorite drink.  
(Van decoration is artist rendition. Please see Rule #3.)

### 2 WAYS TO GO...

Ronrico "Silver" Sweepstakes  
**Mail To: Ronrico "Silver" Sweepstakes**  
**P.O. Box 8252 SP St. Paul, Minnesota 55182**

I have read the contest rules on the facing page and would like to enter the Ronrico "Silver" Sweepstakes. My answers are checked below. (Correct answers appear on front and/or back labels of Ronrico White (Silver Label) quart and 750ML sizes.)

1. Ronrico White (Silver Label) was established in:  
☐ 1680   ☐ 1860   ☐ 1906

2. Ronrico White (Silver Label) is  
☐ dry   ☐ sweet

I certify that I am of legal drinking age under the laws of my home state. Check one: Civilian ☐ Military ☐

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_

ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

NO PURCHASE NECESSARY. VOID WHERE PROHIBITED OR RESTRICTED BY LAW.  
RONRICO - WHITE & GOLD - 80 PROOF - GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO., N.Y.C.



**RONRICO**  
**AUTHENTIC!**  
RUM OF PUERTO RICO

### 2 WAYS TO WIN...

Ronrico "Gold" Sweepstakes  
**Mail To: Ronrico "Gold" Sweepstakes**  
**P.O. Box 8244 SP St. Paul, Minnesota 55182**

I have read the contest rules on the facing page and would like to enter the Ronrico "Gold" Sweepstakes. My answers are checked below. (Correct answers appear on front and/or back labels of Ronrico Gold quart and 750ML sizes.)

1. Ronrico Gold Label is produced and bottled in  
☐ Florida   ☐ Puerto Rico   ☐ Jamaica

2. The Ronrico Smooth Gold "Sour" is made with  
☐ Lemon Juice   ☐ Grapefruit Juice

I certify that I am of legal drinking age under the laws of my home state. Check one: Civilian ☐ Military ☐

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_

ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

NO PURCHASE NECESSARY. VOID WHERE PROHIBITED OR RESTRICTED BY LAW.  
RONRICO - WHITE & GOLD - 80 PROOF - GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO., N.Y.C.



# RONRICO RUM'S "2 WAYS TO GO" SWEEPSTAKES

## SILVER SWEEPSTAKES PRIZES

### GRAND PRIZE

1979  
Silver Ford Van  
and \$5,000 to  
customize it

### 2ND PRIZE

8-Day  
Puerto Rico  
Vacation  
For Two

### 3RD PRIZE

10 Panasonic  
AM, FM, CB Units

### 4TH PRIZE

500 Ronrico  
"2 Ways to Go"  
Beach Towels

## GOLD SWEEPSTAKES PRIZES

### GRAND PRIZE

1979  
Gold Ford Van  
and \$5,000 to  
customize it

### 2ND PRIZE

8-Day  
Puerto Rico  
Vacation  
For Two

### 3RD PRIZE

10 Panasonic  
AM, FM, CB Units

### 4TH PRIZE

500 Ronrico  
"2 Ways to Go"  
Beach Towels

## OFFICIAL RULES

1. On one or both (Gold and/or Silver) entry forms, or on a 3" x 5" piece of paper, print your name, address and zip code. Then answer the 2 Ronrico Rum questions with information found on the front and back labels of any quart or 750ML bottle of Ronrico White (Silver Label) or Gold Rum. If you don't own a bottle, visit your favorite restaurant or tavern or go to any participating liquor store and look for the Ronrico display. A facsimile of Ronrico Labels may be obtained by sending a stamped, self-addressed envelope to P.O. Box 8264, St. Paul, Minnesota 55182.

2. Enter as often as you wish, but each entry must be properly completed, addressed and mailed in a separate envelope and received by July 31, 1979 to be eligible. Prize winners will be determined in a witnessed random drawing of entries by Frederick Siebel Associates, an independent judging organization whose decisions are final. No purchase required.

3. Each of the grand prize winners will receive a standard equipped 1979 Ford Van, and \$5,000 to customize and/or decorate it. The two second prize winners will each receive a 7-night, 8-day trip for two to San Juan, Puerto Rico, including air fare, hotel accommodations and \$200 in cash. The 20 third prize winners will receive a Panasonic AM, FM, CB Unit. The 4000 fourth prize winners will receive a Ronrico "2 Ways to Go" Beach Towel.

Prizes are non-transferable.

4. Only one prize per family or household in each sweepstakes. The odds of winning will be determined by the number of entries received. All prizes will be awarded.

5. Van winners agree to assume responsibility for any optional items as defined by Ford Motor Co. as well as local, state and federal taxes, city and state licensing and registration fees. Vans will be made available as near as possible to the prize winner's home address for pick up by winners. Sweepstakes open to residents of the continental U.S.A., Alaska, and Hawaii. Employees and their families of General Wine & Spirits Co., its affiliated and subsidiary companies, liquor wholesalers and retailers, their advertising agencies and judging organizations are not eligible. Sweepstakes void where prohibited or restricted by law. All federal, state and local laws apply.

6. Entrants must be of legal drinking age of the laws of their home state.

7. A list of all winners can be acquired at the conclusion of the sweepstakes by sending a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Ronrico Rum Winners List, P.O. Box 8266, St. Paul, Minnesota 55182.

NO PURCHASE REQUIRED.

## Dave Parker

changes between the team's leaders, the huge black man and his roosterish, white adversary.

"If I hit like you do, I'd have been down here at Christmas," Parker replies loudly. "You think that perm you got makes you look like a brother, and that you'll hit like one."

To Parker and Garner, no subject—race, family, personal weakness—is sacrosanct. "Our needling has a purpose," Garner says as Parker saunters away. "It's the way he gets up for a game, and it gets everyone else up. If you feel down, sorry for yourself, he gets the spark going in you. Dave's found that picking on someone, mostly me, makes guys rally around, laugh. Suddenly, they're ready. It's group therapy. He has a sixth sense when someone needs a kick in the ass... and he knows how to smooth it over if he goes too far."

"Garner has great mental toughness," Parker explains as he begins to dress for work. "I know he'll just shrug at most of what I say. He knows his strong points, so I pick on his weak ones and it helps him think about them."

Parker peels off his shirt, revealing the Star of David necklace he wears "because my name is David and I'm a star." In terms of all-round ability, he is arguably not only a star, but *the* star. He does what he does better than anyone you could name, including Rod Carew or Pete Rose or Jim Rice. For the 1978 season—in which he fractured his cheekbone so badly he missed 11 games and played the last 13 weeks wearing a football facemask attached to his batting helmet—he easily won the National League Most Valuable Player Award, receiving 21 of the 24 first-place votes cast. Parker also won his second straight N.L. batting title with a .334 average; led the league with 340 total bases; finished second in RBIs with 117 and third in home runs with 30. Moreover, he stole 20 bases; won a second consecutive Gold Glove in rightfield; and unleashed his awesome outfield arm (he had 13 assists, half his previous year's total because few players are foolhardy enough to run on him).

In four seasons of playing regularly, Parker has manufactured a .323 career average, driven in an average of 99 runs a season, stolen 64 bases and slowly dissolved the late Roberto Clemente's hovering specter. Parker has brought to every play the sort of dedication which forces Garner to admit: "I watch him closer than anyone, looking for the first time he doesn't go all out so I can write it all over the clubhouse walls—but it hasn't happened yet."

As Parker pulls on a jock and uniform pants, the thought occurs to me that he

could be not merely the greatest player alive... but *the greatest player ever*: Cobb's fury and Ruth's power and DiMaggio's grace and Mays' hustle melding together in a 6-foot-5, 230-pound 27-year-old who is still, most experts say, a summer or three away from fulfilling his ultimate potential.

"The greatest ever?" Parker asks rhetorically. "With my attitude, I can't see anything but that. I think I have the potential to be the greatest ever to have played. I like to think of myself as one of the greatest now, not that I've had the longevity. But what I've done and the manner in which I've done it reflect my potential. I set goals to push myself, and what I say I can do—if I stay healthy—I can do!

"I think my statistical potential is unlimited. But I haven't perfected hitting home runs yet, like George Foster. I'm still learning how. Before, I was an opposite-field hitter with an exaggerated downswing. Now, if a situation calls for it, I can wait for a pitch down-and-in, where my power is, and go for the home run. I don't know how many home runs I'm capable of hitting in the future. More than 30 a year, I know that.

"I'd like to win the Triple Crown like Frank Robinson did in 1966, because he was my boyhood idol. And I'll win it. I want to get in the area of Willie Mays or Roberto Clemente. I'm going to push this God-given ability. I'm pursuing the ultimate."

San Diego Padre general manager Bob Fontaine doesn't doubt Parker can achieve the ultimate. "There isn't any department that he can't beat you in," Fontaine says. "Getting a hit, making a catch, stealing a base. And the thing is, he gives you 180 percent. I don't know what the hell he can't do."

There is little that Parker hasn't already done. This spring he became the first million-dollar-a-year salaried baseball player, reportedly getting a five-year-bonus-clogged pact which could be worth as much as \$7.5 million.

"I wanted to make sure I received the highest salary in baseball, became the first million-dollar player," he says of the contract, which took his agent, Tom Reich, two years to negotiate. "I'm the highest-paid athlete in team sports. But I can live up to it. The public needs to see a player who's gotten security and then still goes out and applies himself. What I feel for the game makes me give 110 percent every time I go out there, not money."

Parker's zeal can be attested to by the catchers he has disabled. Los Angeles' Steve Yeager and Houston's Reggie Baldwin, who was knocked unconscious, left games after trying to thwart Parker's wanton commitment to score. Philadelphia's John Oates (now with the Dodgers) suffered a broken collarbone in a 1976 confrontation with Parker. "I thought I



## Dave Parker

could hit Parker low," Oates remembers. "then tag him as he went over me. Instead, he went through me."

Parker's tenacity was apparent early on to the gritty, hardworking people of the South Cummingsville ghetto of Cincinnati where he grew up. Residents pointed him out as the neighborhood's most gifted athlete. Unfortunately, he also went through town as its most gifted streetfighter. "He was a hard case, no question about that," a friend says.

Parker describes his young self as "a bully who got respect by treating everyone the way I wanted to be treated. . . sort of a neighborhood equalizer. I was the leader of a club called the Mod Spot." There were some minor scrapes—broken windows, a girl clawing his face and her father having him detained overnight at a juvenile center—that were not easily dismissed by his father, Dick Parker, a strapping shipping clerk in a foundry who had strong convictions about what was right and wrong for teenage boys.

"It's a competitive thing to live in a ghetto," Parker says. "You're always thinking, 'I'm going to get out, some way.' My dad struggled. He and I had some misunderstandings. I moved in with some relatives for a while. But there was a lot of love. . . still is."

Parker returned home at the request of his oldest sister, Dorothy. "She told me to come home, that my mom missed me, that I had a career in baseball to get on with [playing football as a junior at Courter Tech in Cincinnati, Parker rushed for 1,365 yards, but torn knee ligaments made baseball the best option]. After I went back, I played in the Connie Mack World Series, and the scouts saw me."

"I always loved baseball. I lived at

Crosley Field. I was the worst vendor in history. . . just watched Frank Robinson and Vada Pinson, never sold any hot dogs. I'd go home and fantasize about being them, having cars like they did, matching white Thunderbirds with red upholstery. I was always telling my mother, 'I'm going to be a baseball star and buy you a new home.'"

Parker lasted 14 rounds into the 1970 free-agent draft because of his questionable knee and "stories that I was a militant who'd grown up a hoodlum." But the Pirates signed him for \$6,500 and sent him to Bradenton in the rookie league.

That year his sister Dorothy died following childbirth. "I was closer to Dorothy than anyone," he says. "Bad dreams from Dorothy's death kept me from concentrating." Although he was hitting .318, he left the club. His mother—"a wise, kind, genuine lady"—talked him into returning.

He climbed through the Pittsburgh organization. But there were still struggles. In the spring of 1972, Parker was hitting about .400 in the Pirates' training camp, following a season of Class-A ball at Monroe where he'd hit .358. He felt he should remain with the Pirates when they went north, or at least be promoted to the organization's Triple-A club in Charleston. The Pirates told him they were sending him back to Class A, this time at Salem in the Carolina League.

"I threw my bat when I was told," Parker says. "Pete Peterson, the Pirate general manager, came at me and said, 'Go get that bat. You've been around here for two years and you think you know everything.'"

"I was walking after the bat and he said, 'Run.' I said, 'You talk to me like a man. I'm a man first. There's other things I could be doing.' He ran up to me and started to grab me. I said, 'Yeah, grab me! Give me a reason to punch you.'"

Parker didn't get assigned to Charleston until 1973. There, he had one more

confrontation with the organization. "I'd hit .300 everywhere I'd been," he says. "Pittsburgh was in fourth place, going nowhere in the second half of the season. They had nothing to lose by bringing me up. I'd already given baseball three and half years." Parker jumped the team.

"It was a power play," he grins, "but I was ready." He finished the season in Pittsburgh.

"Five minutes till we hit," Pirate coach Joe Lonnett hollers into the clubhouse. Parker, half-dressed, leaps from his stool and flickers about the clubhouse, pausing to display his physique in a Mr. Universe pose. "Where is that little bleep?" Parker says, scanning the room for Garner, who has taped on his locker a bubble-gum card of John Stearns, the Mets' catcher who fractured Parker's cheek in a home-plate collision last year. Scrawled on the card are the words: "My hero."

Suddenly Garner comes out of the john and rushes to Parker. "If I hit third [Parker's slot] this year, we'll win the pennant instead of finishing second again," Garner screeches into Parker's unsmiling face which is dominated by a wide mouth and softly challenging eyes. "I'm leading the club in everything down here."

Parker whistles a left jab which stops at Garner's mustache and then he strolls on, stopping to scoop nude, 170-pound short-stop Frank Taveras into the air while roaring over his shoulder: "Willie Stargell? Where you at, Will?"

Parker sets Taveras down and then wheels back toward his locker. Reaching into it, he pulls out a gold baseball—part of his Gold Glove award—and walks over to Stargell. "Happy Birthday, Pops," Parker says, unabashedly hugging Stargell, who turned 38 the week before and who has been Parker's mentor for years. He gives Stargell the ball.

"Will helped me with my defense. . . with a lot of things. . . so he gets

PARKER VS. HIS IDOLS CLEMENTE MAYS ROBINSON														
A statistical comparison at similar stages of their careers														
	Yrs.	Age	G	AB	R	H	2B	3B	HR	RBI	BA	SB	Ass.	Err.
Roberto Clemente	6	26	771	2989	374	861	133	48	42	331	.288	22	98	54
Willie Mays	6	26	762	2899	531	903	128	63	187	509	.311	121	82	43
*Frank Robinson	5	25	735	2741	501	818	145	27	165	449	.298	59	205	48
<b>DAVE PARKER</b>	<b>6</b>	<b>27</b>	<b>720</b>	<b>2672</b>	<b>410</b>	<b>851</b>	<b>158</b>	<b>44</b>	<b>97</b>	<b>439</b>	<b>.318</b>	<b>68</b>	<b>68</b>	<b>58</b>

\*Robinson played first and third base in addition to the outfield.



19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78.

© 1978 R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

# One of a kind.

The man. The cigarette. They speak for themselves.

Ordinary cigarettes just don't have what Camel Filters has.

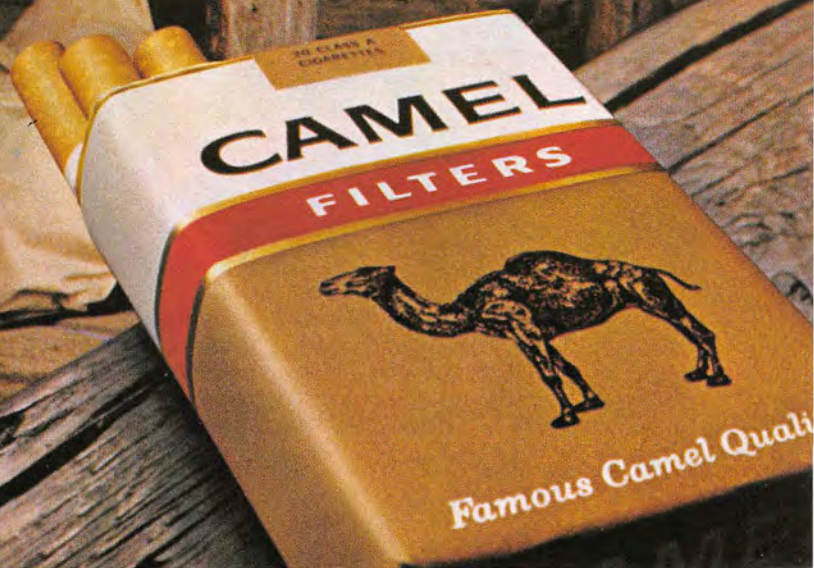
Its blend of Turkish and Domestic tobaccos gives him what he smokes for.

Pleasure. Satisfaction.

A Camel Filters Man understands why the best times are often the simplest.

Do you?

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.





## Dave Parker

part of the trophy," says an embarrassed Parker as he rushes through the door for batting practice.

Behind the batting cage, Parker's teammates rail at him unmercifully over his record contract. Parker drives a dozen balls on a line and then retreats to the shade of the dugout, laughing lightly.

"He's worth it," pitcher Jim Rooker says. "What makes Parker so rare is that he's a superstar who's not a jerk; most are. He plays harder than anyone here. Three years ago, he was a horseshit outfielder [in his first year of organized ball Parker made 40 errors] and now he's made himself a great one."

"Without a doubt, I can do the things I've said I can," Parker says from the dugout as the Philadelphia Phillies, Pete Rose included, disembark from a bus and stream into the sunshine for the day's exhibition game. "That contract meant a lot to me. I never said I was the greatest player in the game, initially. The experts did. But, okay, if I am, I want to be paid accordingly. Hell, the Pirates had me for bargain prices for two years. I made a mistake when I signed originally. I resolved that mistake by winning my first

batting title. Then last year, by breaking my cheekbone and continuing to play with it broken, I showed that I was durable, could set goals and achieve them.

"Roberto Clemente never got what he deserved in Pittsburgh and neither has Willie Stargell. And, frankly, if I hadn't gotten it in the contract, I wouldn't have either.

"Pittsburgh's basically a blue-collar town," Parker says. "They [fans] think people making all that money ought to work hard for it and they don't think a baseball player does. It's been proven that they don't come to the games [attendance was under a million in 1978, the lowest in eight years] because they say, 'There are too many blacks and Puerto Ricans playing.' I hate to think of it being that way, but evidently it is. I'd like to think this club reflects the city. . . hard-working and dedicated. I hope we can forget who's on the field and what color he is."

The subject is still a sore spot among black Pirates. A year ago, utilityman Fernando Gonzalez was sold to San Diego, while less-productive white players were retained.

"Baseball's gotten to the point where a lot of it's political," Parker says. "The best player doesn't get the job. That hurt us a lot last year. We needed another

catcher when Ed Ott got hurt, which would've meant another black face in the lineup. Duffy Dyer was just an adequate catcher who didn't make much contact with the bat. We needed [Manny] Sanguillen behind the plate. The fear that the fans would see seven black faces on the field prevented that.

"Gonzalez was the same thing. One of the best pinch-hitters in baseball, adequate as an infielder or outfielder, a guy who'd hit .276 the year before. But we kept a white outfielder [Steve Brye]. It was stupid to get rid of Gonzalez. . . a guy who could play multiple positions. Why not get rid of the other guy?"

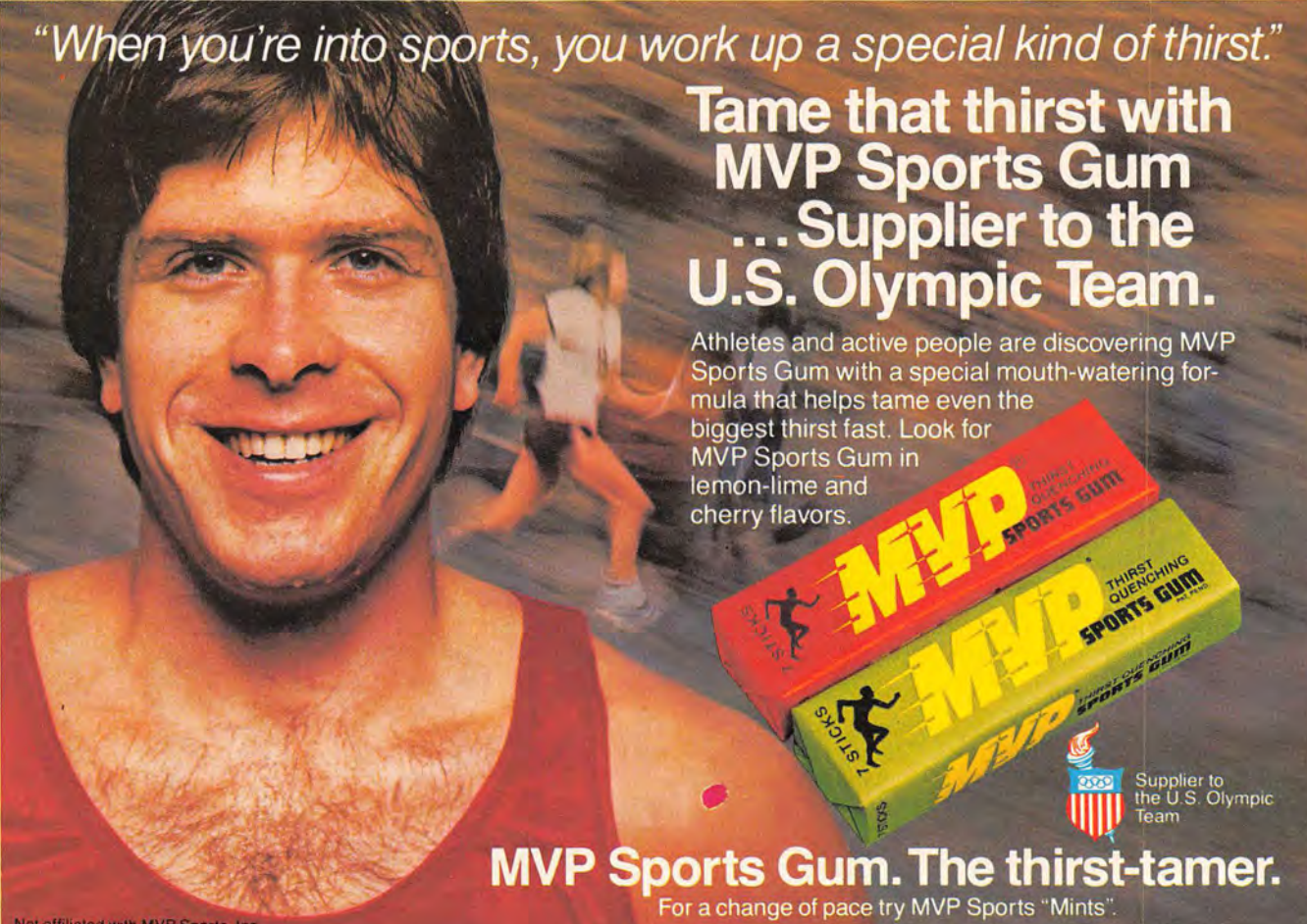
Parker grins at Rose playing pepper with his nine-year-old son Petey, then moves to the batting cage. The ball explodes from his bat as he twists viciously into every pitch. Parker's nickname, Cobra, stems from his ability to uncoil savagely into the ball, his skill unsullied by any caution in his stroke. The Phillies watch Parker turn his front foot inward and spray a nasty shot which kicks up chalk along the leftfield line; then, with a sweeping stroke, jerk a pitch into the sky behind the rightfield fence.

"He can do more than any big man I've ever seen," Pittsburgh manager Chuck Tanner says while watching Parker hit. Tanner, a professional for 33 summers, is

*"When you're into sports, you work up a special kind of thirst."*

## Tame that thirst with MVP Sports Gum ... Supplier to the U.S. Olympic Team.

Athletes and active people are discovering MVP Sports Gum with a special mouth-watering formula that helps tame even the biggest thirst fast. Look for MVP Sports Gum in lemon-lime and cherry flavors.



**MVP Sports Gum. The thirst-tamer.**  
For a change of pace try MVP Sports "Mints".

Not affiliated with MVP Sports, Inc.

2000 Supplier to the U.S. Olympic Team

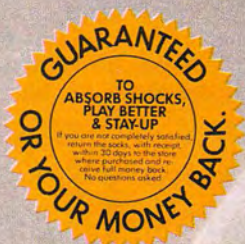


Introducing the athletic sock with a new power base:

# FOOT SUPPORT

Burlington's Equipe®  
Clincher™ Socks. Designed  
for arch and ankle support  
with Power Panels of  
Lycra® knit in to give  
your feet an invigorating  
lift. Made in thick, soft  
Hi Bulk Orlon®. With full  
cushion heel and toe to  
absorb shock. Stay up top.  
And Bioguard®, The Odor  
Controller®, is built in for the  
life of the sock to help keep  
feet fresh game after game.

Equipe®  
Clincher™



Contains Dow Corning 5700 Antimicrobial Agent

The Equipe® Clincher™ is  
available in ankle and crew  
lengths. And over-the-calf  
with full leg support.



A SOCK FOR  
EVERY WALK OF LIFE.

# Burlington





©1979 S.C. Johnson & Son, Inc.

## Dave Parker

Parker's chief booster. "He can hit for average, he can hit with power, he can run, he can field, and he can throw," Tanner enthuses. "He's the only big man I've seen who can do all five."

Parker is one of the biggest men in baseball, built more like a tight end than an outfielder. To envision his size, consider: Parker's chest is three inches bigger and his reach is ten inches longer than Muhammad Ali's.

Parker is so huge and menacing at the plate that a pitcher facing him might only be thinking about two things—his wife and kids. "With Parker up there in batting practice, you feel like that," ex-Pirate pitcher Jerry Reuss says of the fear Parker engenders. "The whole field takes on different dimensions when he's on it."

A half-hour later, Parker covers the clubhouse in five giant strides to lead a typical bit of Pirate byplay. Sportscaster Myron Cope has been told that Pirate trainer Tony Bartirome can hoist three people from the floor at once. Eager to test Bartirome's strength, the smallish Cope lies prone, belly up, between two large players and they lock arms and legs and await Bartirome's lift. Suddenly, Cope's pants are yanked to half-mast by a

prankster and Parker leads a charge of players who spray the stricken sportscaster with unguents ranging from purplish adhesive spray to chocolate milk. As Cope is led to the shower, Parker's concoction of baby oil and sugar is widely agreed to have been the most ingenious. "I tried to find an egg," he confides to Garner, who snaps, "Why didn't you just lay one. . .you been doing it ever since you got that rich contract."

Parker, as usual, starts that day's exhibition game in right. Pirate owner John Galbreath wants the club to win as many spring-training games as possible, figuring that will increase season-ticket sales back home. True to his outstanding boast—"There are two sure things, the sun will shine and I'll get my two"—Parker jerks a fastball into rightfield for a single in the fourth, and almost beheads a pitcher with a line-drive single three innings later.

But in the fifth, he commits a rare gaffe. Phil's rookie John Poff lifts a lazy fly ball down the rightfield line. Parker breaks quickly for the ball, gathers himself as it floats down and drops it for an error. He needs to work on his concentration.

The fans—many of whom live on social security and pension checks—boo lustily as the first million-dollar-salary player trots off the field seconds later. Reaching

the dugout, Parker doffs his cap theatrically, flashes a huge, boyish grin, and bows a seep apology for the error. The laughter and applause last for a full two minutes.

"I want to be the best product there is," Parker says in the clubhouse after the Pirates win. "But sometimes I feel like meat on the hoof. I want to help the club—I'll sign autographs for an hour and a half—but I'm a very private individual outside this clubhouse. I don't have to have rapport with fans. I'm versatile. I can be intellectual or down-to-earth, like I usually am."

"Sure, some of my satisfaction comes from the people. I like to feel like a dominant source. I do everything well, so I get satisfaction from all phases of the game. Like when I make a good throw. . .if there's a runner on second and a fly ball to right, the crowd anticipates my throw. They're all on their feet now. . .I make a good throw. . .they're all saying 'oooooh' and 'wow!' That's my salary. I try to give them their money's worth. They see me running hard to first, they say, 'Hey, that big guy can run.' I like to hit a triple and show my speed. . .hit a home run, show my power. I feel like the Darryl Dawkins of baseball. . .awesome. To get a standing ovation is like. . .climaxing. There's no other way to describe it."

Dave Parker tucks his black silk shirt into his black pants and puts on his leather cowboy hat and prepares to leave the Pirates' nearly deserted clubhouse. Before leaving, however, he advises Garner to commit an impossible act, then slips out the door. Willie Stargell watches Parker's broad back disappear into the sunshine.

"Some people breed horses," Stargell says affectionately, "the Pirates breed hitters. There's no telling what he can accomplish. He's getting stronger, wiser. No pitcher can intimidate him, and if they get him out he forgets it. He understands it's a matter of saying, 'Okay, he's tough. . .but so am I.' He has a drive which makes him devastating."

"If you appreciate art, you look at the whole picture. That's how you have to see him. . .the way he backs up bases; how he gets off so fast in the first three steps going after a ball, but always gets control of his body; the way he plays the outfield like a madman when he's not hitting."

"He talks a lot of shit in here to keep people loose, but he doesn't mean any of it. He's got a heart a yard wide."

"There's just no telling what he can accomplish yet," Stargell continues. "The sky really is the limit for him. Just stick around and watch him for the next 15 years." ■

PHIL MUSICK is sports editor of the Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette* and last reported in SPORT (Feb.) on Terry Bradshaw.



# Which should you choose first, the diamond or the ring?

When you go to buy a diamond engagement ring, you'll find many beautiful ones, like the rings shown here. At first, it may seem the only difference is in the settings and prices. But there are four qualities (cut, clarity, color and carat weight) that give each diamond its own unique sparkle. And it's the combination of all of these qualities that account for the differences in prices you see.

The better a diamond is cut, the more light it captures and reflects back to your eye. The clearer a diamond is, the fewer of nature's tiny markings called inclusions will be present. And the closer a diamond comes to being colorless, the better you see the sparkling interplay of lights.

And finally, the weight of a diamond is measured in carats, and that relates to size. If you're choosing between two stones with comparable qualities, you should know the larger diamond is rarer and more valuable.

Remember, the diamond is the most important part of your ring. Styles and settings may come and go, but your diamond will be a reflection of one of the most beautiful moments of your life. And that's why you should select the best diamond you can afford.

For more information, ask your jeweler for the booklet, "Everything You'd Love to Know... About Diamonds."

## A diamond is forever.

Prices represent retail quotations for these specific rings (enlarged for detail), and may change substantially due to differences in diamond quality and market conditions.  
De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.

 1/3 carat \$650	 1/3 carat \$1300	 1/3 carat \$1220
 1/2 carat \$1600	 1/2 carat \$2000	 1/2 carat \$1400
 5/8 carat \$2125	 5/8 carat \$2400	 5/8 carat \$2650
 3/4 carat \$3600	 3/4 carat \$3450	 3/4 carat \$2350





# GOOD NEWS FOR PEOPLE 7'2" AND UNDER.

If you've always thought a little car meant a lot of crowding, you've obviously never looked into a Volkswagen Rabbit.

There happens to be so much room in a Rabbit that all 7'2" of Wilt Chamberlain can fit comfortably into the driver's seat.

With space left over.

Because the Rabbit has even more headroom than a Rolls-Royce.

As well as more room for people and things than practically every other imported car in its class.

Including every Datsun. Every Toyota. Every Honda, Mazda, and Renault.

Not to mention every small Ford and Chevy.

And, of course, what's all the more impressive about the room you get in

a Rabbit is that it comes surrounded by the Rabbit itself. The car that, according to Car and Driver Magazine, "...does more useful and rewarding things than any other small car in the world..."

So how can you go wrong?

With the Rabbit you not only get the comfort of driving the most copied car in America.

You also get the comfort of driving a very comfortable car.

Because it may look like a Rabbit on the outside.

But it's a Rabbit on the inside.

## VOLKSWAGEN DOES IT AGAIN





## THE SPORT INTERVIEW

# Red Auerbach

By PHIL BERGER



The mastermind behind  
nine Celtic championships  
reveals his playoff secrets  
and tells what he would do  
to improve the troubled NBA

**N**ot long after World War II ended and Arnold "Red" Auerbach was mustered out of the U.S. Navy, he heard that the new Basketball Association of America (later renamed the National Basketball Association) was forming a franchise in Washington, D.C. Auerbach tracked down the owner of the prospective team, Mike Uline, and fast-talked his way into a job as coach of the Washington Capitols. He did it even though his coaching background was limited to high school and military basketball. "I don't know why," Auerbach would say years later, "but Mike bought my brag."

Uline also bought a winner. Auerbach's team finished first in 1946-47 in the BAA's Eastern Division with a 49-11 record. And though Washington was eliminated in the playoffs, Red Auerbach had proven he could keep big-league company. In the years to follow, as coach of the Boston Celtics, he won nine divisional titles and nine championships—eight of them in a row. When he retired from coaching after the 1965-66 season, he had a lifetime pro record, including playoffs, of 1,037 wins and 548 losses. He remains the winningest coach in pro basketball.

With Auerbach in his present position of president and general manager, the Celtics captured league titles in 1967-68, 1968-69 under coach Bill Russell, and in 1973-74, 1975-76 under Tom Heinsohn. And though Boston's fortunes have slumped recently, Red is still highly respected for his canny basketball mind. Which is why—with the NBA playoffs at hand and so much recent discussion about the game's decline in popularity—SPORT sent Phil Berger to Boston to interview Auerbach. In 1970, Berger's book, *Miracle on 33rd Street*, provided the inside story of the New York Knicks 1969-70 championship season. Its candor resulted in the Knick management barring him the following season from the team's lockerroom.

Auerbach's office in the Boston Garden was the scene of the interview. The office is cluttered mostly with basketball memorabilia: photos, cartoons, news clippings, trophies. On the wall behind Auerbach's equally cluttered desk is the faded green-and-gold Washington Capitols jacket that he wore in 1946. Also on display are hundreds of letter openers—Auerbach collects them—many of exotic origins and unique designs.

On days when the Celtics are scheduled to play at home, Red sends out to a local delicatessen for cold cuts and invites in friends for a pregame nosh. On this March morning, though, Red contented himself with the familiar cigar and when the tape recorder went on, he began to talk.

**SPORT:** As a coach, your record in NBA playoffs is far and away better than anybody else's. Is there a reason? Did you have a special philosophy?

**AUERBACH:** Well, I used to tell the guys: "Okay, you won the season and you had a heck of a year—unfortunately, it means nothing. It's not like winning a pennant in baseball or winning an AFC or NFL division. All you're fighting for is a home-court advantage, which can be dissipated easily." So you had to get 'em ready for a different type of season.

**SPORT:** And what about the pressure of that second season—the playoffs?

**AUERBACH:** I always used to tell the players in pregame talks: "Hey, this is playoff time. I know you're a little uptight. I want you to be uptight. Because I want you to think how uptight *they* must be. They must be shaking in their pants to come out and face you."

But the thing is that when the games were close, we never panicked. I never got out the drawing board at playoff time and drew a play, that kind of stuff. Hell, if we didn't know our plays by then, there's no way you're going

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DOROTHY AFFA



to draw up a new play right at the last minute.

**SPORT:** Other coaches improvised plays.

**AUERBACH:** Sure. All of a sudden they're doing something. See, we used to practice hairy situations: Twenty seconds left, the white team is two points ahead. We'd get a referee, a timer. And we'd go over situations. Is it a strategic time to foul? Should you try to steal the ball? How should you play the guy taking the ball in?

**SPORT:** What mistakes do coaches make in playoffs?

**AUERBACH:** Well, doing new things. You know, try to change their pattern, change their matchups. Hoping that I would fall into the trap and react to what they're going to do. No, I make them react to what I'm going to do. And if it doesn't work, then I try to adjust while I'm on the bench. You get the feel of the game, the flow of the game, while you're sitting there.

**SPORT:** Obviously a team has to be mentally ready at playoff time. How did you do that in your pregame talks?

**AUERBACH:** After a while, a coach's voice can get tiresome to players. They don't pay attention. The key is to give the players one-fourth of the information that you think they should have, but make sure they know the one-fourth that you give them. So it's up to me to determine what to give them. The mistake is to keep talking and talking. All you're doing is confusing them.

Sometimes, to get their attention in my pregame playoff



**"Sometimes in my pregame playoff talks I'd have a little fun"**

talks, I'd have a little fun. Like one day Bill Russell was drinking tea before a playoff game. I said, "That's a good way to get ready for the playoffs. Russell's showing you the proper way to drink tea—with his pinky out. I want you all to watch that because that's important. The hell with the game." See, I only used to take ten minutes for my talks. And out of ten minutes, I'd fool around for four or five. You break a little tension, then: "All right. Enough of that goddamn nonsense. . . ." And I'd go into my talk.

**SPORT:** What did you emphasize in pregame talks?

**AUERBACH:** Primarily concentration. You're not going to teach them at this point. It's already been done. You've played a whole year. Now you say, "Okay, you know what to do. Satch [Sanders], just a little refresher. You're guarding [Elgin] Baylor. Remember. You're playing as tight as you can without the ball. Once he gets the ball, take a third of a step back, let him shoot over you if he has to. But when he shoots the ball, I don't want you to get the rebound. All I want you to do is see that Baylor does not get a second shot." Just one or two little things to each

player as to what they got to keep fresh in their minds.

**SPORT:** Would the pressure of the playoffs ever get to you?

**AUERBACH:** Nah. See, I was lucky. When I coached, win or lose, I'd calm down after the game and unwind. And when a game was over, I was already scheming for the next game, remembering the mistakes and so forth.

By doing what I always did, I would try to make the players feel that I wasn't panicky. All I wanted to do is what we did to get there.

**SPORT:** What about the pressure on the players?

**AUERBACH:** Well, it's the same in any sport. You're playing for all the marbles and sometimes guys try too hard and forget that basketball's a game of touch.

Like, for example, we had Bill Sharman. To me, he was the greatest shooter I ever saw, probably one of the greatest of all time. We had a playoff game. He shot 2-for-21. And one of those was a breakaway layup. So he really got 1-for-20. But I kept telling him, "Sharman, if we lose the ballgame, we lose the ballgame. But you're the best shooter in the world. So shoot the ball. If you miss, so you miss and we lose. But we lose it with our best."

**SPORT:** Do you remember taking advantage of times when the opposition was tense?

**AUERBACH:** Oh sure. See, when I coached, I always had every ballplayer tell me if he felt there was a good situation out on the court. Like if his man was overplaying him, we could backdoor him, things like that. Or I'd say, "Hey, so and so is knocking himself out. He's jumping all over you. He's overreacting. Before you make your move, fake and he'll foul you everytime. Let's take it to him." Simple as that. But you can't do that till the game is in progress. You see, there've been a lot of great coaches in this game but there haven't been very many great bench coaches. By a bench coach, I mean a guy that can get in the flow of the game and make adjustments as the game is progressing.

**SPORT:** You consider yourself good at that?

**AUERBACH:** Yeah, I do. I thought I was the best.

**SPORT:** Did you ever get a sense of the opposing coach becoming unglued?

**AUERBACH:** Sure. There were a lot of coaches, without mentioning names, that I used to drive crazy. They'd say, "I wonder what that goddamn Auerbach is doing? How's he going to work on those referees?" They'd spend the whole pregame worrying about what the hell I was going to do instead of getting their teams ready for the game.

**SPORT:** Their players told you this later?

**AUERBACH:** Sure. A lot of them. I'll tell you the secret of coaching, especially in a playoff situation: You gotta analyze the personalities on the other team. And you gotta analyze the referees. As soon as you find out who's refereeing the ballgame, your pregame talk has to gear itself to that. Referees have certain eccentricities, things that they like. For example, a guy like [Sid] Borgia, who was one of the great referees of all time, had complete control of the game, but he liked to see the guys play. So I'd say, "You got Borgia out there. You'd better be real tough under the boards. . . he's not going to call the chintzy stuff."

And then there were some referees that were refereeing for TV. They always would make the unusual call to attract attention. And I'd say, "Something's going to happen out there with this guy. He's going to call some crazy thing. Now don't blow your cork." Sometimes I'd blow my cork. Then it's different.

Now you don't play your whole game for the referee, but up to a point you gotta take advantage of the situations. Like some refs give the driver the edge over the defense.



Fifth Bridge, Maligne River, Alberta, Canada

# Canada at its best.

Enjoy the light, smooth whisky that's becoming America's favorite Canadian.  
Imported Canadian Mist®



Share some tonight.

IMPORTED BY B-F SPIRITS LTD., N.Y., N.Y., CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND, 80 PROOF, © 1978.



So you say, "When this guy's the inside official, move the ball and go to the hoop more. He'll give you the foul." And there are a lot of refs, when you take a jump shot and you jump into the guy, they'll always call it on the defensive guy. Some guys would call it on the charging guy. You got to know who calls what.

**SPORT:** Let's change the subject and talk about the state of the game today. There's a feeling among the press and fans that pro basketball is declining as a popular attraction.

**AUERBACH:** Let me tell you something. You know what



**"I want...  
a hustling,  
scratching,  
clawing type  
of running  
game"**

bothers me? It bothers me that a lot of people in the sport—coaches, players, GMs—they talk negative. Saying the game hasn't progressed. You know, those guys would be lucky if they were making \$12,000 a year today if it wasn't for basketball. And instead of helping the game, they go around knocking the game.

**SPORT:** What would you do to improve the pro game? You still prefer man-to-man to zone defenses, right?

**AUERBACH:** Yes. Because it gives everybody a chance at self-expression. Because if you've got 24 seconds and a team plays a good zone, it's hard to crack a zone in 24 seconds. I would be more inclined to lower the shot clock to 20 seconds and be stricter on the zone.

**SPORT:** The National Basketball Players Association has suggested legalizing the zone and increasing the shot clock to 30 or 40 seconds.

**AUERBACH:** See, there are two ways to do it. If you permit the zone, then you've got to go up to 30 seconds because it takes a little longer to break a zone. But if you are very strict on the zone situation, then you can cut it down to 20 seconds. Now here's my point: If you were to raise the shot clock to 30 seconds, you'd have too much stalling, too much standing around, too much playing catch to break the zone. You know, like the colleges.

I want more action! I want teams to get the rebound, throw it out, boom, boom, boom. I want a breaking type of game. Everything you could do to get that hustling, scratching, clawing type of running game will aid our game.

When you see a team like L.A. take the ball downcourt and try to penetrate, that Dixon, Nixon [Norm Nixon]—whatever his name is—if he can't do it, all he does is throw the ball up into the air to the big guy and [Kareem Abdul] Jabbar gets the skyhook. It becomes stereotyped.

**SPORT:** A lot of people say that the pros have degenerated into a tedious run-and-gun game.

**AUERBACH:** I'm talking about a planned, fast-break game. If there's no shot, you go to a play or a pattern—the kind of game the Celtics used to play. And that includes defense. People compare pros to the colleges and say the defense in the pros is not as good. That's asinine. The defense in the pros is maybe three, four times as good as in college for the simple reason the pros are better players. In college they play defense by holding the ball. That's what keeps the score down, not good defense.

You've gotta educate the people to watch the pro game so they know what they're seeing. I think that TV—I'm not talking just about CBS, I'm talking about *all* TV—is not focusing on the subtleties. Take a kid like Don Buse. He's a cog in that Phoenix team. All you'll read about is Paul Westphal—who is a great player—but what about Buse's sacrificing on defense? See, if a man plays intense defense every second he's out there, it's got to hurt his offense. For example, a guy that's averaging 25 points a game, if he worked like a dog on his defense, his average would go down to 20. But his team might win more ballgames. That's what I'm trying to get these teams to do.

**SPORT:** Why aren't the players, who are being paid tremendous amounts of money, doing that on their own?

**AUERBACH:** It just doesn't work that way. In any sport. Look at Reggie Jackson in baseball. Is he going to make that money 'cause he's a helluva fielder? When I was the coach and GM of the Celtics, I determined the salaries of my players by their contributions to winning. Today, unfortunately, the courts came into basketball and they've done more to ruin the game. And all sports.

**SPORT:** You're saying that by giving a player the right to become a free agent, the courts have made him an individual who's just looking out for himself and to hell with the team?

**AUERBACH:** It's not total. It's just that there are more of the ones who aren't dedicated. Years ago, you had to make the team every season: You didn't put out—boom, boom—you were gone. Nowadays they don't have to make the team because of the no-cut contract. So all of a sudden they become smart. They get in shape at their own pace. It affects their off-season attitude too. If you gotta make the team every year, you work like hell.

**SPORT:** Now what's happened is that your kind of purse-string control is disappearing?

**AUERBACH:** Right. Name me some good defensive men in the league that are not high scorers and yet make big bucks. I mean, some of them do, but on the whole they don't.

Years ago, say a player got \$40,000. The coach got \$30,000. Today a player may get \$400,000 and the coach \$75,000. It's such a big difference. Now if a guy's got a five-year contract, no-cut, making \$400,000 a year and he gets mad at the coach—he's not getting enough playing time—he walks around saying: "Hey, why are you bugging me?" What can the coach do? Years ago, you'd fine him or throw him out on his ass or suspend him. Now you can't do it. The courts don't let you do those things. You got arbitration. You got the Players Association. You got no protection on the other end.

But eventually it's got to be changed. I think that little by little it's starting to change. The contracts are not for as long, and they're for not as much money. And after awhile some of these owners will say, "The hell with that dog. I'll eat the contract. I'm not going to put up with it."

**SPORT:** Isn't that what the Celtics did with Marvin Barnes?

**AUERBACH:** Marvin Barnes is an intelligent young man—he really is. And Marvin Barnes, I also feel, is easily led.





# The Panasonic 200-watt dash. Win it with a built-in graphic equalizer.

Vast expanses of curved glass and valleys of vinyl all encased in steel. A less than ideal place to listen to music. But, unfortunately, a lot of us do. Because this is the interior of a car. It's here that Panasonic teams up two 100-watt amps with a built-in graphic equalizer to create the stereo system that can outrun the problems your car's interior creates.

Our built-in graphic equalizer has 5 bands. It divides the music into five parts, to give each part its own separate bass and treble control. So whether you're listening to the stereo tuner or the cassette player, you'll have excellent control over all your music.

And when some other car stereo amps may be gasping for power and limping with distortion, these Panasonic in-dash hi-fi components have 200 watts of power

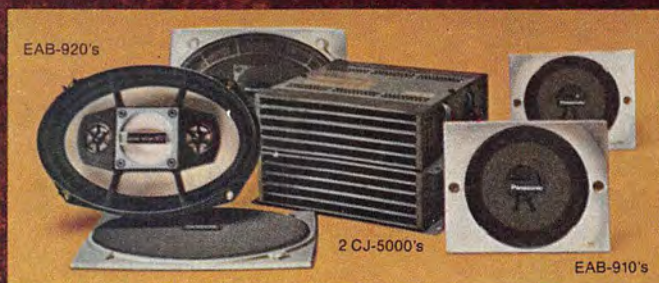
with only 0.05% total harmonic distortion. That's plenty of power to take the most difficult passages in stride.

The Panasonic 200-watt dash gets off to a running start with the CQ-7600: An AM/FM stereo tuner, graphic equalizer, cassette player with Dolby and a bi-amp. The bi-amp further separates the music by routing most of the low notes through the rear speakers. And most of the high notes through the front speakers. The CQ-7600 runs in concert with a matched pair of CJ-5000 power

amps. Each with 100 watts of total power (30- and 40-watt amps are also available). And to handle all that power, Panasonic has the Sound Pumps™ 100 speaker system.

Panasonic 200-watt dash is the stereo system that adds up to the sweet sound of victory in your car.

Dolby is a trademark of Dolby Laboratories, Inc.

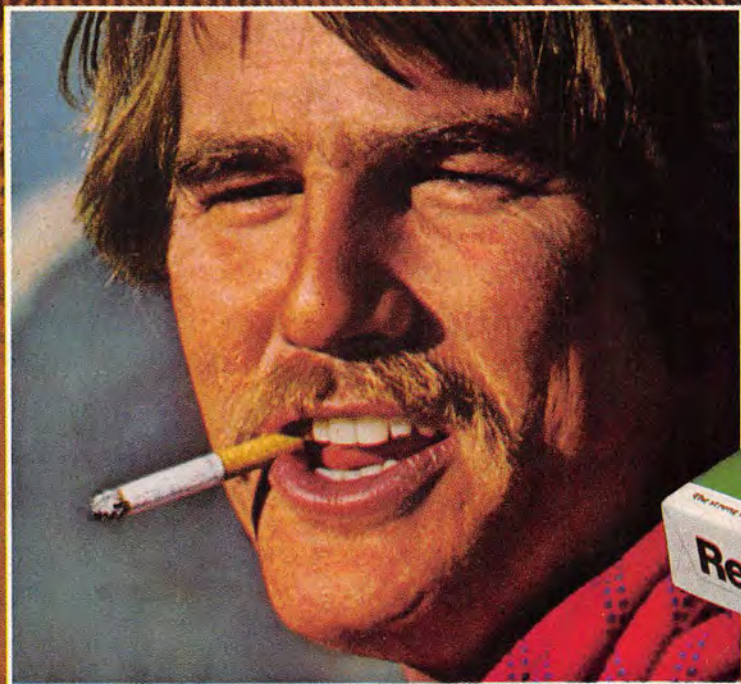


**Panasonic®**  
just slightly ahead of our time.



MENTHOL: 8 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine, FILTER: 9 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette. FTC Report MAY '78.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



**Only  
9 mg tar.**

***"Real's got dynamite taste!  
Strong...more like a high tar."***

***The strong tasting low tar.***

© 1978 R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.



He wasn't associating with the right people. He didn't put his priorities right. When basketball is paying for everything, that should have been his first priority. But he let himself get out of condition.

**SPORT:** Would he literally be too tired after a few minutes on the floor?

**AUERBACH:** Sometimes. On different occasions, sure. Sometimes he'd come in and say to [former player-coach Dave] Cowens, "I don't feel like playing. I don't feel good." You don't know whether it's a hangover or what. All I know is it happened too many times. He'd do it in practice. He wouldn't show up.

**SPORT:** What other attitudes are hurting the pro game?

**AUERBACH:** Years ago with this ballclub, I didn't have to pay players to go out and do clinics. We used to speak at all the high schools. We used to give clinics on the street, make speeches for local organizations.

Today, a kid says, "Hey, it's not in my contract, man. I don't want to do that thing." They do you a big personal favor if they go and speak. And then you get them a couple hundred bucks to make a nice speech and they say, "That's not enough money. What am I gonna do with a couple-hundred bucks? Hell with it." Sometimes they accept and then don't show up. What are you going to do to them? But it's something that should be stressed more on the league level with the Players Association. These players must be made or coerced under severe penalties or whatever to cooperate more with the media and the people on the street.

**SPORT:** Speaking of the Players Association, it advocates handchecking on defense. Do you go along with that?

**AUERBACH:** Absolutely not because it takes away from a guy's skill. If you got your hands out, you're prohibiting his movement.

**SPORT:** Some people say the predominance of blacks in the NBA is a reason for the dropoff in fan interest. Do the NBA people on your level talk about it?

**AUERBACH:** People have talked about it—and not only white people. Black people, in administrative positions, have talked about it. They discuss it because people in the media keep asking questions about it. Look, common sense tells you that in certain areas of the country, unless the team is strong, it can be hurt at the box office by a predominance of blacks.

**SPORT:** Are these talks aimed at changing the racial mix?

**AUERBACH:** No.

**SPORT:** How about players? Do they discuss the black-white issue?

**AUERBACH:** They're not interested. They're interested in themselves.

**SPORT:** Why have the Celtics declined over the last few years?

**AUERBACH:** You go in cycles. When things happen, everything goes wrong. We were on our way to building up a good ballclub, and what hurt us was the transition of ownership. We were on our way to a helluva ballclub. Now I did it once before, when Russell and Sam Jones retired, I built up a ballclub in a year and a half and won a championship.

People say, "Well the Celtics made some good drafts but they made a lot of mistakes." They don't realize that some of those drafts were 15th choice. How many 15th choices make it?

**SPORT:** In terms of possible moves by the Celtics, is Bob McAdoo trade bait for a new big man?

**AUERBACH:** McAdoo is a great player, and there's no way you're going to get a college player of his talent. If he

fits in with your system, fine. If he doesn't, you still got better than what you could have drafted. Let me tell you something—in this business you don't assume. I'd trade a lot of people if I think it will materially benefit my team, but I don't go around looking for guys. I'm not a wheeler-dealer trader. I like the teams that develop their own. Get a guy you want, a guy who gives you 100 percent, who hustles—I'd rather spend a lot of time working with him than shop around.

**SPORT:** Paul Silas was considered the kind of team player that personified the Celtics. Why did he end up elsewhere?

**AUERBACH:** 'Cause I couldn't afford to pay him. He wanted more money than I was paying Dave Cowens. You gotta draw a line someplace.

**SPORT:** At the time, how much did he want?

**AUERBACH:** Well, I don't want to go into particulars. But

**"When a game  
was over, I  
was already  
scheming for  
the next game"**



the contract he wanted would have made him, at age 33, far and away the highest-paid man on my ballclub. And I couldn't see it.

**SPORT:** Let's talk about Larry Bird. Does the fact that he shies away from the press suggest that he may have difficulties in the pressurized world of the pros?

**AUERBACH:** Well, I talked to him and he handles himself exceptionally well. I was pleasantly surprised. The fact is that he's shy, reticent. Show me a great athlete who is 20 or 21 years old and who likes to be bugged 24 hours a day.

**SPORT:** What do you like about him?

**AUERBACH:** Well, his whole vision of the game, his whole approach to the game. He comes to win. He's a great passer. Great shooter. But he's not a hungry shooter. And he's a tough kid. He's just a great player.

**SPORT:** Bird can just about get what he wants from you.

**AUERBACH:** No, you got it wrong. There's a limit. Suppose a guy comes over to you and says, "I want five million dollars a year." I say, "I can't do it." Well, is somebody else gonna give him five million dollars a year? If Boston cannot sign him, he doesn't know where he's going, then they [the team that drafts him] have him over a barrel, because he doesn't have any bargaining power anymore.

**SPORT:** There's been a rumor that Cowens will be with Milwaukee next year.

**AUERBACH:** The rumor was started by guys in your profession—and it has absolutely no basis or foundation. The chances of Cowens playing for Milwaukee are about one one-hundredth of one percent. Okay? There's no way.

**SPORT:** Assuming you sign Bird, what's ahead for the Celtics?

**AUERBACH:** We'll be back. ■





ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE HARKINS

Harkins



# Baseball's Unheralded Wild and Crazy Guys

Those who lament the passing of the game's free spirits haven't heard about the new-generation flakes. Such as The Amazing Emu, Rock Pile, Skuz and Stan The Man Unusual

By MARK RIBOWSKY

**B**ack when baseball players seemed as innocent as the game they played, you didn't have to do much to be considered off the wall. Casey Stengel earned his reputation as a crazy by approaching the fans in the outfield during a game, tipping his cap and letting a bird fly out. Dizzy Dean won his by mutilating the English language. People started calling Lefty Gomez

"Goofy" when he stepped off the mound during a game to watch an airplane fly over the park. The world seemed simpler then.

It wasn't until the '60s, when the game and the world became more complicated—and people more uninhibited—that baseball's crazies really started acting out. Jimmy Piersall, having suffered a nervous breakdown early in his career, became a beloved clown by, among other antics, running the bases backwards. Joe Pepitone's hair dryer and toupee liberated the lockerroom in the name of vanity, and other Yankees with binoculars liberated hotel rooftops in the name of voyeurism. Moe Drabowsky took the spirit of craziness to new heights by hiring a skywriter to inscribe "BEWARE OF MOE" over the park.

There are those who feel that nothing would help the game's faltering image more than the human frivolity flakes provide, but many baseball writers and fans are worried that such behavior might not survive the funereal seriousness and faceless "professionalism" sweeping the big leagues these days. "There just aren't that many flaky guys around anymore—they may be a dying breed," warns longtime baseball writer Jim Hawkins of the *Detroit Free Press*. "The standbys like Bill Lee, Dock Ellis, Al Hrabosky and Tug McGraw are old hat now, and the kids coming up are a bunch of bores—it's just a business to them." Now that Mark Fidrych has been out of action, a depressed Hawkins looks over the Tiger roster and mutters: "Mayonnaise is more colorful than these guys."

Other writers agree: ● Dave Nightingale, *Chicago Tribune*: The Windy City's two clubs are "a baseball desert—totally colorless. We don't have flakes in Chicago anymore. We have moaks."

● M. Howard Gelfand, *Minneapolis Tribune*: The Twins "lead the league in consumption of milk." ● Glenn





## Crazy Guys

Schwarz, San Francisco *Examiner*: The Giants are rife with "God-squadders and Jesus freaks." ● Bob Sudyk, Cleveland *Press*: "We used to have a logjam of flakes around here—Fritz Peterson, Sam McDowell, Pat Dobson. But now, nothing." ● Peter Gammons, Boston *Globe*: With the trading of Bill Lee, "the era of colorful baseball has died in Boston. The Sox used to have the most of anyone, but the team doesn't want anyone with a personality anymore."

But maybe the writers are being a little hasty. In combing the segment of baseball opinion that knows best—the players themselves—SPORT uncovered a reservoir of flakes unknown to the masses but perhaps wackier than anyone the game has seen before. One reason for this may be that the "flaky" activity of past generations—clubhouse pranks, braggadocio, long hair, sick humor, hotdogging, Zen Buddhism, est—has become so routine, it's tougher to distinguish the real article.

Another reason for the blurs around flakes may be that bizarre conduct today is often unintentional, a reaction to

wanted to win; everyone else was content to lose and it frustrated me pitching in that atmosphere") but insists that the Houston press contrived "psycho" stories about him. Yet one man who came up through the minor leagues with Lemongello clearly remembers when the pitcher returned to the clubhouse after a bad game and threw himself headlong onto the buffet table. "He just lay there covered with mustard and butter for a half hour." Another says: "One time we went into a restaurant after he lost and when the waitress brought Mark french fries instead of mashed potatoes, he threw the fries all over and stormed out."

Lemongello's former Astro teammate, pitcher Joaquin Andujar, has never gone that far, but his emotions have led him to pull out clumps of his hair. "Joaquin does the strangest things I've ever seen, and all unintentionally," an Astro says. "He once took himself out of a game in the seventh inning with a three-run lead and we couldn't figure out why. When we came back to the lockerroom after the game, he was sitting on his stool crying, 'I cannot move, I cannot move.' He must've been the only guy to ever come out of a game because of jock itch. He also gets carried away on the field. When

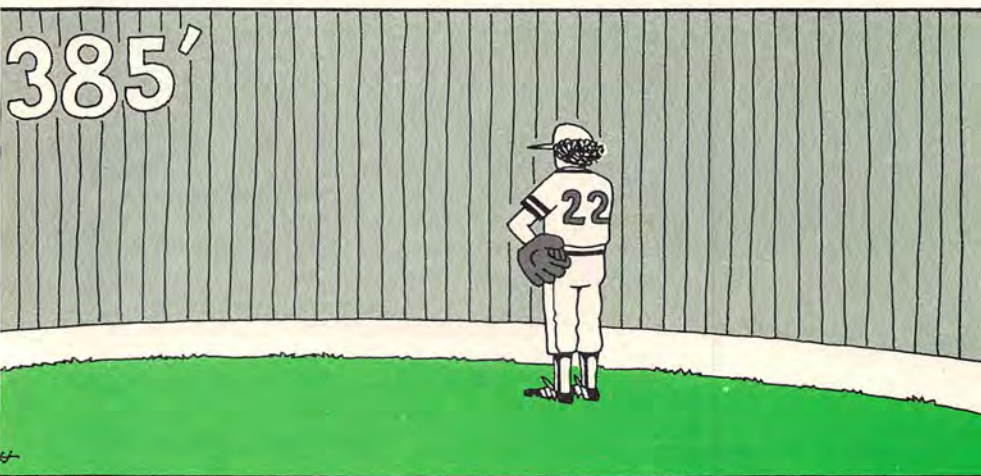
just comes naturally. Like, he'll go for months with the same sweatshirt; it's one of his superstitions not to wash it if he's doing well. Last year he did very well, which meant you couldn't get close to him. He'll go a week without combing his hair or using deodorant. He drives up to the park in a shiny Corvette and out pops this ugly, hairy monster with no shirt, torn jeans and sandals—the most nauseating thing you've ever seen on two legs. That's why he's called 'Skuz.' "

Grimsley takes pride in his reputation. "People send me pictures of disgusting-looking people, like bearded ladies and wolfmen, with 'Grimsley's brother and sister' written on it. I got a great collection." He giggles. But Grimsley is coy about specifics. "Actually, I'm not disgusting, but some of the things I do are, uh, kinda unusual and they get blown up because I go along with the gag. But, you know, the Skuz thing, I think it's more because of my obscene descriptions of things than my behavior or appearance—which ain't great, but ain't bad either."

Grimsley will, however, admit to some ribald tastes in fun. "One time in a hotel, me and a friend went up to the roof in the nude—oh yeah, we'd had a few drinks—and started swinging from the hotel sign like gorillas. One slip and we'd have gone *splat*, 20 floors down. But let me tell you, we wouldn't have felt it. . . . Another time these groupies were following the team bus in a car so I mooned 'em. The other guys had to shield me from the front because some of the Expo executives were on the bus. The groupies turned off at the next exit."

Grimsley confirms that he introduced himself to the girl he eventually married by running her car off the road—"I couldn't get her attention any other way"—and that he used to drink strawberry daiquiris before going out to pitch—"A superstition. . . but it didn't work after a while so I stopped; now I just don't let anyone touch the ball I'll be starting the game with. I keep it buried in my locker." Grimsley sums up his flakiness this way: "The thing is, on the field I'm a real bastard—mean and intense as hell. When I'm off it, I need that, uh, relaxation. When I was with Cincinnati [during the first three years of his major-league career], the club tried to tell me what I could do off the field and who I could do it with. I told them, 'Get out of here, that's not my style.' And it never will be."

Like Grimsley, 25-year-old Toronto Blue Jay centerfielder Rick Bosetti—who as a rookie last season batted .259 and displayed one of baseball's best outfield gloves and arms—will never be invited to lecture on etiquette. "Well, you could call Rick, uh. . . a nature lover," says a Blue Jay. "He has real basic tastes. Like he doesn't like to wear clothes. We keep waiting for the day when he forgets to wear anything when he goes out on the



money-related pressures. Toronto Blue Jay pitcher Mark Lemongello, for example, came to the Houston Astros three years ago with vast potential, then flopped badly. Whenever he lost, the Astros would scurry to watch the show in the clubhouse: Lemongello ravaging everything in sight, including hair dryers, mirrors, his locker—and his own body. "He was unreal," says an Astro. "One time he bit his shoulder until it bled. He's also pounded on his pitching hand with his fist, crying, 'Goddamn S.O.B.' Once he kicked a cigarette machine and the flying glass cut him all up. . . . I mean, it wasn't funny, but it was impossible to keep a straight face."

Lemongello, who was traded to the Blue Jays over the winter, admits that his temper has been a problem ("especially since I was the only guy on that team that

a guy hits a grounder, he runs over to the fielder and shouts, 'Throw it to first.' And when he fields one himself, even if he's only ten feet from the first baseman, he'll throw it as hard as he can. We tell him he doesn't have to do that, but he says, 'I take no chances.' "

But there are more than a few blatantly intentional flakes. Montreal Expo pitcher Ross Grimsley, for instance, signed a \$1.4 million contract last year and used his brilliant changeup to go 20-11 with 19 complete games. Yet around baseball, Grimsley is known just as much for his unique sanitary habits.

"I always thought Doug Rader was the grossest human being ever born—until I met Grimsley," says a man who's played with both. "I always felt Doug worked at being disgusting, like it was his image and he had to do gross things. With Ross, it



field, because every other time we see him he's got only his socks on."

"Hey, I grew up with eight other kids—nude bodies are nothing unusual to me," Bosetti says. "I've never been ashamed to go around naked." That may be why, when a New York judge ruled that women sportswriters could enter the Yankee Stadium clubhouse last season, an unclothed Bosetti cried out, "Let 'em in—I'm an exhibitionist anyway." It's not surprising, then, that Bosetti has used his denuded anatomy to make a point. Bosetti once tried to take some friends to a fancy restaurant, the kind you have to be influential to get into. Bosetti told the maitre d' that he was with the last-place Blue Jays—and so would agree to enter through the back door. "He didn't appreciate the humor," Bosetti says. "He told us to get lost." A few weeks later, Bosetti did manage to get into the restaurant. He went right to the john, came out with all his clothes under his arm and marched through the dining room and out the door. "That's Bo's way of thumbing his nose at people," says a Blue Jay. "Only he never uses his nose."

Bosetti would have posed for the centerfold of a women's magazine wearing only his bat had not the Blue Jays told him he had to be in full uniform. "I didn't do it," Bosetti says. "What's the fun of posing in a centerfold if you have to wear clothes?"

Bosetti paints eyes on his bats and his diving, flopping catches in the outfield are worthy of Oscars. "Intentionally so," says a Blue Jay. "A lot of times he'll set himself to dive for a ball he doesn't have to." Admits Bosetti: "I've reached the point where if I do hotdog it, it's not because I want to show up anybody, I just want to put a charge in the team."

Some players want to hit .300 over a career or win 300 games. But Bosetti has a goal that only a flake could aspire to—wetting every natural-grass outfield in baseball without the use of a water hose. "I've gotten all the American League parks," he says. "That's why I want interleague play. To water that beautiful grass in Wrigley Field would be a dream come true." Bosetti says he only does his watering when no fans are in the park, but a Blue Jay says, "He also does it during games, like at pitching changes. He doesn't want anyone to know; he wants it to be his secret, to know that he can do it before 20,000 people and not be noticed. He also doesn't want the club to know about it because they're very uptight. But we see him turning to the wall and putting his glove in front of his waist. Now we're waiting for him to do it between pitches."

Says Bosetti: "Flaky? Nah, I just think ballplayers should be more colorful, flamboyant. We're entertainers as well as athletes. Mischievous? Well, as a kid I got caught spray-painting a water tower. I had to work in a sewage plant for three

days as a punishment. It taught me that if I wanted to do something, do it right—and make sure not to get caught."

Not all of the stories relayed about Baltimore Oriole reliever Don Stanhouse can be told, but his nickname alone identifies him as a special flake—Stan The Man Unusual. "[Oriole pitcher] Mike Flanagan gave it to me," Stanhouse says. "I came in to relieve him and he said, 'How you doin', Stan-U?' I said, 'Huh?' He said, 'That's short for Stan The Man Unusual. . . 'cause, Stan, you are unusual.' Gee, I really didn't think that anyone had noticed."

It would be tough not to. Consider Stanhouse's locker in the Oriole dressing room. "He's got everything in the world in there," says an Oriole. "Stuffed animals, road signs, pictures of everyone on the team, a stereo—everything." Stanhouse explains, "It's my home away from home. Right now I'm planning on putting a couple of broads and a bar in there. Maybe I'll buy out the guy's next to mine and put in a water bed. I've just gotten a mink-lined stool cover—but it's actually a mink-lined toilet seat cover." Stanhouse keeps two stuffed monkeys and two stuffed frogs in the locker and can be seen pouring beer into their mouths after good games. "Hell, if I celebrate, I want everybody drinking with me."

The locker is symbolic of Stanhouse's utter disregard for convention off the field. "He's unbelievable. He doesn't give a damn about anything until he gets to the mound," says an Oriole. "When we have team meetings, Stan-U reads the paper or a brochure for a house. And you'll never—I mean never—see him running on his off-day. He's fabulous, he does what the rest of us would like to do but are too chicken."

Stanhouse agrees: "I'm totally against any form of exertion when I don't pitch, that's the way it has to be. When I pitch, I'm a beast. All my energy goes into every pitch. But when I'm off, I'm off. I'll do what I wanna do. If I wanna drink wine with my eggs, I will. If I wanna sleep till noon, I will. . . . Running? Hell, it just makes me tired. I have a picture of [Oriole pitching coach] Ray Miller in my locker that says 'My Hero' on it, because he tells me to run every day of the season—and I tell him uh-uh every day of the season. . . . The winter? I do nothing at all."

Stanhouse drives a black Cadillac and often dresses entirely in black. "When I played for Montreal, I had nothing to do one day so I drove in a funeral procession even though I didn't know anybody in it. It did something for me. . . . If I quit this game, it'll be to become a mortician."

The modern prototype of the baseball flake is the enigmatic kind that only Southern California seems to produce. Baltimore Oriole outfielder John Lowenstein ("Make sure you say it STINE, not STEEN") has a typical resume for



that model: Raised in Riverside, Cal. and educated at the University of California (B.A. in anthropology), he is a free-thinker, slightly rebellious, frequently bored by sober baseball pretensions. He reads Camus and listens to Bach—but also lives in Las Vegas (his wife is a showgirl), where he teaches his pet parrot to talk dirty and scares little old ladies who cross the street in front of his car by loudly revving the engine.

Lowenstein's flakiness first surfaced when he came up with the Cleveland Indians in the early 1970s. "He was opening his fan mail one day when he suddenly threw all the letters on the floor," says writer Bob Sudyk. "Then he said, 'People should have better things to do than this. They shouldn't cheer or boo players, they should learn to appreciate apathy.' I put the quote in the newspaper and the next day he got 2,000 pieces of mail from people wanting to join his Apathy Club. He loved it. He even got engraved invitations printed up saying, 'Next meeting—never.' " Says Lowenstein: "The club has grown into an institution ever since. It must have, because no one's ever heard of me. I'm gonna hold a meeting on Flag Day, because nobody's ever heard of that, either. . . . I don't know if the club will move its base to Baltimore this year, but if nobody shows up at the park, I'll get chills up my back."

Lowenstein once batted .242 three times in four years. He says it was tough on him. "Do you realize the pressure of having to hit .242 every year? The year I missed, I hit .243. I was an outcast." A former Indian teammate of Lowenstein's says, "We used to have three different color schemes on our uniforms and the club was strict about wearing the right combination. But Steiner would show up early and put on the wrong combination—then, when everyone else had



# Crazy Guys

that combination on, he'd change and tell the manager, 'Those guys have the wrong uniform on.' Then he'd laugh himself silly when we got yelled at." When asked how he keeps ready as a part-time player, Lowenstein says, "I flush the john between innings to keep my wrists strong."

Lowenstein can say such things with a poker face—which is why he can get away with putting people on. Says a former Texas Ranger teammate of Lowenstein: "Steiner once went into a department store, said he was the president of a shoe company and ordered the salesman to rearrange the display of shoes. Another time he was in a restaurant when some people asked if he was a ballplayer. Steiner looked up real slow, motioned them to bend down and whispered to them, 'Don't bother me, I'm a narcotics agent on a drug bust!' And the next day in the paper there was a big headline saying, 'Big Drug Bust in Dallas.' He's always going up to strangers in airports, looking at the nametags on their luggage and saying, 'Why, if it isn't so-and-so, how's the family?' And damned if they don't always have a long conversation with him because they think they really know him." Says Lowenstein: "You can fool anyone with a straight face. The department store invited me to a sales meeting to talk about future store displays."

In spite of all the contrary evidence, Lowenstein denies he's a flake. "I just keep myself entertained. Baseball is reality at its harshest. It's a stress existence—you have to introduce a fictional world to survive. But I'm not flaky. Sparky Lyle sits on birthday cakes—he's flaky." When reminded that he had ruined a Ranger teammate's cake last year by reaching elbow-deep into it, tasting a little piece, then throwing the rest on the floor, Lowenstein puts on his renowned poker

face: "Hell, I did the guy a big favor. What if someone had tried to poison him?"

Baltimore catcher Rick Dempsey is a guy who loves to entertain fans. During a rain delay in Boston's Fenway Park a few years back, Dempsey did a memorable pantomime of a home run, swinging an imaginary bat and sliding into the puddles on the wet tarp at each base. The sopping Dempsey received a thunderous ovation as he trotted back to the dugout. "I felt I had to do it, you know, there were vibes in the air," Dempsey says. "The fans were calling for me because I'd had some fun with them before the game, making them beg for balls. The loudest section got a free one." Dempsey has done his act in Baltimore as well—"But only because the club requested it. Hell, [manager] Earl Weaver was gonna fine me the first time, then he was gonna fine me the second time because he was mad that he didn't see it. It's not the same in Baltimore, though. The fans aren't hip."

Dempsey isn't always acting, though. "We call him 'Rock Pile' because he sometimes does things without thinking," an Oriole says. "Like he'll put down two fingers when he means to put down one and roll the ball back to the mound when he thinks there's three outs but there's only two—or even one." A pitcher who was a teammate of Dempsey's on the Yankees four years ago recalls when he had a disagreement with the catcher on what pitch to throw. "The next thing I know, Rick dropped his glove and was saying, 'Come on, we'll settle this right now, with our fists'—and this was in the ninth inning of a game with 50,000 people in the park. But you can't stay mad at Rick; he's a sweet guy, he just gets a little headstrong."

Dempsey likes to talk about the time he got a football game going in the hallway of a ritzy hotel. "We used the fancy crystal light fixtures as the ball—and broke 'em all," he chuckles. "We left all the broken glass on the floor and went back to our rooms." He also mentions the time he knocked on Sam McDowell's door [when McDowell was a Yankee]. "Sam wouldn't open up, so I took the fire ax off the hallway wall and hacked the door down. You have to remember that Sam was a much bigger flake than I am, and when I got into his room, he was just sitting there like nothing had happened."

Practical joking, of course, has always been a matter of seeing how far you can go. Grimsley once distinguished himself by turning on four fire extinguishers and spraying them under the hotel door of Expo pitcher Stan Bahnsen. "When Stan opened the door," Grimsley recalls, "it looked like the Alps. Everything was covered with white foam—including Stan." St. Louis Cardinal reliever Mark Littell has taken the old hotfoot trick a step farther by spreading chewing gum on a victim's shoelaces. "It's a very intricate pro-

cedure," Littell explains with the solemnity of a brain surgeon. "You have to get the gum to the right consistency in your mouth—it has to be gooey or it won't flame right. When you put rubbing alcohol on the guy's shoelaces and stick a match in, he reaches down and the gum feels like hot tar. He can't get it off his fingers. It's great, a real panic—if you know how to do it."

Texas Ranger Jim Kern prefers the explosion technique of hotfooting. "I tried it last year for the first time and was quite pleased with the results," says Kern, who was with the Indians then. "I got Andy Thornton on the plane. He was sleeping, and I dipped cotton balls in alcohol, rubbed it all over his shoes. When I put a match to 'em, they went up like a forest fire." In his first day with the Rangers, Kern introduced himself to the club by setting rookie Danny Darwin's shoes on fire. "I had to show everyone I was ready to play," Kern says.

While in Cleveland, Kern mastered the subtle art of seeding jockstraps with Atomic Balm—a scalding liniment. Says an Indian: "You'd know who got it by which guy was walking funny by the fourth inning. It takes time to get hot, but late in the game the guy would be waddling. Five days later, he'd still be."

Kern's Cleveland education as a flake was thorough. "I had some good teachers with the Indians—Lowenstein, Fritz Peterson, Sam McDowell. They taught me that you only pull something on a guy who can't take a joke," says Kern, whose nickname is The Amazing Emu because of his resemblance to the tall, skinny Australian bird. Kern goes on: "McDowell used to pick on Luis Tiant. He once put on a bear suit and knocked on Looie's door. And Looie—who's scared to death of animals, even little puppies—ran to his night table and pulled out a gun. He was gonna shoot, too, if Sam hadn't yanked off the bear suit and yelled, 'Don't shoot Looie, it's only me, Sam McDowell!'"

Kern speaks fondly of those days of wall-to-wall flakes in Cleveland. But now his teammates in Texas include Sparky Lyle and Dock Ellis. Kern smiles. "Dock showed up this spring with two diamond earrings and a bathrobe reading: 'Dr. No-No.' Yeah, we should keep people in stitches around here this year." Some Rangers might worry about being victims, even though Kern insists, "I only pull things on guys I like. Gaylord Perry used to ignore guys he didn't like in Cleveland, but he'd tie my uniform in knots and rip my best dress shirts. When I would ask him why, he'd say, 'Because I really like you, Kerny.' Now I understand."

Only a flake could.

Contributing editor MARK RIBOWSKY interviewed Baltimore pitcher Jim Palmer in last month's SPORT.







**You can never thank your father enough,  
but at least you can give him Chivas Regal.**

12 YEARS OLD WORLDWIDE • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86 PROOF • GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO., NEW YORK, N.Y.



If you watch only the ball, you miss most of the skill and strategy in the sport that is, as Pelé points out, "like chess played at 100 miles an hour"

# A Fan's Guide To Soccer

## PART I

By PAUL GARDNER and  
DAVID HIRSHEY

**I**t was clockwork soccer at its finest, the ball constantly in motion, gliding from foot to foot, tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock. Vladislav Bogicevic...to Franz Beckenbauer...back to Bogicevic...to Giorgio Chinaglia...Goooooooooooooal! Giants Stadium erupted as the Cosmos took a 2-1 lead against archrival Tampa Bay.

It was sheer delight to 60,000 Cosmos fans as they watched the ball bulge the net. But how many could tell you everything that went into the making of the goal? It took just 13 seconds, but an awful lot happened, didn't happen or nearly happened in that time. How many fans wondered why the Tampa midfielders seemed to have disappeared? Who realized the important role Cosmos winger Steve Hunt played in the creation of the goal, even though he never touched the ball? Why didn't Bogicevic, the Yugoslavian midfielder, drill one of his left-footed rockets when he received the ball a mere 18 yards from the Tampa goal?

Soccer is, at heart, a simple game. It takes only a basic understanding to see what a player does when he has the ball. Does he dribble, pass, shoot? But there is always movement, often critical movement, among the 21 players who do *not* have the ball, and fans who watch the ball all the time simply can't see the full whirl of patterned movement that is soccer. This is not a knock on fans—there are players and coaches who are mesmerized ball-junkies.

"Listen, in a 90-minute game, a player is lucky if he spends three minutes with the ball," says Chinaglia, the 1978 North

American Soccer League scoring champion. "Do you think we stand around for the other 87 minutes signing autographs?"

Which brings us back to Chinaglia's goal against Tampa (see diagram on page 38). With the score tied at 1-1 and the Rowdies threatening inside the Cosmos' penalty area, a shot glanced off defender Carlos Alberto and rolled free. Cosmos defender Pino Wilson just beat a Tampa forward to the ball and squibbed it to teammate Vito Dimitrijevic. Dimitrijevic flicked the ball with the outside of his foot to Bogicevic who pushed it two yards and into the path of Beckenbauer, who was already moving upfield at full speed.

Because Tampa had pushed nearly everyone, including its midfielders, up into attack, there was nothing but yards and yards of God's green AstroTurf ahead of Beckenbauer. With long, loping strides, Beckenbauer ran unchallenged down the center of the field, his head erect, his eyes darting this way and that, taking in the patterns forming around him. He chose not to pass to his right where he had a teammate wide open, but carried the ball to the Tampa 35-yard line. The beleaguered Tampa defense could retreat no longer: Beckenbauer was approaching shooting range. Tampa's Mike Connell stood his ground as Beckenbauer came straight at him. Suddenly, Connell stabbed at the ball with his right foot. A split second too late. Beckenbauer, who had seen Bogicevic running alongside to his left, laid a perfect pass into the open space five yards ahead of his teammate.

Seconds earlier there would have been no space. But Hunt and Chinaglia, seeing Bogicevic approaching, sensed Beckenbauer's pass, and both had cut diagonally across the penalty area and away from Bogicevic's path. Both were tightly marked and had taken their defenders with them. But Tampa's Franz St.-Lot, who was marking Hunt, saw the danger of Bogicevic running unchallenged to take Beckenbauer's pass. St.-Lot tried to reverse direction, but he stumbled, and now Hunt was unmarked right in front of the goal. Tampa defender Jim Fleeting, who had been following Chinaglia to the far post, cut back to cover Hunt. It was at the same time the right thing to do...and the fatal mistake.

The Rowdies' left fullback, Arsene Auguste, had been caught upfield and was racing back to help, but he arrived too

late. For a vital instant, Chinaglia was alone, unmarked at the far post, and Bogicevic spotted him. The ball was away in a flash, barely skirting St.-Lot's outstretched leg. It is no easy thing, kicking a moving ball so that it will curl across the goalmouth and onto the head of a teammate, but that was precisely what Bogicevic did. With Tampa goalie Winston DuBose crouched expectantly at the near post awaiting a shot from Bogicevic, the Yugoslavian midfielder coolly delivered a perfect center that a leaping Chinaglia headed over DuBose's outstretched hands with a powerful twist of his torso as DuBose scrambled vainly across his goal.

Thirteen seconds of fast, criss-crossing movement, of options rejected, of choices made, and of precise ball control. Thirteen seconds of apparently effortless perfection.

But don't be deceived. The diagram of Chinaglia's goal, all those lines and squiggles that make everything look so easy, was drawn *after* the event. To plan that sort of move beforehand would be like trying to choreograph a riot. There are simply too many variables.

Throughout a soccer game, all 22 players on the field must be watching, assessing and responding to every movement of the ball and every change of position by an opponent or teammate. "It is like chess played at 100 miles an hour," says Pelé, "but the pieces are human beings. They've got to make their own moves, and they can't spend ten minutes thinking about what to do."

The game has to be created from moment to moment by the players on the field. It cannot be masterminded in intricate detail from the bench. "Soccer is a game of freedom," says Prof. Julio Mazzei, Pelé's former trainer and now a Cosmos consultant. "It is a game in which the players must be able to create and improvise. You can't make soccer a game of set plays and numbers—that is against all the principles of the sport."

One of those basic principles is, of course, the ban on the use of hands. It is a rule which, far from limiting the players' movements, gives the game its freedom. Relieved of the necessity that every ball be played with the hands, soccer becomes a game for the whole body. Running, swerving and jumping are more natural actions when the player does not have to clasp a ball to his chest or bounce one in front of him. The extremes of balance and sudden





body movement, skills that are at the core of soccer, are only possible with a free use of the hands and arms.

The "no-hands" rule has another important consequence: Where football and basketball are played with the ball at or above waist level, in soccer most of the ball action takes place at or near ground level. For this reason, tall players are comparatively rare in soccer. The great stars of the game's history—England's Stanley Mathews, Brazil's Pelé and Garrincha, Argentina's Alfredo di Stefano, Holland's Johan Cruyff, Hungary's Ferenc Puskas, Germany's Gerd Muller—are all under six feet tall. The game, by its nature, takes away the advantage of pure size, and by its rules limiting physical contact, refuses to allow power and

strength to dominate.

The one essential attribute displayed by all the game's superstars is ball skill, that effortless ability to control and command the soccer ball. Easy enough with the hands, perhaps, but using the feet or the legs or the chest or the head to tame a ball that seems to take a delight in bouncing away requires enormous skill.

Nobody did it better than Pelé. Whenever Pelé moved to control a ball, however fast it was traveling and at whatever height or angle, his hard muscular body seemed for an instant to become the softest wool, gently cushioning the ball and bringing it under control with barely a hint of a bounce. "Pelé could trap a bullet," says a Cosmos teammate, fullback Bobby Smith.

*Franz Beckenbauer, who has "the most cultured right foot in soccer," advances against Diplomat Carmine Marcantonio.*

Instant control is the hallmark of the great player. If a player regularly needs three or four stabs at the ball before it's nestling quietly at his feet, he might consider selling insurance. Opponents will ruthlessly exploit this critical weakness and hover close to the player, ready to whip the ball away as he struggles for control of it.

His clumsy control will sabotage the rest of his game. His head will be down most of the time, checking on the position of the ball. Imagine a basketball player who has to keep looking at his hands to make sure he still has the ball, and you



# Soccer Guide

have the problem: He will have little idea where his teammates are, so his passing is likely to be either obvious or misdirected.

"You've got to learn to keep your bloody head up," says Cosmos coach Eddie Firmani. "That's the problem with so many young American players. They have their chins on their chests all the time. I'd make them wear one of those

special braces around their necks and I'd put a large needle sticking up under their chins. . . . Pelé's head was moving every second of the game. He always knew where everyone on the field was."

Pelé's vision took in the whole field. He could even spot a sleeping goalkeeper at 60 yards. Ask Ivo Viktor, the national team goalkeeper for Czechoslovakia in the 1970 World Cup. With Brazil and Czechoslovakia tied 1-1 in an early play-off game, Pelé took a ball in Brazil's half of the field and dribbled to the center

circle. Suddenly, he stopped, took a quick look off into the distance and chipped a high ball downfield. Now 21 players and 80,000 fans could see what Pelé had spotted a vital second earlier. Poor Viktor. After making several acrobatic saves, he had strolled ten yards out from his goal, taking in the sights, when this floating bomb materialized from nowhere.

*"Clockwork soccer" by the Cosmos resulted in this goal against Tampa Bay.*





# Cosmos star, Carlos Alberto, voted by Sport Magazine the top soccer player in America, strikes in Cobras



Why does Carlos Alberto, the best soccer player, play in Cobras? The answer is simple. Cobra soccer shoes are made better so anybody can play better. More quality construction throughout, more



grip for faster action, more support and comfort for long active play. So play your best with the same soccer shoes the best player uses. Strike with Cobra...and you're in the action.

 **COBRA**  
ON THE FEET OF CHAMPIONS

A DIVISION OF COBEC



# Soccer Guide

Viktor desperately whirled and rushed back toward his own net, and at that moment Pelé's genius hit the stadium with the impact of a bludgeon. As the crowd roared in amazement and the Czechs stood aghast, the ball slid by the post, missing a goal by inches. Pelé had no rational explanation as to why he decided to take a 60-yard shot. "It was just something I knew to do," he said. "Soccer is a game of instinct."

In his attempt to beat Viktor, Pelé had wedged his foot under the ball to give it height and distance, just one of at least a dozen different ways of kicking a soccer ball. One dozen? Make it two—a dozen

with the left foot, a dozen with the right. While every player has a favorite foot (as with hands, so with feet—most players are naturally right-footed), he must learn to use both. It is only the exceptional player who can star at the pro level by relying on one foot. Franz Beckenbauer, for instance, rarely uses his left foot; but he has the most cultured right foot in soccer, a foot that combines the sensitivity of a surgeon's hands with the power of a jackhammer. "If Beckenbauer ever used his left foot," says Mike England, Seattle's NASL All-Star centerback, "he'd have to be banned from the game."

By turning his foot in or out or pointing it down, and by striking different surfaces of the ball, the player can produce hard low drives on goal or long aerial passes or short ground balls or chips or lobs or spin-

ning, swerving kicks—as though his leg and foot were a golf club with an infinitely adjustable head.

On his shoulders, another adjustable head, also used for striking the ball. A soccer player deliberately butts a fast-moving ball with his forehead even when common sense suggests getting out of the way as quickly as possible. But it is all perfectly logical: Prevented from reaching up with his hands to play a high ball, the soccer player jumps and stretches to be there first with his head.

And if the ball is struck firmly with the front of the forehead, one of the boniest and hardest parts of the body, it doesn't hurt. What often does hurt is contact with other heads straining and bobbing to reach the ball. It is an annoyance that can be avoided by being the first to the ball,

## SOCCKER RULES

The rules used throughout the world are those issued by the Fédération Internationale de Football Association (FIFA). In the U.S., the NASL, colleges and high schools have introduced variations. For example, the NASL has modified the offside rule, the colleges and high schools allow free substitution and many high schools play in quarters rather than halves.

- **TEAMS:** Eleven players to a side, one of whom is a goalkeeper who must wear different colors from the rest of his team; he can handle the ball only within his own penalty area.

- **BALL:** The ball is made of leather or "other approved materials"; it has a circumference of between 27 and 28 inches and weighs between 14 and 16 ounces. (By comparison, a basketball has a circumference of 29½ to 30 inches and weighs 20 to 22 ounces.)

- **BALL OUT OF PLAY:** All of the ball must pass over all of the side or goal line for it to be out of play—the position of the player controlling the ball does not matter.

- **RESTARTS:** A ball over the sidelines is put back into play with a **throw-in**—this must be a two-handed overhead throw—made by a member of the team that did not last play the ball. A ball over the goal line, when last played by the attacking team, is restarted with a **goal kick**—the ball is placed on the six-yard line and played upfield by the defending team; when the ball was last played by the defending team, play is restarted with a **corner kick**—the ball is placed in the corner quadrant and played into the goalmouth by the attacking team.

- **FOULS:** Players are not allowed to handle the ball, to trip, push, hold, kick or jump at opponents or to charge dangerously or from behind. For any of these offenses, the referee will stop play and award a **direct free kick** at the point of the foul against the offending team, whose players must back off at least ten yards from the ball. A goal can be scored direct from such a kick. If any of these fouls is committed by the defending team within its own penalty area, the referee will award the attacking team a **penalty kick**. This is a one-on-one duel between the goalkeeper and the kicker while all the other players stand outside the penalty area. The kick is taken from the penalty spot, 12 yards out from the goal, and the goalkeeper is not allowed to move his feet until the moment the kick is taken.

For lesser offenses such as obstruction, dangerous play and unsportsmanlike conduct, the referee will award an **indirect free kick**, after which the ball must be played by at least two players before a goal can be scored. An indirect free kick is also awarded against the offending team on **offside** calls. A player is offside if, at the moment the ball is passed to him (not the moment that he receives it) he has less than two opponents between him and the goal he is attacking. A player cannot be offside if the ball is ahead of him or if he is in his team's half of the field. The NASL limits application of the offside rule to areas within 35 yards of each goal line.

**The Soccer Field:** Dimensions may vary within these limits:

Length: not more than 130 yards, not less than 100 yards.

Width: not more than 100 yards, not less than 50 yards.

(The length must always be greater than the width.)

Other dimensions remain fixed, whatever the size of the field:

Goal area: 20-yards wide by 6-yards deep.

Penalty area: 44-yards wide by 18-yards deep. (The goal area is part of the penalty area.)

Penalty spot: 12-yards from the goal line.

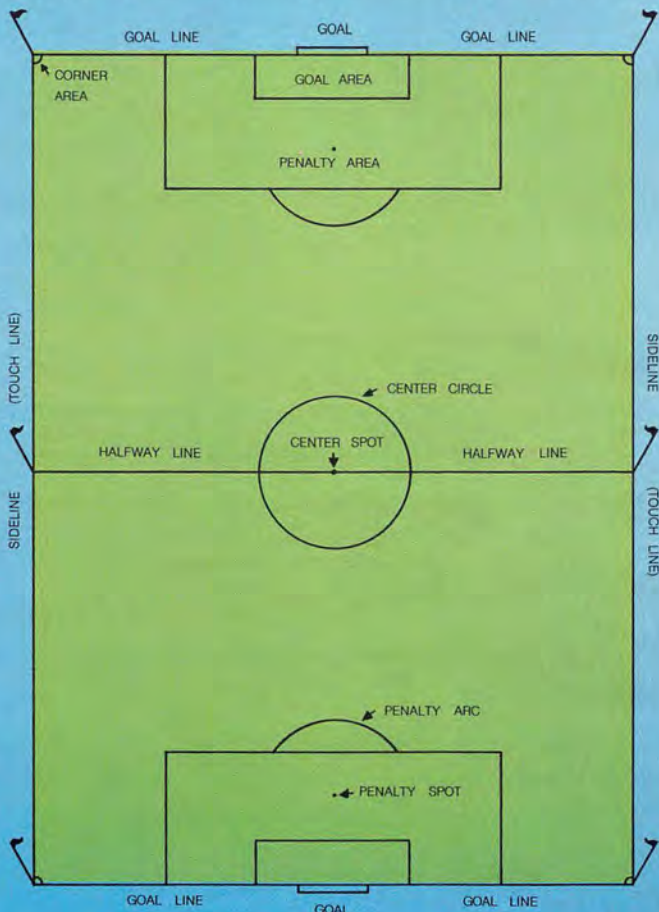
Penalty arc: radius of ten yards around the penalty spot.

Goal: eight-yards wide by eight-feet high.

Center circle: radius of ten yards around the center spot.

Corner area: One yard in radius.

Flags must be placed at the corners of the field, but are optional at the halfway-line positions. (Scale of field shown: 110 yards by 80 yards.)





# Sport delivers

...a whole year of sizzling  
action for a mere **\$5.94**

☐ **YES**, send me 12 issues for **\$5.94**  
(only 50¢ an issue)

☐ **SAVE ME MORE!** Send 24 issues for **\$8.94**  
(only 37¢ an issue - costs only \$3.00 more)

☐ Payment enclosed ☐ Bill me later

☐ New Subscriber ☐ Current Subscriber

J6S3

MR./MS. \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_

ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

Offer good in US through 12/31/79. Offer date 6/79. Allow 8 weeks for delivery of first issue. Basic subscription price: 12 issues \$5.94, 24 issues \$8.94. Single copy \$1.00.





First Class  
Permit No. 5013  
Des Moines,  
Iowa

**BUSINESS REPLY CARD**

No postage stamp necessary if mailed in the U.S.

Postage will be paid by:

**SPORT**

Magazine  
Box 5014  
Des Moines, Iowa 50340




and the tallest doesn't necessarily jump the highest.

Pelé's powerful legs and impeccable timing invariably had him leaping above taller opponents. Jim McAlister, the Seattle Sounders' young American full-back, first attracted the scouts' attention with his pogo-stick jumping ability. They couldn't believe he was only 5-foot-7. "Jumping is the easy part," McAlister says. "You still have to head the ball."

Once airborne, the player doesn't just allow the ball to bounce off his head; he arches his body and powers it forward from the waist to punch the ball away with his forehead in a sinuous, twisting muscular action at the climax of the jump.

Heading was not one of the original soccer skills. Back in the late 1800s, when soccer's first rules were drawn up in England, the sport was known as "the dribbling game" because that was all anybody did. The ball was kept on the ground and players tried to keep it under control as they nudged it with their feet toward the opposing goal.

From these crude beginnings came soccer's most sparkling skill, and a special breed of stars whose genius raised the game to an art form. Men who could twist, turn, cut and accelerate past opponents with a soccer ball seemingly tied to their bootlaces. Men like Ft. Lauderdale's George Best, who in his prime could corkscrew his way through a forest of defenders with a few ravishing body fakes while caressing the ball at his feet.

Dribbling is a one-man show that stresses the player's personality—dramatic, exciting or, in Best's case, flamboyantly self-indulgent. Best talks animatedly about an English Cup final at Wembley Stadium where he traps a high ball by sitting on it, surges down the field juggling the ball on his thighs, and flies into a headstand to volley a shot into the net with his feet. "Then I wake up," he says impishly.

A player *might* be able to dribble the length of the field, beating opponent after opponent, and score a goal. Pelé did it. Once. In the giant Maracanã Stadium in Rio de Janeiro they put up a plaque to mark the occasion. It's probably the only plaque of its kind in the world. Most players are content to beat one or two opponents. To go for more is asking for accusations of selfishness. There are 11 men on a team. A player has to know when to pass the ball.

Which is where team play and tactics begin. From the early chaos of the "dribbling game" in which everyone attacked, the realization grew that someone should be doing some defending. By 1878, each team had a goalkeeper, a specific, specialized player who was allowed to use his hands. The number of attacking players was slowly reduced. By the 1900s, a standard team pattern consisted of a goalkeeper, two defenders (full-

backs), five attackers (forwards), and three players who did some attacking and some defending (halfbacks). This was the 2-3-5-formation (soccer formations always give the defenders first, and add up to only ten players because it is not considered necessary to include the goalkeeper) which along with its modification, the W-M formation, ruled soccer for nearly 50 years. The W-M used three fullbacks and only three genuine forwards, although two inside forwards who played back were primarily attacking players.

The W-M became the gospel in England, as if the fates had decreed that this was the way the game was *meant* to be played. The Hungarians thought otherwise. In 1953 they arrived in England with a formation in which the center-forward played deep and the two inside forwards were pushed up. While the English defenders scurried about trying to work out what had happened to the game they knew, the Hungarians pumped in the goals. Their 6-3 victory marked the first time England had ever lost at home to a foreign team. A year later, England traveled to Hungary seeking revenge and was again outclassed, 7-1.

Soccer was never the same. After decades of stagnation, the game was ripe for tactical development. The twin center-forwards used by the Hungarians meant that a single center-back was not enough to mark them; all future formations would have two center-backs in a line of four fullbacks. In 1958, the Brazilian national team won the World Cup with a team that unleashed on the world the 17-year-old Pelé and the new 4-2-4 formation: four fullbacks, two midfielders (the new name for halfbacks) and four forwards.

The decade of the 1960s saw soccer explode as an international money-making business. It also saw the rise of increasingly defensive formations. The connection is direct and insidious.

As the game became commercialized, the importance of winning loomed larger, and so did the influence of the coach. If coaches don't win, they lose their jobs—and while it was difficult to be sure of winning, a coach could, by adopting defensive tactics, considerably reduce the likelihood of being beaten. Soccer's new

formations became skimpy up front; there were only three forwards in the 4-3-3, and two in the 4-4-2. In Italy, they devised the ultimate in defensive strategies, the *catenaccio*, where a new defender called the *libero*, or sweeper, played behind the fullbacks as a sort of backstop. The *catenaccio* defense could withstand almost constant pressure. Italian soccer scorelines began to read 0-0 and 1-0 with depressing regularity, and goal-scoring dropped throughout the soccer world. In the 1954 World Cup, the average had been 5.38 goals per game; in the 1966 championship it was down to 2.78. "Ideal soccer has become impossible," Pelé complained at the time. "This is terrible for the game and for the spectators who want a show. Only by allowing the other team to attack can you do so yourself."

One coach who tried to counter the negative trend was Rinus Michels, of the Dutch club Ajax, who is now coach of the Los Angeles Aztecs in the North American Soccer League. His team, while nominally using the 4-3-3 formation, played fast-moving soccer in which the main theme was constant positional switching. Michels took six years to develop the style that became known as "Total Soccer," and by 1971 Ajax was the top club in the world.

"I realized that mobility is a very important thing, and I worked on that base: mobility, mobility, players moving *without* the ball," says Michels. "It's not an easy thing to teach players, but to teach them to do it *efficiently* is very difficult. Total Soccer, you could say, uses efficiency of mobility. So that when a team loses possession, the whole team defends, and when it has possession, the whole team attacks."

While Total Soccer was an intoxicating relief from the soporific defensive game, it has been a mighty difficult act to copy. "It's not necessary that the players be above average in intelligence," Michels says, "but you need a whole team that is above average in skills."

The supremacy of individual skills was cruelly brought home to the Dutch in the 1978 World Cup final. Theirs was no longer the great Cruyff-led squad of four years earlier, but it was still a beautifully

Mario Kempes' (on ground) goal sparked Argentina's 1978 World Cup victory.





# Soccer Guide

organized team playing high-pressure Total Soccer. Against them, the Argentines offered less organization, more individualism, and—driven on by the roaring Buenos Aires crowd—a relentlessly attacking style.

With 38 minutes of a finely balanced first half gone, an Argentine attack developed down the left flank. The ball came to center-forward Leopoldo Luque some 20 yards from the Dutch goal. Luque held the ball for a moment, then rolled it toward the middle, parallel to the goal line. As the ball came across there appeared no immediate danger for the Dutch. Goal-

side of the ball they had their goalkeeper and two of their best defenders, Aarie Haan and Rudi Krol. Yet three seconds later the ball was in the Dutch net and Argentina was on its way to the title.

The damage was done by Mario Kempes with a flash of unanswerable soccer genius. As the ball came across, Kempes timed a sudden surging run, superbly pushing the ball firmly between defenders Krol and Haan. The ball was past Krol before he could react; Haan, slightly farther back, had time to turn, but Kempes was already abreast of him and playing the ball with his left foot where Haan could not reach it.

Goalkeeper Jan Jongbloed saw the danger instantly and came racing out to get to the ball. But Kempes had played it to per-

fection—he had pushed the ball hard enough to get it quickly past Krol and Haan, but not hard enough to allow Jongbloed to reach it. As the goalkeeper dived for the ball, and as Haan—right on top of Kempes now—prepared to tackle, Kempes stretched out his left foot and, while falling, shot the ball low under Jongbloed's body and into the goal.

Argentina's victory in the '78 World Cup final was a just reward for attacking soccer. But the game has not yet cast off the defensive look it took on in the 1960s. "It is easier to organize the defense than the attack," says Ron Greenwood, coach of the English national team. "That's life, isn't it: You've always got more destroyers than creators."

Destroyers is not too harsh a word. The

## GLOSSARY

**Association Football:** The official name for soccer.

**Banana Kick:** A low, hard, swerving pass or shot, made by kicking the ball off-center with the inside or the outside of the foot.

**Body Contact:** One form of body contact is legal in soccer—a shoulder-to-shoulder charge; but the arms, elbows, or hips must not be used and the charge must not be made from behind. In tackling and jumping for head balls there is always a good deal of incidental contact which is accepted as a normal part of the game, provided the players are clearly trying to play the ball rather than the man.

**Box:** Usually refers to the penalty area, although this may be called the 18-yard box, to distinguish it from the 6-yard box, or goal area.

**Center:** A long, aerial pass, made from the side of the field into the opponent's goalmouth. Also called a cross.

**Clear:** To kick or head the ball away from the goalmouth, thus relieving pressure on the goal.

**Dead Ball:** Before the referee has blown his whistle to start play, or when he has blown it to signal an infringement, the ball is dead. All free-kicks must be taken with the ball stationary on the ground—i.e., a dead ball.

**Drop Ball:** Soccer's version of basketball's jump ball. If play has to be stopped for reasons other than an infringement (e.g., for an injury), the referee will call together one player from each team and drop the ball between them—they must allow it to touch the ground before kicking at it.

**FIFA:** The initials of the Fédération Internationale de Football Association, the international governing body of soccer with headquarters in Switzerland.

**Fifty-fifty Ball:** A loose ball that both teams have an equal chance of controlling.

**Hands:** Their use is forbidden in soccer; but the soccer definition of hand-ball includes any use of the arm as well.

**Mark (Guard):** Defenders in soccer "mark" the opposing attackers in either man-to-man or zone defenses.

**National Team:** All pro soccer players are under contract to clubs, for which they play regularly in championships throughout the season. But all countries also field an All-Star team of the best players available from all the clubs. This is the national team; it is assembled to play exhibition games or in major competitions such as the World Cup—see World Cup.

**Off-the-ball:** Describes the running and faking done by players not in possession of the ball.

**Officials:** In soccer there are one referee and two linesmen. The linesmen advise the referee, mainly by waving a flag whenever a player is offside or when a ball goes over the sideline. The referee can ignore their advice, and because of his virtually total control, can have a crucial effect on the game. American colleges and high schools favor a two-referee system without linesmen.

**Overlap:** Fullbacks who come forward to attack down the wings are said to be overlapping.

**Red Card:** The referee carries two cards—one red, which he waves in front of any player he is ejecting from the game, and the other yellow, which is used to indicate a caution. A player cannot receive more than one caution—the second must be a red card.

**Scoreline:** The worldwide tradition in soccer is to list the team playing at home first, regardless of the result. Thus a scoreline of Cosmos 1, New England 3 indicates that the Cosmos lost on their home field.

**Shootout:** An innovation of the North American Soccer League to decide tied games. If, after the regulation 90 minutes and 15 minutes of sudden-death overtime, the scores are still tied, a series of shots-on-goal are taken alternately by each team. The kicker starts 35 yards out with only the goalkeeper to beat. Each player can move wherever he wishes and the kicker has five seconds to take his shot. The shootout is used only in the NASL; other countries either leave games tied or settle them with a series of conventional penalty kicks.

**Striker:** A central attacking player whose job is to score goals.

**Stopper:** One of the two center-backs who plays man-to-man defense against the opposing team's central striker. Also see Sweeper.

**Substitution:** Never a prominent part of soccer. Most countries permit one or at most two substitutes per game, and never allow a player who has been substituted for to be put back in. The NASL allows three substitutes per game, while U.S. colleges and high schools have almost no restrictions on substitution. However, all agree that when a player has been ejected, he cannot be replaced and his team must play a man short.

**Sweeper:** One of the two center-backs who doesn't mark a particular man, but who plays slightly deeper than the rest of the defenders, and whose role is essentially one of roaming and repairing any errors committed by his teammates. Also see Stopper.

**Tackle:** To use the feet, and perhaps a shoulder charge, to take the ball from the feet of an opponent.

**Time:** There are no timeouts in soccer unless the referee says so. He is the official timekeeper, the only one who can stop the clock—which he is unlikely to do except for injuries or a burst ball or other unusual incidents that make continuation of play impossible.

**Wall:** A line of defenders—usually between two and five—standing ten yards from the ball to block part of the goal when the opposing team has a free kick within scoring range.

**Wall Pass:** The give-and-go pass, so-called because in street soccer the ball is usually bounced off the wall of a house or a garden rather than being passed to a teammate.

**Wingers:** Attacking players who play out near the sidelines.

**World Cup:** The trophy that marks the world championship of soccer. The tournament is held every four years for national teams. One hundred countries entered the 1978 championship; the final rounds, involving 16 qualifiers, were held in Argentina. . . and it was Argentina which emerged as the new world champions of soccer.



emphasis on tighter defenses has led to more physical contact in soccer. "When you play defensively, you have more tackling, more violence," says Pelé.

Coaches have now begun to look for heavier players. "Twenty years ago," said Argentina's national team coach Cesar Menotti, "when young players came for tryouts, everyone wanted the skillful ones. Now they look for the fighters and the runners."

For some, like Julio Mazzei, the future of soccer hangs in the balance: "I am very worried about the future. The game is less attractive than it used to be. The brilliant individuals are not coming through. In 1958 if someone asked you to pick the ten best players of the World Cup, there were plenty to choose from; the problem would be who to leave off. But you look at the '74 and '78 World Cups, and you have

Cruyff and Beckenbauer and Muller and Kempes and. . . who else? It's difficult."

Ron Greenwood disagrees: "This is just a phase. The sooner players are allowed to play and express themselves without being dictated to by coaches, the better the game will be."

The thought is shared by NASL commissioner Phil Woosnam, who believes that "coaches have much more influence than they used to have, much more than they ought to have. Better coaching techniques have created better-organized defenses, making it much more difficult for the creative players to play."

The NASL has adopted a typically American approach to counter defensive soccer: rule tinkering. It has modified the offside rule, introduced overtime and the shootout to decide tied games, and begun awarding extra points in the standings for

goal-scoring.

But these innovations have not dramatically reduced defensive soccer, because rule changes do not produce flowing attractive soccer—the skills of creative, unorthodox players do. Here the NASL's actions speak louder than their rule changes. This is the league that was built on Pelé, this is the league that has sent its coaches all over the world to bring back Franz Beckenbauer and Rodney Marsh and George Best and Gerd Muller and Francisco Marinho and Trevor Francis. . . players with artistry and flair, players who symbolize the freedom and the beauty of soccer. ■

*Next month the authors will deal with the skills and tactics of defensive play, and a panel of NASL experts will rate the league's goalkeepers and fullbacks.*



**Come rain or come shine.  
It starts brighter, stays brighter  
than the leading premium wax.**

New Simoniz® Shines Like The Sun, premium car wax gives your car a shine that starts brighter, stays brighter than the leading



premium wax. And we guarantee you'll like it. Or your money back. From Simoniz, come rain or come shine.



Simoniz® is a registered trade mark of Union Carbide Corporation, 270 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.



9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Introducing  
*Rich Lights* from Viceroy.



The first low 'tar' cigarette  
good enough to be called rich.

Kings and 100's.



# OVERTIME!

## ACE IN THE HOLE

A few months ago, a South African soccer team called the Kaizer Chiefs decided that the Minnesota Kicks of the North American Soccer League had not given them enough money for the services of South Africa's best player. Although the amount to be paid for the player—Patrick "Ace" Ntsoelengoe—(pronounced Net-so-len-gay) had been agreed upon three years ago, Kaizer wanted more, and it used typically South African methods, such as blackmail and forcible detainment, to keep Ntsoelengoe, a black man, from reporting to the Kicks.

Over the last five years, Ntsoelengoe, a swift, fancy-dribbling little midfielder, has played in the U.S. after the South African league season has ended. He was supposed to come back to Minnesota two months before this year's NASL season began. "We had two of our people waiting at the airport [in South Africa] for him," Kick president Freddie Goodwin said a week before the April 8 opener. "When he didn't show up, our people called a guy at the Kaizer office, who told them Ace's passport had been taken away. Then he hung up. A while later, the Kaizer guy called back and said they'd have to get more money before they'd let Ace go."

Goodwin had a similar experience in 1976, when he bought Ntsoelengoe from the Chiefs for \$100,000. "I had to fly 21 hours to Johannesburg

## SPORT Talk



Ace Ntsoelengoe, left, was held for ransom by South Africa.

to get him. We'd bought him, he was ours, but they were saying no deal, they wanted more money. They were holding Ace ransom, pure and simple."

Goodwin was able to spring Ntsoelengoe for two years with the condition that the decision on where he'd play after that rested with the player. The two-year grace period was up after last season, and Goodwin says, "It was obvious Ace wanted to come back again this year, but I suppose the South Africans didn't want to accept that. Ace called me from the Kaizer office in early March and was confused and de-

pressed; he didn't know what was happening. He said he wanted to come back but couldn't say any more."

A source close to the Kicks who requested anonymity said, "They put the screws on Ace and he was scared. They wouldn't treat a white guy like that, but a black has no rights there to begin with. Here's a national hero, to blacks and whites, who isn't allowed a phone and can't leave his segregated township without permission."

"I don't blame Ace for being scared. Look, the guy who sold him to the Kicks in the first place, a director of the Kaizer club, was stabbed

to death on the street a year later. The South Africans said it was a race riot—the guy was black—but he was hardly a revolutionary. . . . I don't know, maybe they're afraid Ace will defect. It's a nice way to treat your country's national hero, isn't it?"

In early April, with the support of NASL Commissioner Phil Woosnam and the Kicks' South African attorneys, who stood ready to jump into the case, Ace demanded his passport from the Chiefs. The team relented—without extracting more money from Minnesota—and Ace promptly flew to the U.S. "I just hope people will remember this when South Africa offers around more players," Goodwin said. "They want to be good guys in international sports—but this is a good example of why they're regarded as slime."

For South Africa, the negative publicity from Ace Ntsoelengoe's case couldn't have come at a worse time—just after pressure from black groups in the U.S. forced a judge to ban highly-ranked heavyweight boxer Kallie Knoetze from fighting here. Knoetze, a white cop back home, had shot a black youth and, in another incident, was convicted of obstructing justice by coercing witnesses. That the South African government saw no need to detain Knoetze while detaining one of its first black contributors to international athletics won't help it to become a trusted member of sports society.

—MARK RIBOWSKY



# OVERTIME!

## ASK BILL LEE...

Montreal Expo pitcher Bill Lee responds to this month's question: *What is your opinion of the nuclear crisis at Three Mile Island?*

"I read the book and it was much better. As I understand it, a hydrogen bubble was causing the trouble—so all the reactor had was a little gas. They should have given the power plant three tablespoons of Maalox and said, 'Go get 'em.'"

Send your questions to Bill Lee in care of SPORT, 641 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022. We'll print more of his answers next month.

## DIVING WITH TARZAN JOE

When we spoke with dozens of big leaguers about possible candidates for the story "Baseball's Unheralded Wild and Crazy Guys" (see page 30), the name of Oakland outfielder Joe "Tarzan" Wallis was mentioned frequently—even though few players could come up with any firsthand anecdotes. Most simply repeated what

rageously long beard who liked to jump out of hotel windows into swimming pools and drag race his motorcycle outside the ballpark.

Wallis, however, laughed loudly when we told him about his reputation. "Oh yeah, I know all about it," he said. "Everybody thinks I'm crazy, even though they've never seen me do anything crazy. I consider it a compliment, considering the alternative—being just another face in the crowd. But about the flakiest thing I do is tell a few dirty jokes to keep things loose in the clubhouse."

So why the reputation? "Well, I guess they see the beard and hear those old window-jumping stories and assume I'm a wild man." Are the stories true? "Yeah," Wallis admitted, "I once dove out a hotel window in El Paso, Tex. when I was in the minor leagues. It was no big deal, it was only 40 feet up and I knew I could hit the pool."

"I do high-dive in the off-season, though. I love it. I was a world-class diver in college [Southern Illinois], but do it just for fun now. I've gone off 110-foot cliffs with the pros in

a-half gainer off the sixth deck of an ocean liner in Barbados. A couple of times I've busted myself up, but I went back up bleeding and did it again. I've gone down deeper than I should and been close to drowning. But that's part of the thrill, the danger."

A former Chicago Cub teammate thought he recalled Wallis diving off a bridge in Pittsburgh one season, but Wallis says, "I was going to, but didn't... the water was too shallow."

Wallis says he doesn't race his motorcycle anymore following an accident two years ago. "I hit a curb at 100 mph and went off into the rocks. My helmet was sawed through and my clothes were shredded, but I only broke a leg and sprained an ankle and calf."

"I don't know, I guess people like to exaggerate the things I do. Actually, I lead a pretty quiet life."

—M.R.

## SPARKY'S PICK

Sparky Anderson, former Cincinnati Reds manager and now a sportscaster, picks the team to beat in the National League East: "From the way people were talking in spring training about the Phillies, you'd think there was no sense in playing out the season. I think they're overlooking the team that could beat them—the Pirates, who finished only a game-and-a-half back last year."

"The Pirates have the greatest player in America for starters—Dave Parker—and a guy in center, Omar Moreno, who will steal 100 bases if he hits .260. Willie Stargell missed over 40 games and still came back and hit 28 homers. Frank Taveras will steal 70 bases; Rennie Stennett is healthy again and Phil Garner's a helluva player. They could be playing for the world championship."

## DISTAFF DOMINATOR

This year's biggest high school basketball sensation is Anne Donovan, a 6-foot-8 center with Paramus (N.J.) Catholic High who averaged 37 points, 15 rebounds and ten blocked shots a game for the school's undefeated state champions. She also averaged a couple of recruiting offers a week for the past year and a half—nearly 200

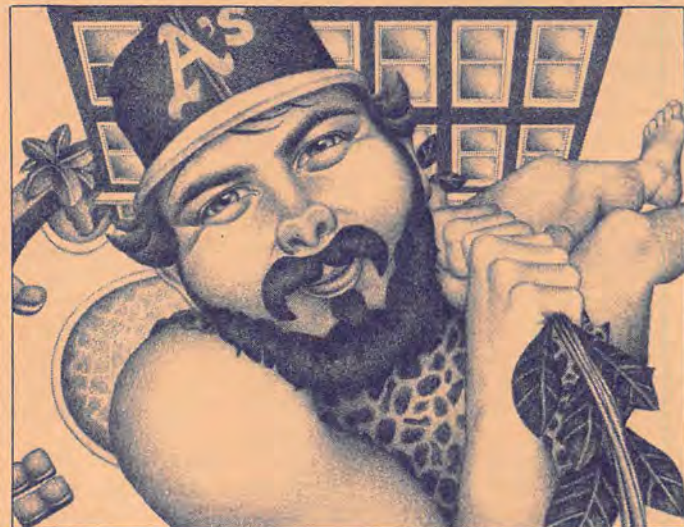


schools have offered her scholarships. She'll probably attend school in the East.

"She could dominate the women's game completely by the time she's a sophomore," said Marianne Stanley, head coach of the women's team at Old Dominion College in Virginia, where All-America Nancy Lieberman played. "Anne is possibly the best high school center I've ever seen. Her potential is limitless."

Says Donovan's coach, Rose Battaglia: "Who would ever have thought that women's basketball would one day involve the same recruiting hoopla as the men's game? Our side is coming of age."

The heavy recruitment both



they knew of Wallis' reputation: that he was supposedly a 27-year-old wild man—Jungle Joe was another nickname—a guy with an out-

Mexico, and gone into a flooded rock quarry in Alton, Ill. [his hometown] that's almost bottomless. Just before the season I did a one-and-



pleases and confuses Donovan, who comes from a basketball family. Her sister Patrice plays for Bergen Community College and sister Mary plays for Penn State. Her other five sisters and brothers play basketball. Her late father, Joe Donovan, played semi-pro baseball and her mother Anne played basketball in high school.

"I love to play and I'm lucky that women's basketball is growing so much as I go into college," Anne says. "There would have been no outlet for me ten years ago, or even five."

She had to withstand the jeers of frustrated men in the stands who once howled "freak" and "gawk" and "giraffe" at her. People often mistake her for a tall boy, and she has been asked to leave women's rest rooms. There are taunts from the girls she plays against and some teams come out for the warmup with girls sitting on other girls' shoulders pretending to be as tall as Donovan.

She wants to go to a big-time women's basketball college and major in liberal arts. "All the recruiting has been hectic, but everyone warned me it would be," says Donovan. "I'm bearing up pretty well. Why complain? It's flattering to be a girl and have all these colleges recruit me. Who ever dreamed it would happen to a girl? This is only supposed to happen to boys."

—BRUCE CHADWICK

## CONDITIONS AND COMMENTS

Baltimore pitcher Don Stanhouse on what he did in the off-season: "I ate a lot, drank a lot and dated a lot. I just don't know how to do anything in moderation. I'm not the prettiest guy in the world, but I'm not Igor, either. I'm pretty on the inside. When they took X-rays of my head, they found flowers."

## SPORTSMEDICINE

# Keeping Your Head

By Robert K. Kerlan, M.D.,  
Medical Director, National  
Athletic Health Institute



Dr. Kerlan

**I**t is an ordinary moment in sport: A player runs down the football field, say, or speeds toward third base. Suddenly an extraordinary impact, produced by another player or a ball, knocks him to the ground. His head or neck gets the brunt of the blow. The player is dazed, perhaps unconscious. What signs and symptoms should you look for in order to determine the severity of the injury? What can you do, as a participant, parent, coach or trainer, to treat such injuries?

First, always be prepared for the worst: Head and neck injuries can have the most serious consequences of any accidents in athletics. To take charge when these injuries occur, it is mandatory that you prepare yourself with basic emergency procedures.

Primarily you should learn to determine the extent of the injury and how to handle it properly on the field. At the National Athletic Health Insti-

tute in Inglewood, Cal., we help train people for these duties by offering free Saturday-morning Sports Injury Clinics. By checking with a local medical association or nearby college, you can learn if there is a similar clinic in your area.

Part of the advice we give is that you learn cardiopulmonary resuscitation (CPR) through a local hospital or the American Red Cross. Then practice what you've learned so when an injury occurs, you can think quickly and act automatically. We also advise that a stretcher be available during practice as well as during games. And we suggest you know where to get an ambulance immediately.

When a head injury does occur, there are danger signs that will help you determine whether a player should be allowed to return to the game, kept on the bench or immediately sent home or to a hospital. Certain signs always dictate that the player must not return to the game:

1. Seeing stars or colors.
2. Numbness or tingling in the extremities.
3. Persistent dizziness.
4. Severe or persistent headache.
5. Abnormal pupils—e.g., the pupils are of uneven size or do not expand and contract properly.
6. Amnesia—the player cannot remember the injury-causing event.
7. Disorientation—the player doesn't know who or where

he is; ask him his birthdate.

8. Lethargic—he acts tired or moves unusually slowly.
9. Hyper-irritability—he moves excessively or acts jumpy.
10. Drowsiness, sleeping or coma. If the injury occurs during a night game, don't automatically regard an athlete's desire to sleep as normal behavior, particularly if he was unconscious after the injury. During the night, wake him up every hour to be sure that he has not gone into a coma. If the injury occurs during the day, do not let the player nap if he complains of drowsiness; take him to a physician immediately.

With neck injuries, the following danger signs indicate a need for immediate medical attention:

1. Deformity—any unusual lumps or bumps around the neck or shoulder area.
2. Weakness or numbness of the extremities—this could indicate pressure or bleeding within the spinal column.
3. Tenderness at the midline at the back of the neck—since this area contains the respiratory triggering mechanism, serious breathing problems could result from bruising or swelling.
4. Restricted motion—limited range of motion could indicate a fracture.

If any of these four danger signs are present, stop the game and move the athlete off the playing area slowly and carefully and on a stretcher. If the injury seems severe, wait until the ambulance arrives and let professionals move him. Do not attempt to remove a helmet or other head and neck equipment. Any unnecessary motion could cause paralysis where none existed before.

Head and neck injuries occur quite often in sports—sometimes with serious consequences. It's important for those involved in athletics to do as much as they can to properly, safely care for head and neck injuries.



## OLYMPIC GOLD DIGGERS

# Preparing for the New Oerter

By Glenn Lewis

**S**moothly pumping the discus from side to side, 42-year-old Alfred Oerter cocks his right arm way back to the edge of balance. The winner of four straight Olympic golds, from Melbourne (1956) to Mexico City (1968), takes a hopping half-spin counterclockwise to the center of the circle. Back in training since 1976, he's been struggling to keep low and to accelerate as he rotates in the pre-throw plant—that instant before the discus is released. Reaching maximum speed, all 6-feet, 4-inches, 282 pounds lunge forward. A contorted face releases a guttural yelp and Oerter whips the disc 20 feet into nets dangling from the ceiling of a Long Island gym.



Can Oerter repeat in 1980?

Before each of the 30 throws that follow, the mild manager of data communications for the Grumman Corporation pirouettes empty-handed. Images of new throwing techniques flash through his mind. Oerter realizes that animal strength

alone will not be enough to get him on the U.S. team headed for Moscow next summer. Although he has recently surpassed his Mexico City Olympic mark (212 feet, six inches) by more than seven feet, tricky modern maneuvers still keep him ten to 15 feet out of step with today's leaders.

"In the past, I would just scrape around in the ring as best I could and rely on a powerful, quick arm for results," admits Oerter. "Now I have to adjust. Like the top throwers, Mac [Wilkins] and [Wolfgang] Schmidt, I've got to refine a high-torquing approach that shifts the emphasis to the legs."

East Germany's Schmidt has the world mark, 233 feet, five inches, while the Montreal gold medalist, Wilkins, is just 11 inches behind. When discus throwers high-torque, "they take quick steps that drop their center of gravity close to the ground while pushing their hips and legs well in front of the upper body," explains Oerter, using scissoring fingers to illustrate how this technique uses more of the body. "Their shoulders are forced farther and farther back until they hit a power position, then—WHAM!—a fierce uncoiling at the time of the throw."

"If I uncoiled as explosively as Wilkins and Schmidt do, though, I'd rip a half-dozen muscles. Age robs you of a certain amount of elasticity." So Oerter will work on high-torquing with one concession to his age: At the end of the throw he'll *lunge*, rather than *snap*, forward.



1956—the first of four gold-medal Olympics for Al Oerter.

Oerter's next stop is John Boos' nearby house. Boos, an ex-Mr. World, has a basement that would give Jack LaLanne palpitations. Lead weights are everywhere. Al stretches out on a bench and begins to press repetitions of 425 pounds. "This is *after* throwing," he apologizes. "Usually it's around 475, and by Olympic time it will be well over 500."

Oerter progresses from rowing with nearly 400 pounds to doing squats with over 500. Then, seizing a 100-pound dumbbell in each hand, he does a series of 20 sidebends, standing upright, then dipping his upper body from one side to the other. "See that," marvels Boos. "Most normal people would break in half with the weights he uses. He has more than strength. He has incredible endurance."

"I really get enjoyment out of the daily aspects of the comeback," says Oerter, pacing off energy still left over from the workout. "I don't have anything whatsoever to prove. It's a kick to see how far

I can push myself after 40. To hell with worrying about tarnishing my past glory. I'm better than ever, but so's the competition."

Oerter's major test will come a month before the Games at the U.S. Olympic trials. He envisions Wilkins and Montreal bronze medalist John Powell as shoo-ins. That leaves him dueling with old nemesis Jay Silvester, originator of high-torquing, and newcomer Dave Voorhees, for the final spot. A throw of 222 to 224 should get him to the big event.

"There is nothing magic or lucky—it's not that I've been anointed to do great things," says the man who entered every one of his Olympic trials injured—and whose trial throws were always far short of his final Olympic winners. "And it's not all this heightened adrenaline crap, either. I make and stick to an accurate four-year plan that has me absolutely peaking on those two days."

And right now, Al Oerter is smack on schedule.



See you later, alligator.



## Introducing THE FOX.

The same fit, comfort,  
quality, looks and  
easy-care fabric as  
the well-known knit.  
At about \$5 less.



Only \$13.  
Only at JCPenney.


A good looking, great fitting shirt  
that won't cost the shirt off your  
back. 65% Dacron® polyester for easy  
care, 35% combed cotton for comfort.  
Augusta green, white, navy, frost blue,  
tan, frost yellow and other fashion  
colors. Men's sizes S,M,L,XL.

Available at most large  
JCPenney stores and Catalog.



This  
is JCPenney





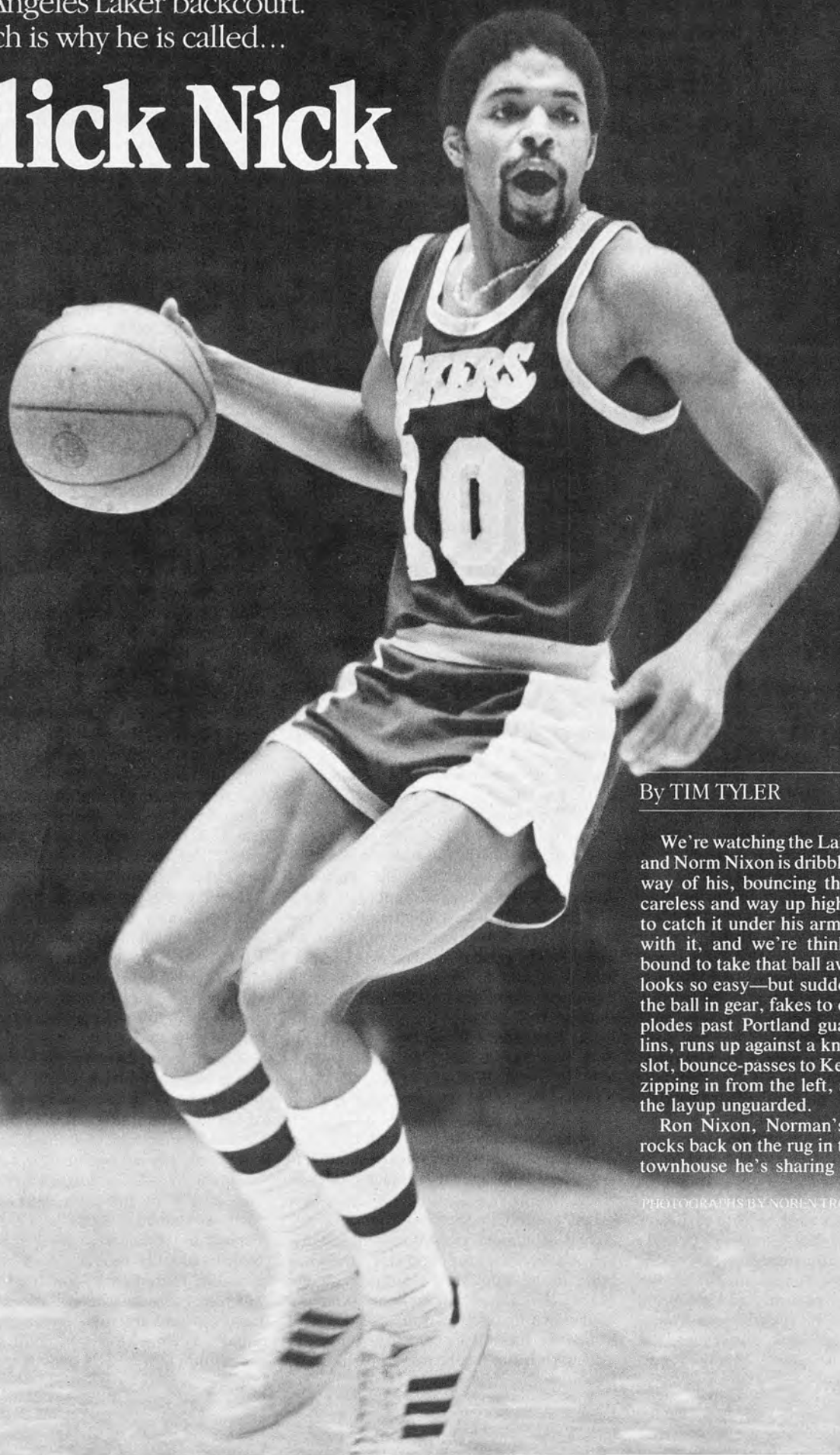
Right to the end, its Canadian spirit stands out from the crowd. What makes it such a popular choice? Super lightness. Superb taste. If that's what you've been searching for, set your course for Lord Calvert Canadian.

The unique spirit of Canada:  
We bottled it.



Though Norm Nixon says little off court, he does everything in the Los Angeles Laker backcourt. Which is why he is called...

# Slick Nick



---

By TIM TYLER

---

We're watching the Lakers on the tube, and Norm Nixon is dribbling in that funny way of his, bouncing the ball slow and careless and way up high like he's going to catch it under his arm and walk away with it, and we're thinking someone's bound to take that ball away from him, it looks so easy—but suddenly Nixon puts the ball in gear, fakes to one side and explodes past Portland guard Lionel Hollins, runs up against a knot of men in the slot, bounce-passes to Kenny Carr who is zipping in from the left, and Carr makes the layup unguarded.

Ron Nixon, Norman's older brother, rocks back on the rug in the Los Angeles townhouse he's sharing with Norm and

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NOBENTROTMAN



# 'What to do if you're teed off at athlete's foot.'

by Hale Irwin



"The only way I can keep my feet feeling up to par is to use Dr. Scholl's Solvex® Athlete's Foot Products."

When you feel the first itch of athlete's foot, just apply Dr. Scholl's Solvex Ointment or Spray. Solvex kills athlete's foot fungi on contact. And helps control the itching and burning of athlete's foot.

And, if you want to beat the itch before it starts, try regular applications of Dr. Scholl's Solvex Powder. It absorbs the moisture that athlete's foot thrives in and helps prevent reinfection.

"Face it, who knows more about feet than Dr. Scholl's? Their Solvex keeps my mind off my feet. And on the ball."

**DrScholl's**



© 1979 Scholl, Inc.

## Norm Nixon

lets out a shriek. "OOOOHHH! Ease up, Slick!" he yells. That is Ron's way of begging his brother not to show up the other players *too* bad. Ron pops open his first can of Coors and says that "Slick" is what they called Norm in college, in honor of his presidential namesake.

"I'm gonna make signs readin' 'Tricky Dick' and 'Slick Nick' and take 'em to the games," says Ron, who has two full-time jobs, one as a procurement officer for Northrop Aviation in Los Angeles and the other as Norm's No. 1 fan and confidant. Norm takes a pass at midcourt, slings the ball ahead to his cutting teammate, Don Ford, passing so hard he falls flat on the court, and Ford lays it in. Two beers later, into the second half, the Lakers and the Trail Blazers are tied at 71 when Norm steals a Portland pass under the Laker basket and gets it to Jamaal Wilkes for the score. Minutes later, Norm, who at 6-foot-2 and 175 pounds looks delicate compared to the behemoths towering around him, drives for the key, cuts easily inside past Hollins for a layup. "Ease UP, Slick!" yells Ron.

Ron begins to roll now, dipping into the past: "Aw, this is nothin'," he is saying.

"When Norm was going to Southwest High School back in Macon [Ga.], you shoulda seen it; the other guard was Joe Everett, he was small but he had this fantastic hang time, he could *dunk*, and he ran a 9.6 hundred. Watchin' the two a them on a fast break—you never seen anything like it! An' football. I remember once I was on leave from the service, I came back to Macon and went to the football game, Southwest High against Central, Central was *my* old school, and we kicked off to some dude who was standin' in the end zone with his hands stuck in the fronta his pants, real nonchalant, and he took the ball, he cut to the middle, then he broke to the outside, and was *gone*. This dude was baaad, and I said who IS that and they said, that's your brother. And Norman did that every game all season."

Norm Nixon is the Los Angeles Laker point guard, a little guy who came unheralded into the league a year and a half ago from Duquesne University. The last guard chosen in the first round, Norm signed a modest two-year contract for about \$80,000 a year, and since then has been quietly building a reputation as one of the NBA's best playmakers. Referring to the two first-round draft choices who joined the Lakers the same season he did and who have been more publicized,

Norm says, "You heard about [Brad] Davis because he played for a top team [Maryland] and about [Kenny] Carr because he was an Olympian. . . but after a while I didn't mind going in as the underdog. It actually gave me a little extra incentive."

The point guard is the man who takes the ball downcourt, calls the play and sets it in motion. It is trickier than being a football quarterback because you have no offensive line to give you breathing time. You have to use your talent to create that time for yourself. Your opponents must be convinced you can drive for the score or shoot effectively from outside; if they're not forced to guard against these options, they can concentrate on stealing your pass. It is a job Laker coach and former Laker point guard Jerry West did like no man in the NBA before or since—a job West calls "the most difficult in basketball"—and a heavy responsibility for a 23-year-old kid whose crowning achievement, prior to coming to the Lakers had been a good night against the University of Detroit. The Lakers had not had a permanent point guard since Jerry West quit playing in 1974. But Nixon—in his calm, deadpan way and with his child-like dribbling—last year became the second rookie in Laker history to score over 1,000 points, 1,107 to Jerry West's 1,389. And through most of the season he has shot 60 percent from the floor, topping all other NBA guards, which is phenomenal considering that Nixon takes almost all his shots from outside.

Nixon is so quiet you would never learn from him that his .497 rookie shooting average was the highest in the 33-year history of NBA rookies, that his 553 assists last year made him fourth in the league, that off and on this season he has led the league in steals with better than three per game. But then, Nixon has never been one to seek attention, not even in college: "He played a great game but he didn't jump up and down or do anything flashy," recalls Duquesne coach Mike Rice, who was assistant coach then. "You kind of didn't remember Norm. I'm sorta sorry he wasn't more colorful off the court. He didn't even get asked to try out for the Olympic team."

Trying to get Nixon to talk about himself is almost impossible. On a recent afternoon he lies on the living room couch of his modern split-level townhouse and responds with reluctance to a reporter's questions. His left eyelid droops, as it has from childhood. The afternoon drags on. The jazz from his tape deck—Al Jarreau—is so loud it almost eliminates conversation. "You can say *that* about me," Norm suddenly shouts, "that my hobby is makin' these tapes," and he indicates a box full of cassettes hand-labeled with the names of jazz and disco musicians—Bob James, Thelma Houston, Quincy Jones, the Commodores. His apartment is cool



modern: a hanging plant, a bean bag chair on the shag rug, indirect lights bouncing off the high, beamed ceiling. The place is comfortable if a little sterile. No trophies, no plaques. Cool. It is in a mostly black section of Los Angeles, strategically located between the Forum and Loyola-Marymount University, where the Lakers practice on days when the hockey Kings are using the Forum. It is also close to the airport. It is not close to much of anything else.

How is Norman adjusting to Los Angeles? "Oh fine." What does he do with his spare time? Go dancing? "Yeah. I like to dance." But he won't volunteer any information. Luckily, a lady friend of his fills in a little on Norm's interests: He loves to go dancing at the Daisy, a fairly exclusive private disco in Beverly Hills; he is turning into a pretty good tennis player; he is into yoga; sometimes they rollerskate together on the boardwalk at Venice Beach.

The tapes are still playing, but brother Ron has turned the television on to a ballgame with the sound tuned down, and now Ron is sagged back on the floor absently watching the game, and Norm is . . . sound asleep on the couch.

Back in Macon, Norm grew up in a warm and reassuring support system comprised of family and coaches and friends. Norm's mother, Mary Jo, has myasthenia gravis, a condition which makes your muscles tire very quickly, and this meant that Norm and his brothers Ron, two years older, and Kenneth, four years older, had to hang around the apartment a lot and help out—especially after Mary Jo's divorce when Norm was three. "I been helpin' my mom up the steps since I can remember," says Norm. Being the youngest, Norman became the angel of the family. "He was so sweet and understanding," says Mary Jo. "And neat! He was always a boy who liked everything in its place. He never missed a day in school. No matter how sick he was, he would go."

Ron, of course, saw a different side of Norm: "He was lively and energetic when we were small. We called him Squirt because he was so small. But he was tough. We played football in a field behind the apartment house. Norman was always the smallest, but he was so fast the big guys usually couldn't catch him. If they did, they wouldn't just tackle him, they would throw him down and try to hurt him. But Norman would lay on one hand, bounce up and keep on runnin' with the ball! That *really* made 'em mad, and Norman would have to fight, and me and Kenneth would have to back him up. But Norman was a good fighter, too."

So there was this interlacing support from the beginning. The boys were raised by a team effort of Mary Jo and their great aunt and their grandmother. And their di-

# LEVI'S® SOCKS. THEY STAND TOUGH.

Levi's® Socks don't have rivets or double-stitch pockets, but they're pure, rugged Levi's® quality right down to their toes.

They have stay-up tops, bottoms that absorb shocks and moisture, and a deodorizer that won't wash or wear out.

Choose from 11 styles of casual, sport, and boot socks made for today's fashions. In umpteen colors including blue denim, naturally.

Just look for the socks with the Levi's® emblem on the side.

Mfg. under license from Levi Strauss & Co.,  
San Francisco, CA 94106  
Levi's® Socks  
c/o G.P.O. Box, 1950  
N.Y., N.Y. 10001



**Levi's**

QUALITY NEVER GOES OUT OF STYLE.





## Norm Nixon

vorced father, Elmer, kept a hand in even after he'd moved to New Britain, Conn., to work in the General Electric plant there. Elmer would drive back to Macon just to watch his kids play ball in high school—which meant a lot of driving because all three played varsity basketball, Ron was a star quarterback, and Norman was all-state in track (440 and mile relays), football and basketball.

Donald "Duck" Richardson, Norm's basketball coach in high school, was a man who believed in the fundamentals. He made his players pass medicine balls around instead of basketballs, he made them dribble with gloves on, wear special glasses so they couldn't peek at the ball when they dribbled, wear weighted vests when they went in for layups and he would place chairs strategically around the basket to make rebounding more interesting. And Norman *appreciated* it: "Man, when you took off those vests, you could fly! Duck would tell us to do 40 lefthanded layups in a row and if we missed one, we'd have to do a 'suicide,' which is where you gotta run from the baseline to the free-throw line and back, then to midcourt and back, then three-quarters back, then all the way to the other end and back, all in 30 seconds—or else you'd have to do it all over again."

Duck always thought well of Nixon: "Norman? He's an athlete. Athletes are people who always improve. I'll give you an example: We have Ping-Pong here and one of the assistant coaches was damn good—he beat Norman to death one day, unmercifully. About a week and a half later, Norman came back and he'd gotten so good he beat the coach."

Duck goes on: "Norman was the second-best rebounder on the team, even though he was short." And that's not all: "Norman was president of his class and a top student [among the top 15 in a class of 650]. He was crazy about the ladies, which is natural, and he always carried himself so that you just *had* to like him."

In college, Norm wound up his basketball career with these Duquesne records: most field goals for a season (279), most field goals for a career (753), most assists in a season (178), most career assists (577). During his last three years, Nixon's shooting percentage from the floor was right around .750. In his senior season, Duquesne honored him by declaring one game "Norm Nixon Night."

"Norm was most effective in the last ten minutes," Duquesne coach Mike Rice said several months ago. "He took charge. We knew that if the game was

close, Norm'd dominate the play. Of course, now he's playing with superstars like [Kareem Abdul] Jabbar and [Adrian] Dantley and he's maybe not so sure he should take command. If he'd just realize that he should still take advantage of his speed, that he should be the one looking to win a ballgame in the last minutes. . . . But you know, I think Norm is the kind of kid who needs to be reassured that he's doing the job he's supposed to be doing—maybe he's not getting that and it's making him uptight."

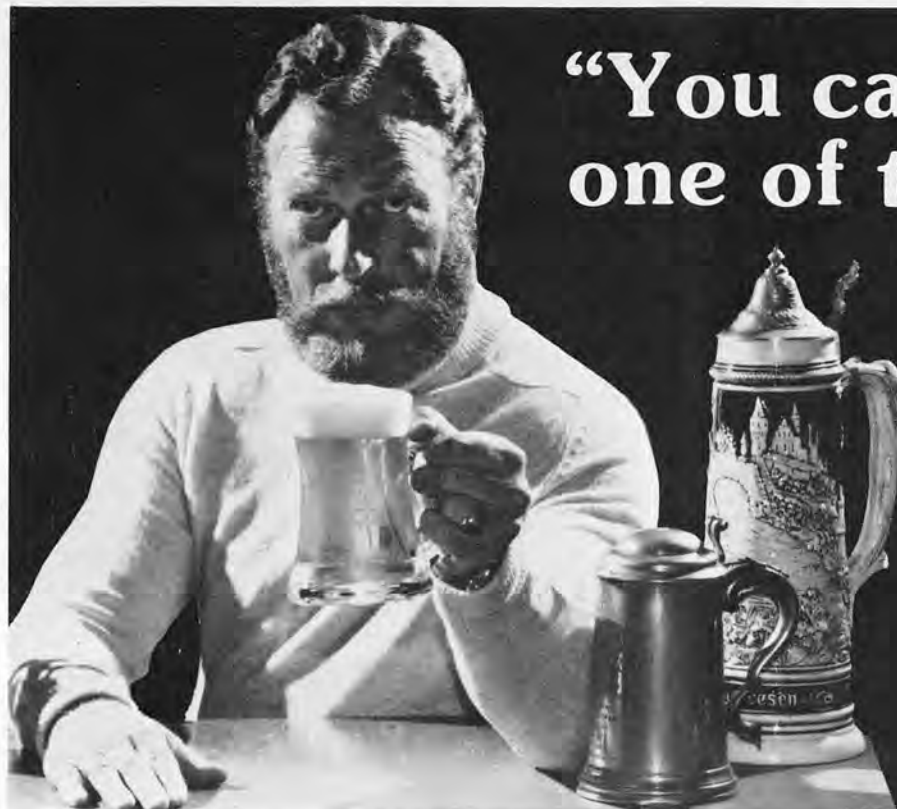
Well, it is harder to get reassurance in Los Angeles. Jerry West, for one, is happy with Norm, yet has reservations: "Oh, Norm's like lightning, he's quick and he's fast—a lot of players don't have both. He has a marvelous future. . . if he continues to improve. Of course, the most difficult thing for a point guard to learn is to try to control the speed of the game. The problem is to try to keep that speed and quickness, but be able to harness it, slow it down at times. One thing, last year Norm was so lefthanded he really only played half the court, but this year he's using the whole court. The other area Norm needs to concentrate on more is defense. You have to be able to adjust your defensive position to whoever you're guarding, and that takes learning, studying the other players. Driving? I don't think he uses all his physical abilities, but I think he will."

West, who uses himself as the yardstick by which to measure his guards, admits that last season "I most certainly was very tough on Norm." Norm has said, "Some nights I sat up thinking about Jerry's criticisms. It's only human nature that it would hurt your feelings." For a kid accustomed to the reassurance of family and friends back home and adulation in college, the criticism seemed to have the effect of producing more errors. But in the first half of this season the criticism started to slow, and from about mid-season on, it virtually disappeared. And Norm started playing looser—*flowing* to exactly the right spot to steal a pass, then getting the ball to the breaking man seemingly without even looking up. Where early in the season he sometimes froze in the final minutes of a game, now his fluidity went right to the last buzzer. With the Lakers moving in and out of first place in the Pacific Division, he was scoring better than 20 points a game, was No. 1 in the league in steals and No. 4 in assists. The past criticisms, the battles with West and the pressures of adjusting to the big time seemed now, in Norm's view, best regarded with the combined pain and relief of stiletto humor. Nixon advised 6-5 Laker rookie Ron Carter, "If Jerry West gets on you the way he got on me, you'll be 5-11 by November." ■

*"Norm's like lightning," says Laker coach Jerry West. "He's quick and he's fast—a lot of players don't have both."*

Dr. TIM TYLER chronicled a visit with boxing great Joe Louis in last month's SPORT.





# "You can make one of the best beers in America ...in your own home."

by Tom Lee and  
Bud Weckesser

**I** don't sell bottled beer and I don't work for a brewery. The fact is, I make beer as a hobby.

In pursuit of this hobby, a group of us have developed a new way you can make clear natural beer—at home—that actually tastes **BETTER** than most American lagers. What's more, it brews in only 30 minutes. And, I'll guarantee you'll say it's on a par with Heineken, Carlsberg or Coors. In sum, it's excellent beer!

## Excellent Taste

The secret is a unique process called anerobic single stage fermentation. Simply put, it means you can make 5 gallons of superb beer in just one container—no mess, no fuss, no odor. It's easy and virtually foolproof.

Make no mistake. This beer bears no resemblance to "home-brew", that yeasty concoction you may have tried in the past. In taste, our light lager is comparable to Michelob or Coors. Our amber lager is very similar to Irish Harp or Australian Fosters—both excellent beers. Our Bavarian Dark beer is exquisite. It has all the flavor and body of the original dark German beers.

## 100% Natural Ingredients

Most commercial breweries use up to 25 artificial additives—many of them inorganic. We use only the purest ingredients—no artificial additives whatsoever.

For example:

- Hallertauer Hops—imported from Germany and used in the finest beers brewed in northern Europe—including Guinness.

- Superbrau Yeast—imported from Germany. Winner of several Grand Prizes on the continent-1977.

- Munton-Fison Malt—imported from Suffolk, England. Winner of the "Best Malt" award for home beer making in England-1977.

## 33% Fewer Calories

In tests conducted at a major state university our beer was found to contain almost 1/3 fewer calories than commercially brewed American beer.

## 82% Fewer Carbohydrates

During the same tests, our lager was found to contain 82% fewer carbohydrates than commercial brands of beer—and no inorganic additives.

## Brews in only 30 minutes

Making the beer is simplicity itself. The beer brews in only 27-30 minutes. Allow it to ferment for 5 or 6 days then bottle it! It's easy and pleasant—like baking a loaf of bread. One batch yields 2-4 cases.

## Costs just pennies a bottle

Since there's no tax or middleman's profit your cost per bottle will be less than half the cost of comparable commercial brands.

If you'd like a FREE booklet containing all of my recipes, just send the coupon below. There's no obligation.

## FREE RECIPE BOOK



**BIERHAUS INTERNATIONAL**  
Box 8376, Dept. SP-6  
Erie, PA 16505

Please send me your FREE Bierhaus Recipe Book and Brewing Guide. I understand there is no obligation.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

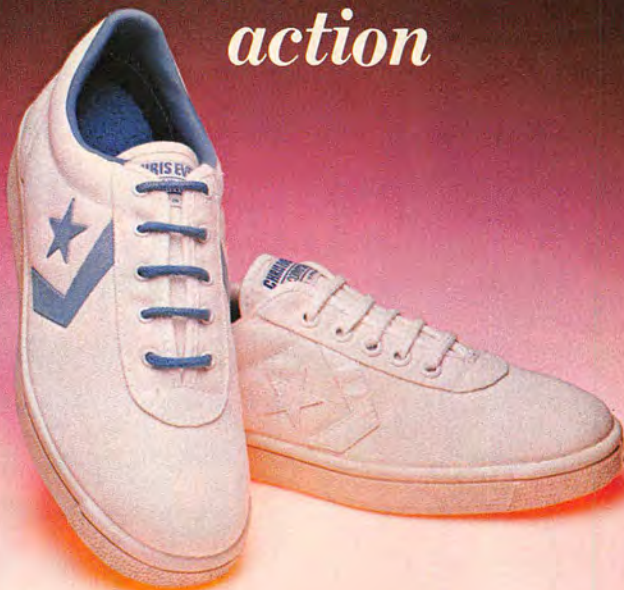
Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

© 1979 Bierhaus



*for extra  
action*



*for added  
traction*



*for pure  
satisfaction*



*for quick  
reaction*



You'll get the one shoe that's right for your sport in these Converse Super Stars 79 ... at participating THE ATHLETE'S FOOT stores. For tennis action — the Chris Evert; for basketball traction — the All Star II; for cleated shoe quick-reaction — the Tony Dorsett TD'S; and for running satisfaction the World Class Trainer II — rated 5 star in Runner's World 1979.

**272 stores...nationwide**



**IT'S SPREADING — our chain of internationally franchised stores (all locally-owned) in** ALABAMA: Birmingham, Gadsden, Montgomery; ARIZONA: Flagstaff, Phoenix, Tempe; ARKANSAS: Little Rock; AUSTRALIA: Adelaide; CALIFORNIA: Arcadia, Canoga Park, Costa Mesa, Cupertino, Modesto, Palo Alto, San Bernardino, San Bruno, San Jose, Thousand Oaks, Torrance, Westminster; COLORADO: Colorado Springs, Denver, Fort Collins, Grand Junction, Lakewood; CONNECTICUT: New Haven, West Hartford; DELAWARE: Newark, Wilmington; FLORIDA: Clearwater, Ft. Lauderdale, Jacksonville, Miami, Orlando, Pensacola, Plantation, Pompano, Sarasota, South Miami, St. Petersburg, Tallahassee, Tampa, West Palm Beach; GEORGIA: Atlanta (Cumberland Mall), Augusta, Columbus, Morrow (Southlake Mall); IDAHO: Boise; ILLINOIS: Aurora, Chicago, Decatur, Moline, Northbrook, North Riverside, Peoria, St. Clair, Schaumburg, Skokie, Springfield, Vernon Hills; INDIANA: Columbus, Elkhart, Evansville, Indianapolis, Lafayette, Muncie, South Bend; IOWA: Cedar Rapids, Davenport, Des Moines; KANSAS: Atchison, Kansas City, Overland Park, Topeka, Wichita; KENTUCKY: Florence, Louisville; LOUISIANA: Metairie, New Orleans, Shreveport; MARYLAND: Annapolis, Baltimore, Bethesda, Hillcrest Heights, Lutherville, Randallstown, Wheaton; MASSACHUSETTS: Chestnut Hill, Hyannis, Peabody; MINNESOTA: Minneapolis; MISSISSIPPI: Greenville, Jackson, Tupelo; MISSOURI: Independence, Kansas City, St. Louis, Sikeston; MONTANA: Billings; NEBRASKA: Lincoln, Omaha; NEVADA: Las Vegas, Sparks; NEW HAMPSHIRE: Manchester; NEW JERSEY: Cherry Hill, Deptford, Edison, Hackensack, Lawrenceville, Paramus, Rockaway, Voorhees, Woodbridge; NEW MEXICO: Albuquerque; NEW YORK: Brooklyn, Harlem, Hicksville, Ithaca, Johnson City, Manhasset, Manhattan, Massapequa, New York, Poughkeepsie, White Plains; NORTH CAROLINA: Charlotte, Greensboro, Hickory, Winston-Salem; NORTH DAKOTA: Bismarck; OHIO: Akron, Bowling Green, Canton, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Clifton, Columbus, Fairview Park, St. Clairsville, Toledo, Youngstown; OKLAHOMA: Oklahoma City, Stillwater, Tulsa; OREGON: Portland; PENNSYLVANIA: Allentown, Johnstown, Lancaster, Langhorne, Media, Monroeville, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Rosemont, Scranton, State College, Washington, Wilkes-Barre, Williamsport, York; PUERTO RICO: San Juan; SOUTH CAROLINA: Charleston, Columbia, North Charleston; SOUTH DAKOTA: Rapid City, Sioux Falls; TENNESSEE: Chattanooga, Jackson, Knoxville, Memphis, Nashville; TEXAS: Abilene, Austin, Dallas, Houston, Mesquite, San Antonio, Sherman, UTAH: Ogden, Orem, Salt Lake City; VIRGINIA: Newport News, Portsmouth, Roanoke, Springfield, Virginia Beach; WASHINGTON: Bellevue, Olympia, Seattle, Spokane, Tacoma, Tukwila, Vancouver; WEST VIRGINIA: Charleston; WISCONSIN: Appleton, Green Bay, La Crosse, Madison, Manitowoc, Milwaukee, Oshkosh, Wausau, Wisconsin Rapids.

The ATHLETE'S FOOT is the registered trademark (in U.S. Patent Office) of The Athlete's Foot Marketing Associates, Inc., 601 Grant Street, Pittsburgh, PA 15219; 412-263-2077

No one knows  
the athlete's foot like  
**The Athlete's  
Foot®**



# OVERTIME!

THE DOERS

## Water Bedlam

By Philip Singerman

In the early morning sunshine, 78 powerboats of all shapes and sizes float side by side about 30 feet from shore, their bows pointed into a 200-yard wide stretch of the Colorado River just north of Parker, Ariz. Crewmen, standing waist-deep in the calm, blue water steady the boats as the drivers, helmeted and wrapped in bright orange life jackets, wait for the signal to fire up their engines and begin a seven-hour race known as the Parker Nine Hour Enduro (during the 1974 gas crisis, the race was shortened but the traditional name was never changed).

Midway down the line, Blair Patterson, a blonde, 35-year-old agriculturalist from Soddy, Tenn. sits in his yellow-and-white "tunnel outboard," so-called because its hull, mounted on two pontoonlike runners, rides above the water on a tunnel of air. Patterson's stomach is a wreck. For the past two days he has gulped Roloids like they were jelly beans, all the while thinking about last year's start. "It was pure hell," he'd said earlier. "My motor took 30 seconds to catch and by then there were so many boats in front of me it was like I'd been cast into a whirlpool on a moonless night. Couldn't see a damn thing. Had to *feel* my way onto the race course; took me seven miles to get clear of the slow traffic. Ran so close to one guy his spray peeled the decal off the front of my boat. I don't ever want to go through that again."

Now Patterson checks the length of cord running from his life jacket to a kill switch attached to his boat's ignition. Should he be thrown from the boat, the switch will come

with him, instantly shutting off the engine. Several years ago a driver neglected to connect the kill switch, was pitched into the river and died when his own boat ran him down. The voice of 30-year-old Sam White, Blair's co-driver in the Enduro, crackles over the two-way radio in Patterson's helmet. "Go get 'em, buddy," White says as the announcer starts the race.

Suddenly the silent air is rent with the thunder of fire-breathing, supercharged V-8s and the angry snarl of two-stroke motors; the still river explodes in a frenzy of churning waves and a cloud of blue smoke rises above the beach. Miraculously, not one of the crewmen in the water is sliced into coleslaw in the melee that sounds like the combination of a Grand National stock-car race and a chain-saw festival. Coughing, yowling, spewing, the machines charge to the start/finish buoy and the 6 1/2-mile downriver leg of the 13-mile circuit. Blair Patterson, his engine running perfectly, escapes the maelstrom and streaks onto the course in third place.

The first few laps are pure bedlam. One boat blows up, another overturns, a third swings too wide around the start/finish buoy and rips a wooden dock loose from the shore. But soon the racers spread out and Patterson slips into the rhythm he has developed after ten years of high-speed boat racing.

The river comes toward him in mottled slashes of light and darkness as his 17 1/2-foot high-performance speedboat whips through the water at over 100 mph, gaining fast on another boat, an inboard

jet. In the thickly cushioned cockpit, Patterson's body curls into a taut comma. His neck muscles strain against the wind, his abdomen, trussed tightly by a wide, leather kidney belt, vibrates like a tuning fork. Patterson checks the wake made by the jet he is overtaking as his gloved hands saw hard at the steering wheel. At the same time his thumbs work small "trim buttons" which allow Blair to adjust the level of his bow. In seconds he will hurdle the jet's wake, but he must time the jump precisely, hitting the waves as near to perpendicular as possible. Too great an angle and the outboard will roll over.

Patterson draws closer to

boats real close together going up and down the course in opposite directions. We run through waves here like nowhere else."

When he began racing Patterson drove an inboard, but he switched after a couple of years. "I got about 13 grand in this one, all out of my own pocket. It's a far cry from what the factory boys got in their boats [\$20-25,000]. That's why it feels so good when I can beat a few of them in a race."

At 3 p.m. it is over, with a factory outboard from Mercury in first place. Thirty-nine boats are still running at the finish, and Patterson, the Division II winner, is in ninth place overall. His 122-cubic-inch



Blair Patterson in his 100-mph "tunnel" speedboat.

the jet and is all but blinded by the spray from its rooster tail: a frothing, 50-yard backlash of water that, directly engaged, will flip him like a tiddledywick. Cutting the wheel sharply and accelerating, he sweeps past the jet. Ahead loom more boats, and Patterson must begin reading their wakes, watching the river for debris, anticipating move after move.

"It's weird water at Parker," he had said earlier. "The course is so narrow you have

motor is by far the smallest in the top ten. Hands trembling, face flushed crimson, Patterson backs his Chevy van to the water's edge, loads the outboard tunnel on its trailer, and prepares for the 32-hour drive home. "Was it worth it?" he is asked. "Hell, yes," he answers. "I loved every minute of it. At least I did today. Anyway, like I say to my wife Gail, 'If I didn't race boats, I'd just spend my free time chasin' women.' Blair," she always tells me, "you keep racing that boat."



## VIEWPOINT

# Farewell to Fairly

By John Leonard

**R**on Fairly retired from baseball this spring. Red Smith didn't mention it in his column. Dimples Sweatsock, who blabbercasts the sporting news on my local TV channel, was silent. It was small-print stuff, the end of the line for a journeyman whose lifetime batting average was something like .266. Fairly is 40 years old and he plays first base, and when the Disneyland Angels acquired Rod Carew from the Griffith plantation in Minnesota, first base was no longer there, and so Fairly is gone. Maybe Gene Autry will give him a horse.

But I am diminished. You see, I played basketball against Ron Fairly in high school. Or rather, I stood watching him score points as he drove around or jumped over me, a blur of red hair.

It was the mid-1950s in Long Beach, Cal., when I was at Wilson High and Fairly was at Jordan. Long Beach is part of my point. In California in those days there wasn't any major-league baseball or basketball. That passionate identification necessary to fandom was hard to come by, or just plain arbitrary: We might as well have rooted for Sirius the Dog Star against the Andromeda Strain so remote were we from anything unbush. Otherwise, we could drive to Los Angeles where the original Angels played in the Pacific Coast League and a gigantic white eggplant named Steve Bilko hit 250-foot home runs out of his Wrigley Field playpen.

The problem of Long Beach was worse than the problem

of California. About all that Long Beach had going for it was the *Spruce Goose*. Howard Hughes' huge plywood seaplane that had been airborne only once. And a Nike missile site. And John the Ossified Man, whose stony skin we paid to touch at the Nu-Pike amusement park. And very old people on their way



Ron Fairly's career began in '58 and ended in '78.

to death in electric go-carts. And oil and sand and sun and sea and volleyball.

This was before they painted the offshore oil rigs pastel colors and named the man-made islands on which they stood after the four dead U.S. astronauts; and before they bought all 100-million tons of the *Queen Mary* and turned her into another *Spruce Goose*; and before they started the Grand Prix, which I imagine has frightened the old people off to various "leisure villages" to play shuffleboard.

It was a town to get out of and think back on. We found

it inexplicable that our only local celebrity, Bob Lemon of the Cleveland Indians, came back and bought a house, which he still owns. When I read in the New York newspapers about Lemon's placidity as manager of the Yankees, and when I hear about his drinking, I am not surprised: Long Beach specialized in placidity and drinking. I got out by going to school in the East; Ron Fairly got out by going to play baseball for the Dodgers.

And yet a town somehow is like a team; the early identification never really dies; like a tail, it is vestigial and it throbs in the night. Against our will we root, because of a twinge

left Wilson High about the time I got there to go off to the Red Sox and then the Pirates and then oblivion. You are probably acquainted with Bob Bailey, a Long Beach bonus-baby, who has probably played an indifferent third base for more teams than even Ron Fairly's seen.

Where do they go when their subscription to the glamour of sport is cancelled? Not back to the *Spruce Goose*, because it's gone. Will they be buried beneath the cliffs of industrial salt at Long Beach's Black Warrior Lagoon? The churches look like airports and the high schools look like filling stations. Why go home again? And why do I root for my hometown athletes when you couldn't make me leave New York at the point of a bayonet or the meltdown of a nuclear pile?

I am aware that I identify with Ron Fairly not simply because he's from Long Beach, I identify with him because we stared each other in the eye when we were 16 years old. I, of course, blinked, and he gave me a head-fake. He went on the road to a sort of glory; I stayed home, sedentary among books and have watched him on television.

I have done a lot of dreaming along with Fairly. He is exactly my age. Now that he is gone I am no longer permitted to do my dreaming. There are young louts playing ball now, Hessians-for-hire with acne, pulling down \$100,000 a year and not hitting .266. If you told them they will some day be 40, they wouldn't believe you.

Perhaps, after all, I am lucky. When Ron Fairly retired, he made me a free agent. Maybe in graduate school I will play basketball against Leo Tolstoy.

JOHN LEONARD is a novelist and chief cultural correspondent of the New York Times. His collection of essays, *Private Lives in the Imperial City*, was recently published by Knopf.





Play-by-play man Les Keiter

**T**he fight had figured to be an easy one for heavyweight champion Floyd Patterson, a 4-11 favorite. But the odds had been wrong. On June 26, 1959, Patterson lost his title to a relative unknown Swedish fighter named Ingemar Johansson, who knocked Patterson to the canvas seven times, displaying a righthand punch that became known as The Hammer of Thor. Referee Ruby Goldstein stopped the lopsided beating in the third round.

Following the bout, Patterson's manager Cus D'Amato vowed that his fighter would be the first man ever to regain the heavyweight title. Those who heard D'Amato's words considered them farfetched. Among the doubters was Les Keiter, who had described the stunning upset to a nationwide radio audience.

"After all," says Keiter, "Johansson had been awesome that night. His first knockdown punch was a right hand that traveled maybe six inches, then *boom*: Patterson's head hit the canvas before I got the words out. After that, Johansson went berserk; he hit Patterson everywhere. These were not clean, artistic punches, they were wild, clubbing, pole-axing blows.

"To fight fans, this was a shocking spectacle. You have to remember that coming into the bout Johansson

## REPLAY

# Redemption for a Heavyweight

By Phil Berger

was considered a nobody. I remember the lengths to which the promoters went to legitimize Ingemar."

That changed when Johansson won the title victory. Ingemar became an instant celebrity. The sensitive Patterson, in turn, retreated from public view. He felt disgraced by his defeat, saying months later, "I took a worse mental beating than a physical one." He was wounded by cruel remarks in the media about his lack of fighting spirit. He vowed to avenge his defeat in the rematch.

Floyd set up training camp in Newtown, Conn. There, trainer Dan Florio worked with him on sharpening his left hook, but many boxing observers regarded that tactical side of the training camp as far less crucial than the psychological side. Would he, they wondered, be fearful of The Hammer of Thor striking again? Patterson, in his soft-spoken way, said no, but the experts were not sure.

On June 20, 1960, nearly a year after he'd lost his title, Patterson again met Johansson in the ring, in New York's Polo Grounds. This time he was a 7½-5 underdog. The odds did not bother Patterson. Keiter, who was again the blow-by-blow announcer, remembers: "Patterson came out tearing into Ingemar."

In the past, Patterson's style had been criticized for cautiousness. But on this night against Johansson, Patterson was a different man. He fought with verve, varying his moves: He'd come in low, bobbing and weaving, then

he'd be standing straight up, flicking the jab. From the start, he did damage.

But would Floyd stand up to Johansson's powerful right-hand punch? The answer came in the second round, when Ingemar landed a right to Patterson's jaw that drew a gasp from the crowd of 31,892. Patterson's hands flew up as he backed away, shaken, trying to collect his senses. But by the end of the round, it was clear that Patterson was not psyched out by Johansson's vaunted punch. As the round finished, he was making Ingemar miss and

By the fifth round, as Patterson continued to pummel Johansson, it was obvious that the fight had gone out of the Swede. "At one point, Floyd's punches scored," recalls Keiter. "I said, 'Johansson looks like a man sleepwalking!' And hard after that came a left hook to the jaw that put Johansson on the canvas."

As the crowd roared, Ingemar was up at the count of nine, backing away. He tried to clinch, Patterson wouldn't let him. The year-long wait to redeem himself was near at hand. He unloaded a left hook that landed flush on Johansson's jaw. Down went Johansson again. The challenger jumped for joy, letting his pent-up emotions come through. "As he moved to his corner," says Keiter, "he was looking out to the crowd. Jimmy Cagney, the actor, was sitting at ringside. Patterson eyed Cagney and smiled as if to say, 'I'm flattered that



Floyd Patterson, the first to regain the heavyweight title.

beating him to the punch.

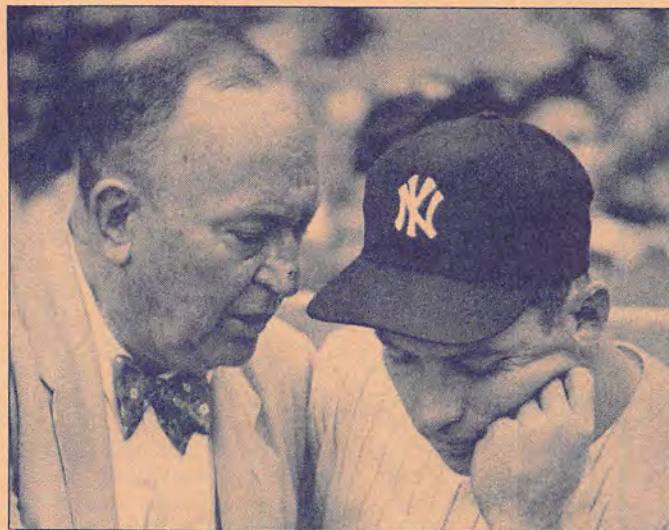
Sportswriter Jimmy Cannon was to write the following day: "There were instances when this man [Patterson], who in other fights had functioned inside a jail of caution, raged at Johansson with a fierce contempt, as if he had secret knowledge that the right hand which knocked him down seven times last June was paralyzed."

you're here. How did you like that?"

It was all over at 1:51 of round five. Johansson lay bleeding from the mouth, his left foot twitching. In the brutal ending, Floyd Patterson had emerged with glory and with his self-respect intact. The agony of his humiliating loss to Johansson was wiped away. He was the first man ever to regain the heavyweight championship.



## SPORT Quiz



Mystery photo, see question 20.

**GRADE YOURSELF**  
**18-20 EXCELLENT**  
**15-17 VERY GOOD**  
**12-14 FAIR**



Al Unser

1. Which Pittsburgh Pirate *never* won a National League Most Valuable Player award?

- a. Dick Groat
- b. Dave Parker
- c. Honus Wagner
- d. Roberto Clemente

2. Which of the following pitchers *never* won both the Cy Young and Most Valuable Player awards in the same season?

- a. Steve Carlton

- b. Denny McLain
- c. Vida Blue

3. Match these players with the category in which they lead all active players:

- a. Pete Rose 1. games
- b. Carl Yastrzemski 2. HRs
- c. Willie McCovey 3. runs

4. True or False. No catcher in major-league history has played more than 2,000 games.

5. Name the only active player to lead his team in RBIs for the last seven consecutive seasons.

6. Which player led the majors in pinch-hits in 1978?

- a. Ed Kranepool
- b. Jerry Turner
- c. Lee Lacy

7. Whose career victory mark was not surpassed by Jim Palmer (215) last season?

- a. Bob Lemon
- b. Don Drysdale
- c. Jim Bunning

8. Which pitcher with over 200 victories has the lowest career ERA?

- a. Tom Seaver
- b. Jim Palmer

- c. Ferguson Jenkins

9. Which pitcher shares the A.L. record for pitching the longest one-hit complete game (ten innings)?

- a. Nolan Ryan
- b. Jim Hunter
- c. Bert Blyleven

10. Who was the last N.L. West player to win a batting title?

- a. Pete Rose
- b. Ralph Garr
- c. Cesar Cedeno

11. Name the only N.L. East player besides Lou Brock to have stolen over 325 bases in his career.

12. Who is the only player in A.L. history to hit 20 or more doubles, triples and home runs in a season?

- a. Jeff Heath
- b. Harvey Kuenn
- c. Al Kaline

13. Match these horses with the year in which they won the Triple Crown.

- a. War Admiral 1. 1935
- b. Whirlaway 2. 1937
- c. Omaha 3. 1941



A.J. Foyt

14. Which golfer has *never* won a U.S. Open championship?

- a. Arnold Palmer
- b. Tom Weiskopf
- c. Johnny Miller

15. Which driver has *not* won the Indianapolis 500 three or more times?

- a. Bobby Unser
- b. A.J. Foyt
- c. Al Unser

16. Which golfer *has* won an LPGA championship?



Bobby Unser

- a. JoAnne Carner
- b. Sandra Haynie
- c. Jane Blalock

17. In the 17-year history of the L.A. Lakers, only five players have led the team in assists. They were Elgin Baylor, Jerry West, Gail Goodrich, Norm Nixon and

- a. Wilt Chamberlain
- b. Archie Clark
- c. Lucius Allen

18. Name the major-league sports executive who once tried out for a Red Auerbach-coached basketball team at Roosevelt High School in Washington, D.C.

19. Match these NASL cities with their team names:

- a. Atlanta 1. Blizzard
- b. Edmonton 2. Chiefs
- c. Toronto 3. Drillers

20. Dave Parker believes he can become the greatest player in baseball history, but to do so he would have to surpass the records of, among others, the two men shown conferring above. Who are they?

For answers turn to page 76





# Where the Great Plains meet the Great Lakes, we hid a case of Canadian Club.

© 1979 - 6 YEARS OLD. IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC., DETROIT, MICH. 86.8 PROOF. BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY.

Chicago.

If you ever needed more reason to visit than its spectacular architecture and windy spirit, you've got it now. For here we've hidden a case of Canadian Club.

To find the C.C., start at a tower with stones from around the world, and cross the street nearest the Alamo stone to an ex-president. Hail the Chief with "The Best In The House," then walk right to the nearest flagpole, turn left and pass eight more. Pass 11 light poles, cross a street and pass three more. Still with us?

**Who said "Less is more"?**

Now look right and find Mr. "Less is more." Back on your former path, continue past a plaque recalling the last time the "outs" were "in," and head straight across an island to an "old bald cheater." Next, head toward Chicago's oldest dwelling,

counting columns in the street to 14. Here cross the street, turn right, and walk till you reach footloose rocks (not the kind you'd pour C.C. over). Then traverse the nearest lobby, and head again for the oldest dwelling until you find "Arris."

**Find an island and a mountain.**

You're warm now, so retrace your path past an eastern island and mountain until you're kitty-corner from a famous paddler's place. Here turn left, walk to the ninth light pole, and find a date four years older than C.C. inside the second door to the right. Now retrace your steps to the corner. In sight once stood a warehouse designed by a famous Bostonian. Learn what its owners did, enter the nearest building whose owners are in the same business, then exit toward water. But don't get wet 'cause now you're very hot.

**Ascend and descend.**

Go against the flow till you spot what Chicago newspapers are full of. Count 'em, ascend that number of floors, descend 90 steps. Enter a place that doubles itself, say "C.C., please," and claim your case. Armchair adventurers can discover C.C. at any of Chicago's bars, restaurants or package stores with the same request. Just say "C.C., please."



*Canadian Club*  
"The Best In The House"® in 87 lands.



# "I Feel Betrayed"

That's the common reaction of college football players when their father-figure coach suddenly jumps to another school.

Can anything discourage contract-breaking coaches? Washington State University has one tough answer



College coaches are the victims of win-hungry administrators, and players are in turn the victims of coaches who, as father figures, recruit youngsters swearing they will guide them four years—then depart. The question is: Can more stability really be achieved?

Before focusing on some current case histories, SPORT asked two very knowledgeable men for a legal and ethical overview of the situation. Oklahoma City lawyer James P. Linn represents many fired coaches, including three who were dismissed this season: Bill Mallory of Colorado, Doug Dickey of Florida and Jim Stanley of Oklahoma State University.

"I think a contract is a contract no matter who makes it," says Linn. "When a university has a football program that becomes more important than its academic program, it loses sight of its original goal—which is to teach young people to live the most honorable, effective way of life. Most often, the school wants to get rid of the coach no matter how many years are left on his contract. People think the coach automatically gets paid off for those years, but actually it depends on how good his lawyer is. Oklahoma State, for example, reassigned a basketball coach to become coordinator of facilities and made a baseball coach the football equipment manager. They get paid, but what happens to their careers? If a fired coach somehow gets another job in his field, maybe as an assistant, the schools will pay only the salary differential, and maybe not that."

"Winning coaches have tremendous leverage. But let a premier coach like Dickey start losing, let Mallory or Stanley—who won nine games for OSU in 1976, as many as any OSU coach—have a bad season and they become fair game for firing no matter how the contract reads."

Louisiana State University athletic director Paul Dietzel today hires and fires coaches, and in yesteryear was an outstanding football coach who was lured away from an LSU contract by West

By PAUL GOOD

**T**here was a furor in Florida last winter when the University of Miami football coach Lou Saban suddenly quit his job and signed at West Point only hours after Saban and Academy authorities informed Miami they were holding discussions. Perhaps no one was harder hit by the news that their coach was breaking his contract than the Miami football players whom Saban had recruited. "He said he'd be with us all four years," said running back Mark Rush. "He said we were the guys Miami was looking for to take them to a national championship. Then he turns around and leaves. I feel betrayed."

College football players all across the country regularly experience the same

feelings. Washington State quarterback Jack Thompson—the Throwin' Samoan who just completed a great college career—was forced to play for four different head coaches in as many years, and he retains bitter memories of teammates breaking into tears when told a trusted coach had suddenly left them without so much as a goodbye.

Student-athletes are exhorted to demonstrate loyalty to their schools, and are penalized by losing a year's eligibility if they transfer to another school. But if the AstroTurf looks greener on the other side to a coach, he's gone without penalty. Most schools let them go without a struggle, possibly because the administrators know that eventually they will want to bounce a coach no matter what his contract says, so why make a fuss about commitment?



Point and then quit a West Point contract for the University of South Carolina. Says Dietzel: "Educational institutions really do have high ideals. But cross that with an enterprise that is very much big business—with an entire athletic department based on how good your football team is—and if you don't win, you'll go out of business. A coach at a major institution is running on two rails, and you remove either one and the train goes off the track. One rail is dealing with the most precious possession of any mother or father [a son], and the other is, 'Win, buddy, or you ain't gonna be here.' A lot of coaches get fired because they won't compromise the two elements.

"Today, the institution has to deal with what [former Army coach] Red Blaik called the 'sanctimonious, self-appointed saviors of the school'—alumni and fans. If a losing coach is fired regardless of his contract, the 'saviors' say he's a nice guy who just can't win. If you leave when you're winning, you're a dirty, disloyal rat. Unless the administration has guts enough to resist them, you get the present conditions.

"I think a contract is valuable because it kinda keeps the wolves at bay so the school can stand up to 'the saviors' a little bit more, and not fire so quick. Quitting is something else. As a coach, I always advised my school when somebody else wanted to talk to me. I told West Point, for example, that South Carolina was interested. Today, before I hire, I won't talk to a coach without notifying his people beforehand. I believe that's in the code of ethics of the American Football Coaches Association. If it isn't written down, it's the accepted gentleman's agreement. Not that everybody is a gentleman in the game of football."

With those opinions as background, here is an interlocking tale of four schools and—win or lose—how they played the game. They are the University of Miami, West Point, Washington State University and the University of Missouri. The story, climaxed by Lou Saban's jump to the Point this year, begins in December, 1976, around the holidays. When the rest of the country is bent on exchanging gifts, colleges exchange coaches—for two reasons, neither associated with Yuletide sentiment. One, the regular football season is over and, two, schools are in fierce competition to recruit high school seniors before the letters-of-intent deadline ends. So it's out with the old, in with the new—particularly if the new coach is a big name who can attract recruits.

There was a lot of action in December, 1976. Miami coach Carl Selmer, who had been losing, was fired on the eve of the final game with three years left on his contract. Lou Saban was hired, becoming Miami's sixth coach in as many years. Since 1955 at Northwestern, Saban had been coaching eight college and pro

teams, compiling an overall won-lost record of just under .500. His greatest success was with the AFL Buffalo Bills in 1964 and '65, when the Bills won league championships.

In 1966, Saban signed a four-year contract with the University of Maryland, but before the year was out, so was Saban. Finishing 4-6, he accused Maryland administrators of renegeing on program-building promises. In 1976, he became athletic director at the University of Cincinnati, where he stayed for exactly 19 days before signing a six-year contract with Miami as head coach and was later also named athletic director in 1978.

Since house-cleaning rights go with the new territory, most Miami assistant coaches departed, including Jim Walden, who caught on as head coach at Washington State University. WSU had just lost coach Warren Powers who, despite owing two years on his contract, skipped to Missouri University. (Powers, as we shall see, did not get off scot-free.) While all this reshuffling was going on, Homer Smith stayed put at West Point, where he was compiling a won-lost record that made great reading at Annapolis.

Saban received a hero's welcome at

Miami, which described his return from pro to college coaching as "part of a life-long pattern in which he has given rein to his innermost urge to achieve success not only for himself but for those whom he is directing." In addition to a \$50,000-a-year salary, coach Saban received full financial and moral support in rebuilding Miami's football program. Last season's 6-5 record was the Hurricanes' best since 1974, and made possible by a splendid freshman crop Saban had recruited. With four years to go on his contract, the campus was free of December jitters that its erstwhile travelin' man might be looking elsewhere. Certainly there appeared to be no threat in the December 6 announcement that coach Smith was leaving West Point. After a 4-6-1 season that ended with a loss to Navy, Smith had been fired by Army.

On January 4, the Miami News front-paged the headline: "Saban Quits U-M for Army." Shock, anger and disillusionment filled local news columns. "You want a deserter, Army?" Miami Herald sports editor Edwin Pope wrote. "You've got one. Saban is a quitter."

Miami lineman Chris Duffy was among Saban's players who were stunned: "I





## "Betrayed"

just can't believe it. The freshmen don't know how the coach could do it to them. The reason so many of us went to the school was because of him. I'm surprised because of the kind of leader he was and mainly because he seemed so honest."

Saban himself says, "I hate sounding like a hypocrite, but times change. Things change. I can't explain. It's personal. Some people like to rebuild cars. I like to rebuild football programs. I'm happy here at West Point because of what it stands for."

What the Point stood for in this case casts a revealing light on prevailing collegiate standards, to say nothing of Army's own code of conduct which is supposed to be a cut above the rest. Here's what happened, based on SPORT interviews.

Sometime in mid-December, Saban telephoned the Academy's athletic director, Gen. Raymond P. Murphy, to intercede for a Miami assistant coach—nameless evermore—who was applying for Smith's vacated job. A speak-for-yourself-John-Alden conversation ensued. As one Academy source told me: "Gen. Murphy said it was too late in the recruiting season for untried names. 'We got all the soup on the plate, we eat it or dump it. Are you interested?' And Lou said, 'Yeah, I think I might be.'" Gen. Murphy invited Saban to visit West Point for further discussions. Given the inter-collegiate "gentleman's agreement"—as described by Paul Dietzel—that a school should notify a coach's administration before talking to him, did Gen. Murphy tell anybody at Miami that he was interested in hiring Saban?

"Normally in that situation I would talk to the school's athletic director," Murphy says. "As you know, Saban was both head coach and athletic director. So I didn't call the Miami vice-president, president or anyone else because I felt in talking to athletic director Saban, I was talking to the administration there."

"We tried to play this thing straight," he continues. "The way I feel about existing contracts is if a coach is not satisfied, he's not gonna produce what you want him to produce. Sooner than perpetuate a bad situation, let him go. We've been down that road too in 1966, when Paul Dietzel quit us on the eve of spring practice with six years left on his contract."

"Anyway, Gen. Andrew J. Goodpaster, the Academy superintendent, knew of the talks with Saban as soon as I did. But he did not become personally involved until we were ready to come down hard on a final decision. I'll assure you we did not talk turkey with coach Saban until after we had gotten approval from Gen. Goodpaster and from the president down there [at Miami]."

Putting aside the propriety of negotiating with Saban both as coach and athletic director, when, precisely, was Miami's "approval" obtained? Miami president Dr. Henry King Stanford says, "About noon on January 3, I received the first and only call from Gen. Goodpaster. Virtually at the same moment, my vice-president, Dr. John Green, handed me a note saying that coach Saban was on his way up to West Point. With that in front of me, I told Gen. Goodpaster that Saban had my approval to talk, although I assume he had been talking already. I never saw or heard from coach Saban again."

By nightfall, Saban had broken his Miami contract by signing a long-term pact with West Point. Miami learned of it through press announcements the next day. Dr. Stanford, echoing Gen. Murphy, took it all in his stride. "I don't think you can get good coaching leadership out of a demoralized person. That motivated my acquiescence when Gen. Goodpaster called me. I don't say Saban had been demoralized. But he might have become demoralized if forced to stay in a position he did not want. I was thinking at the time

---

## "You want a deserter, Army? You've got one. Saban is a quitter"

---

of some comedian who jumped from one network to take a position with another. Told by a lawyer he had a contract, the comedian said, 'Okay, I'll stay. But can you make me be funny?'

"Tempering my feelings about Saban were three things: He gave our program national credibility, he recruited the best freshman class since I've been here and he had a winning season. I had very high regard for him, although what he did cannot help but be a source of disillusion to young freshmen who came here because of Lou Saban and who had a right to expect him to be here the next four years. I don't think that destroys the kind of moral standards we encourage. It does point up how those standards may not have been adhered to."

By West Point?

"That's a good question to address to Gen. Goodpaster. I'd rather not comment."

Gen. Goodpaster, befitting his name, looks both military and ecclesiastical. Tall and straight-backed, at 64 his eyes are both grave and compassionate. He came out of retirement to head the Academy after 34 years of distinguished active duty, capped by a fourth star. He was an aide to Presidents Eisenhower, Kennedy,

Johnson and Nixon, and thus is not unacquainted with the wicked ways of the world outside the Army.

"The contract is part of the hazards of the coaching situation that we have to recognize," he says. "I read the NCAA book which didn't tell me much. My staff said that before entering a phase of negotiations that could be characterized as serious, it was necessary to obtain agreement with Miami."

"As far as hiring a deserter goes, if Dr. Stanford had put any shadow on releasing him [Saban] when we talked, that would be one thing. He did not. There was no indication that he regarded coach Saban as a deserter, so I felt we were quite free of any ethical shadow. If an officer assigned to me—and I think I'd apply this to coaches, too—sought assignment elsewhere, my position is I would not stand in his way. We would not have had a moment's conversation with coach Saban—who struck me as a very open man of conviction—if we had not understood he was a free agent." Gen. Goodpaster apparently did not regard the phone conversations with Saban and the coach's personal visit to West Point before January 3 as being in the realm of "a moment's conversation."

The reactions of some of the general's cadets—senior-class members of the football team—to whether a coach such as Saban should walk away from a contract are interesting if sometimes confused: "My reaction is that out in the civilian world it would be okay, but it's not okay at West Point," says cadet middle guard Doug Turrell. "I mean, if a coach makes a commitment to the Academy, it's expected he'll stay and not do like Paul Dietzel did. The military-duty concept is instilled in people here. We have higher standards. For a man to have the opportunity to coach here, he should break any ties."

"I would disagree with Doug," says running back Jim Merriken. "That's putting ourselves on a pedestal like little tin soldiers. For somebody to break a contract just should not be done anywhere."

Linebacker Kirk Thomas feels that "if Miami was really determined to keep him, why didn't they keep him? I think it's selfish to discount the coach's feelings. I wouldn't want him stuck in a job he didn't want. But I do think there's a moral obligation on the part of an institution going after a coach to let the other school know they're trying to recruit him."

"We didn't get too much information on the background of coach Saban's hiring," says free safety Phil Macklin. "I felt the desperation in the air for a big-name coach who could rebuild the program. But desperation still isn't an excuse if the situation was that Miami didn't know about it."

Saban seems indifferent to criticism, saying, "Whatever raps people want to





**62% OFF**

S396





First Class  
Permit No. 5013  
Des Moines,  
Iowa

**BUSINESS REPLY CARD**

No postage stamp necessary if mailed in the U.S.

Postage will be paid by:

**SPORT**

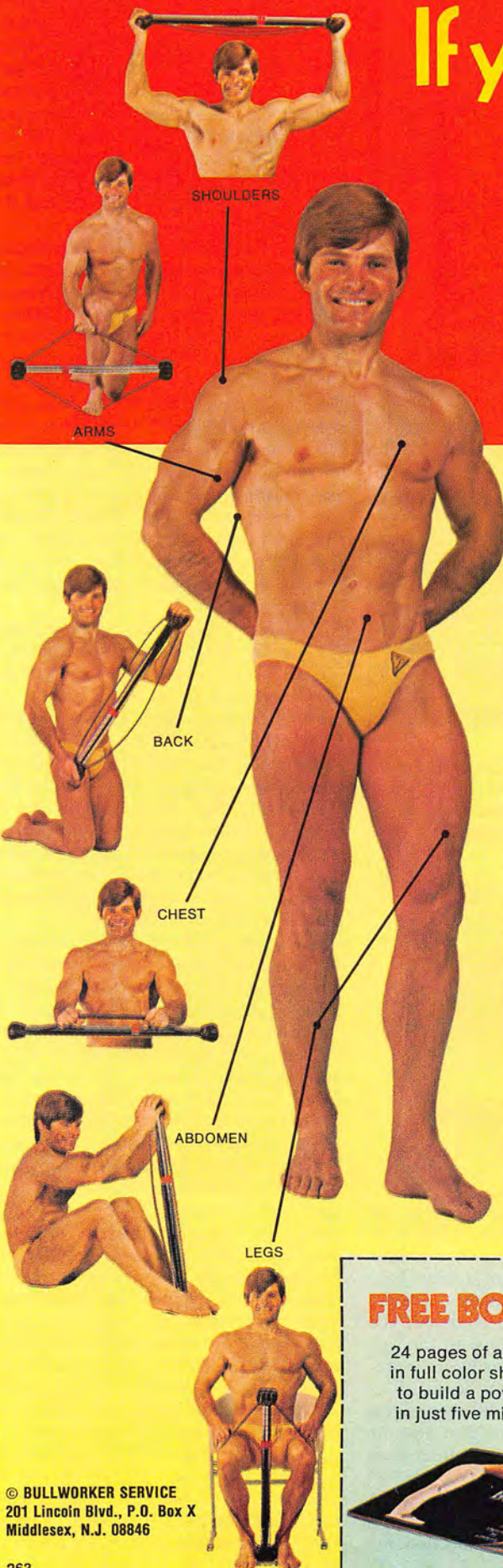
Magazine

Box 5014

Des Moines, Iowa 50340




# If you're into fitness, Bullworker® puts it all together in only 5 minutes a day:



"Looking for a fitness program that's fast, easy and gets results right away?," asks fitness expert, Bob Breton. "Bullworker puts it all together. In just 5 minutes a day you can give your body a complete fitness workout: shoulders, back, arms, chest, abdomen and legs.

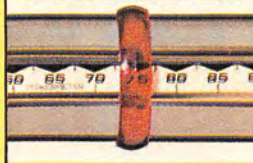
**It's fast:** each exercise takes only 7 seconds, once a day.

**It's easy:** any man between 15 and 65 in good general health can run through the whole program without getting tired.

You see your progress right from the very first day on the built-in Powermeter gauge. After two to three weeks of training, most men can expect to measure an extra inch or two of muscle on their shoulders, chest and biceps—and an inch or two less flab around the middle.

And that's just the start: there are specialized exercises for building-up or trimming down any part of your body you want to. What's more, since Bullworker training is progressive, you perform better each time. Yet the training always seems easy since with every workout your strength increases by about 1%—that's an increase of up to 50% in the first three months.

See your strength  
**GROWING**  
day by day on the  
built-in  
**POWERMETER**

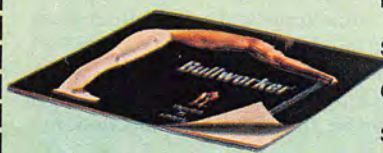


"I earn my living by keeping executives in top shape," says Bob. "My customers want results and they want them fast. I recommend Bullworker for one reason only: because it's the most advanced fitness trainer on the market and you better believe it."

To receive complete details about Bullworker Fitness training, mail coupon for **FREE BOOKLET** today. No obligation, no salesman will visit.

## FREE BOOKLET

24 pages of action photos in full color show you how to build a powerful body in just five minutes a day



**BULLWORKER SERVICE, Dept. BW3686**  
201 Lincoln Blvd., P.O. Box X,  
Middlesex, N.J. 08846

Please send me my **FREE** full color brochure about **BULLWORKER** without obligation. No salesman will visit.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_  
please print

Street \_\_\_\_\_ Apt. No. \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Canada: Home delivery duty paid. Ask for **FREE** booklet.

© BULLWORKER SERVICE  
201 Lincoln Blvd., P.O. Box X  
Middlesex, N.J. 08846





**DULLS  
YOUR FINISH**

When you wash your car with common household detergents, you're sabotaging that wax job you applied with such tender, loving care!

You see, those detergents were made for your dishes or your laundry, not your car. They're full of alkalis, that strip your finish and dull down the shine.

Solution? Zip Wax car wash. Just pour a capful into a bucket of water and you've got a car wash that flushes out the grittiest grime without wearing down the finish.

So, start lengthening the time between wax jobs. Keep your household detergents in the house, and Zip Wax car wash in the garage.

In short: Don't strip. Zip!



**DAZZLES  
YOUR FINISH**



**ZIP WAX CAR WASH**  
ADDS A TURTLE WAX® SHINE AS IT WASHES.

©1979, Turtle Wax, Inc.

## "Betrayed"

take, they will. Take a look at all the coaches in the country moving and changing. So I guess it would be part of our business. One thing you can't legislate against is change."

Did he have Miami's approval, tacit or otherwise, to talk to West Point? "This is something I discussed with Dr. Green, the man who hired me there. That's where it's going to lie. There were certain agreements that he and I had. We had an understanding."

From Miami, Dr. Green says no one there knew that Saban had been talking to the Academy until January 3. But he adds mysteriously: "I knew of an incident here that made him very displeased. I assume the action he took resulted from that. The incident had nothing to do with the university per se. But it looms large in providing justification for what he did."

Saban left Miami without ever saying goodbye to his squad. Didn't he owe the players something and what effect does he think his departure had on them? "I myself said I owed them something. A youngster signs because of a coach who is there. But he also likes the institution, the

other players, the weather. I have no idea what the effect is. All of us involved in sports have at one time or another been part of a changeover. I guess you get caloused to it after a while. Sometimes you're required to leave and sometimes you leave because things aren't working out. At the time, I didn't have the opportunity to say goodbye. But in due time I will. Right now I'm gonna do the best I can here and I would like to feel that this [job] was it for good."

Across the continent at Washington State University in Pullman, there are some different variations on the theme of coaches and contracts. When Saban's 1976 arrival in Miami nudged Jim Walden out of an assistant's job, the door marked "Head Coach" opened for him at WSU. For three prior years, it had been a revolving door. In 1975 Jim Sweeney left after seven seasons with a year remaining on his contract. In 1976 Jackie Sherril signed a multiyear contract but packed up after a season. In 1977 Warren Powers signed for three years and stayed for one. It wasn't that the university paid in rubber checks or that the coach had to blow up the footballs.

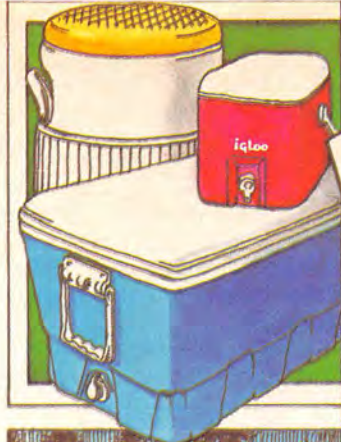
As Powers, a refreshingly candid man, says today from his head-coach job at Missouri: "I was very happy and satisfied at Washington State. But I had an opportunity to go to a great school in the Big Eight, where I played, and where I'd have a chance for the conference title or a national championship. Why have a contract at all? Well, uh, you know it's uh, well, it's really hard to say if you can leave when you want to or get fired when they want to. I think a contract would encourage a man to stay but it's like any other situation, life changes."

"I agree my leaving was tough on Washington. It was tough on me emotionally because you get fond of the players. I couldn't explain it to them because it all broke over Christmas vacation. But I look at it on a professional basis: You're doing something that's better for you. Look at it another way, if things went bad at Washington after two years, they might fire you and nobody else might want you."

Powers had to leave something of himself back at Pullman—money. His contract had a clause that forced a quitting coach to repay the salary still outstanding. In Powers' case it was \$57,500. Not surprisingly, Powers says, "I don't think much of a clause that doesn't let a man improve himself." Missouri wanted him despite the clause and sources there reportedly anted up the initial \$15,000 payment in his first winning season. But should his teams falter, so might donations—and the liability remains his.

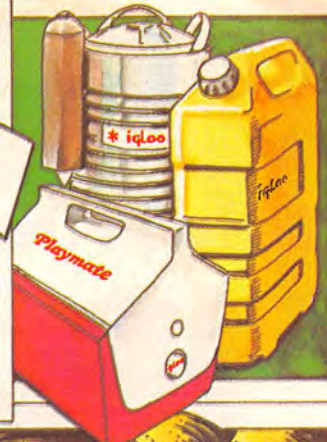
"We're the first college that's ever insisted on payment," says WSU athletic director Sam Jankovich. "We reason, one, if we had relieved a coach, we surely would have had to pick up his entire sal-





# IGLOO'S TRUE STORIES OF SURVIVAL

• THE MIDNIGHT MARAUDER •



1. IT WAS MIDNIGHT IN THE SEQUOIA NATIONAL FOREST. STACEY MELHORN OF SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA, AND HER FRIENDS, THE TURNERS WERE SOUND ASLEEP, WHEN SUDDENLY...

2. A 490 POUND BLACK BEAR RIPPED THROUGH THEIR CAMP LOOKING FOR FOOD. HIS PRIME TARGET...THEIR IGLOO ICE CHEST.



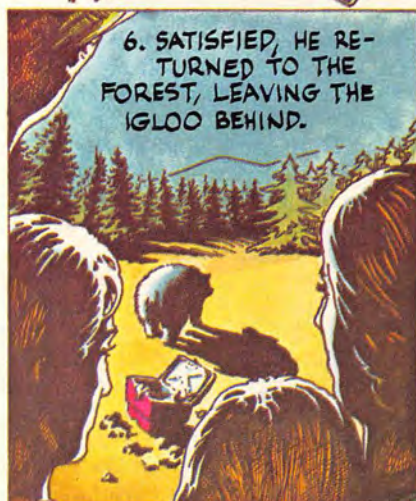
3. AS THE CAMPERS WATCHED, HE UP-ENDED IT... AND BIT AT IT FURIOUSLY. BUT THE IGLOO WOULDN'T BUDGE.



4. WHAM! HE SLAMMED IT WITH HIS POWERFUL PAWS. THE LOCK STILL HELD!



5. FINALLY, AS HE DRAGGED IT ACROSS THE GROUND, THE LOCK PULLED OPEN. PAY DIRT! THE BEAR SETTLED BACK, DEVOURING THEIR FROZEN FOOD.



6. SATISFIED, HE RETURNED TO THE FOREST, LEAVING THE IGLOO BEHIND.

7. THE TURNERS STILL USE THAT IGLOO COOLER, AND ASIDE FROM A FEW SCRATCHES, IT'S STILL AS GOOD AS NEW. BECAUSE IGLOOS ARE BUILT TO SURVIVE OUT THERE IN THE REAL WORLD. AND THEY'VE GOT A FULL 3-YEAR WARRANTY TO PROVE IT.



FOR A FREE COLOR BROCHURE OF ALL OUR IGLOO PRODUCTS, WRITE TO IGLOO CORPORATION, CATALOG DEPARTMENT G9, P. O. BOX 19322, HOUSTON, TEXAS 77024.

**igloo®**

BUILT TO SURVIVE THE REAL WORLD.

This full page, full color magazine ad will appear in NATIONAL editions of spring and summer 1978 issues of: Field & Stream, Outdoor Life, Popular Mechanics, Sport, Newsweek, Sail, Motorboat.



# Valvoline 1-2-99 Brings Out the Man in You.



Any ordinary guy can start doing extraordinary things with Valvoline® 1-2-99 multi-purpose lubricant. Here's the muscle you need to loosen bolts, free frozen locks, clean steel and do more than 96 other tough jobs. Valvoline 1-2-99 lubricates, penetrates, keeps out moisture and helps prevent rust. So a can around the house makes the man around the house. *Buy one now and Valvoline will send you a 99¢ cash refund.* See participating retailers for full refund details.

**Valvoline®**

Valvoline Oil Company, Ashland, Ky.  
Ashland, Division of Ashland Oil, Inc.

## "Betrayed"

ary. And, two, there are lots of additional costs in changing coaches—moving them here and there, getting new ones, recruitment expenses, etc. But beyond that, when you're going out asking young people to show commitment to a program, how can you tolerate it if the man who signed to lead those young people doesn't show similar loyalty? We would have lost a lot of credibility with our players and set a poor ethical example about a person's responsibilities in general.

"Warren was an assistant at Nebraska and we gave him an opportunity nobody else would. He did well, I consider him a good friend and that's why it hurt so much. Maybe nobody thought we were serious about the clause, but when Missouri called for permission to talk I made it clear we had not given permission and that we were gonna fight it very hard [by not releasing Powers until he agreed to repay the total salary he would have earned]. Now maybe the message is getting across.

"Our attitude reflects our concern with the students," Jankovich concludes. "I told Warren, 'Never again, if I can help it, will I allow a coach to hurt our football

players.' We have to go visit them after the coach has left and the chaos created is terrible. I'd go in there and it was real emotional. I was empty when I left."

Star quarterback and bright pro prospect Jack Thompson, who saw three coaches desert him, says that Powers' defection wounded most of his teammates deeply: "Our team went through really weird times. I think we set a record, four in four years. When Sweeney left it was one of those things we had to accept. Coach Sherril did at least come before the team to explain, and that was a good way to go. But with coach Powers, the bombshell hit. I'm not trying to come down hard on him because he was a good friend. But he wasn't the one to tell us, and that hurt real bad because he never came back or called.

"You know, coaches say, 'If you're not committed to the cause, then I don't want you.' And the kids say, 'Oh, that's great,' because they're looking at the father image in the coach. Then something like that happens and it just shoots them out of the water. Guys become cynical. The thing that really twisted my heart was when I looked at the freshmen and sophomores when they got the word. Some were crying. How can coaches justify to themselves leaving those kids that way?"

Thompson thinks coach Walden is cast

from a nobler mold and Walden sympathizes with the quarterback's attitude. To a point. "Just as players put faith in one guy or understand him a little bit," he says, "they gotta get used to the next man. It's a little like going to a different psychiatrist each year. But I think most react to a sudden change more selfishly. They feel they have to prove themselves all over again."

Walden labors under the stay-or-pay clause. Does he think that an unhappy coach chained to a contract won't produce? "When the time comes for me to go to work, I'm gonna work," he says. "I may spit at everybody in sight. But at some point I gotta put my football team back out on the field and that is a reflection of me. And most coaches feel that way.

"I've been in this business long enough to know there's little honor among thieves. I feel honored to be here because they've been very honest to me and volunteered that after I fulfilled the present contract they'd remove the clause in the next one. But clause or no clause, I would not quit now because my word and everything honorable about the way I've been brought up is on the line. Although if a big offer came, I think, uh, you don't say no in terms of not even listening. See what I'm sayin'?" After this contract is over and I've done all I promised and I'm into the next one, that's a whole new ball of wax. Coaches and athletes both learn through football that it's, 'Boy, take advantage of it now, here's your fumble, recover it and run 'cause you may never get another one.' "

Time will tell if the Washington State clause remains a limited noble experiment or will spread to discourage freebootery in the game. For now, clearly anything goes. When a college administrator casually takes it in his stride after an institution that should know better makes a hush-hush deal with its coach, when coaches freely concede they break legal contracts out of unalloyed self-interest, who's to cry foul?

Courts can have some effect if injured coaches or institutions use them. SPORT found some administrators urging that the NCAA at long last stop ducking the issue and spell out rules governing contractual responsibilities.

Jack Thompson, who knows better than most about the end result of contract controversy, says, "The whole attitude coaches have is 'What can I do for Numero Uno.' But they're preaching the opposite to us. If coaches were in some of the team meetings I've been in and saw how bad they hurt people, maybe they'd play it different. Or quit playing the game altogether."

Contributing editor PAUL GOOD is currently writing the biography of a compulsive gambler, Norman Brett, for Harper & Row.



# This full size deck chair is in that small carrying bag!

Latch on to THE CHAIR, a two-in-one wonder that goes with you anywhere. It's your personal retreat! And your movable companion. Take it to the beach, on a picnic, to a park, in your own backyard—wherever the need might arise for rest, relaxation and even shade from the sun if you wish. It gives you that great feeling of privacy—in your own get-a-way hideaway!

THE CHAIR can assume numerous positions from full reclining to upright sitting. Take a gander at the super side pocket to hold cold drinks, glasses, paperbacks, a small radio—whatever!

A colorful beauty, it folds easily into a handy, small carrying bag that is nicely balanced in the hand and handsome to behold. When you want the full size deck chair tucked inside, simply unzip the bag and slip out the chair.

It's lightweight, and the single unit opens in seconds, instantly ready for you to sink into its comfortable goodness.

And, just open and attach the contrasting umbrella when you desire cool shading!

Sturdily constructed of chromed tubular steel, THE CHAIR will seat anyone in the family, from lightweights to heavyweights. Its neat boldness in design and function makes THE CHAIR strongly masculine and yet women go for its big, cozy comfort, too. The strong, color-fast seat and back is washable cotton duck.

THE CHAIR weighs just 8 pounds, and it's only 25 inches long. Choose THE CHAIR in a bag in blue with yellow umbrella; green with yellow; or, beige with tan.

Great to give or get anytime. NOW! Just \$39.99 plus \$3.00 for postage and handling. You must be fully satisfied, or return it for a refund. Send check or M.O. to THE CHARTER GUILD, 1419 West Fifth Street, Wilton, Iowa 52778.

THE CHARTER GUILD, Dept. 953  
1419 West Fifth Street  
Wilton, Iowa 52778

Please send \_\_\_\_\_ (quantity) THE CHAIR with umbrella in a bag in (check colors)

- ☐ blue with yellow
- ☐ green with yellow
- ☐ beige with tan

@ \$39.99 plus \$3.00 P&H each. (Add sales tax, N.Y. and Iowa.) Here is my check or money order in the amount of \$ \_\_\_\_\_. I am sure that I will be pleased but, if not, thanks for letting me know that it may be returned for a refund.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

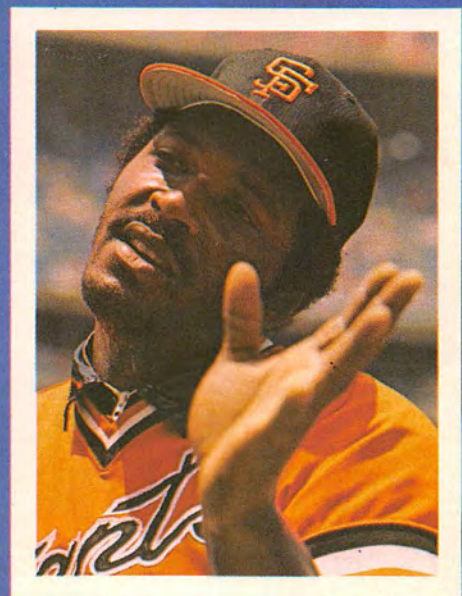
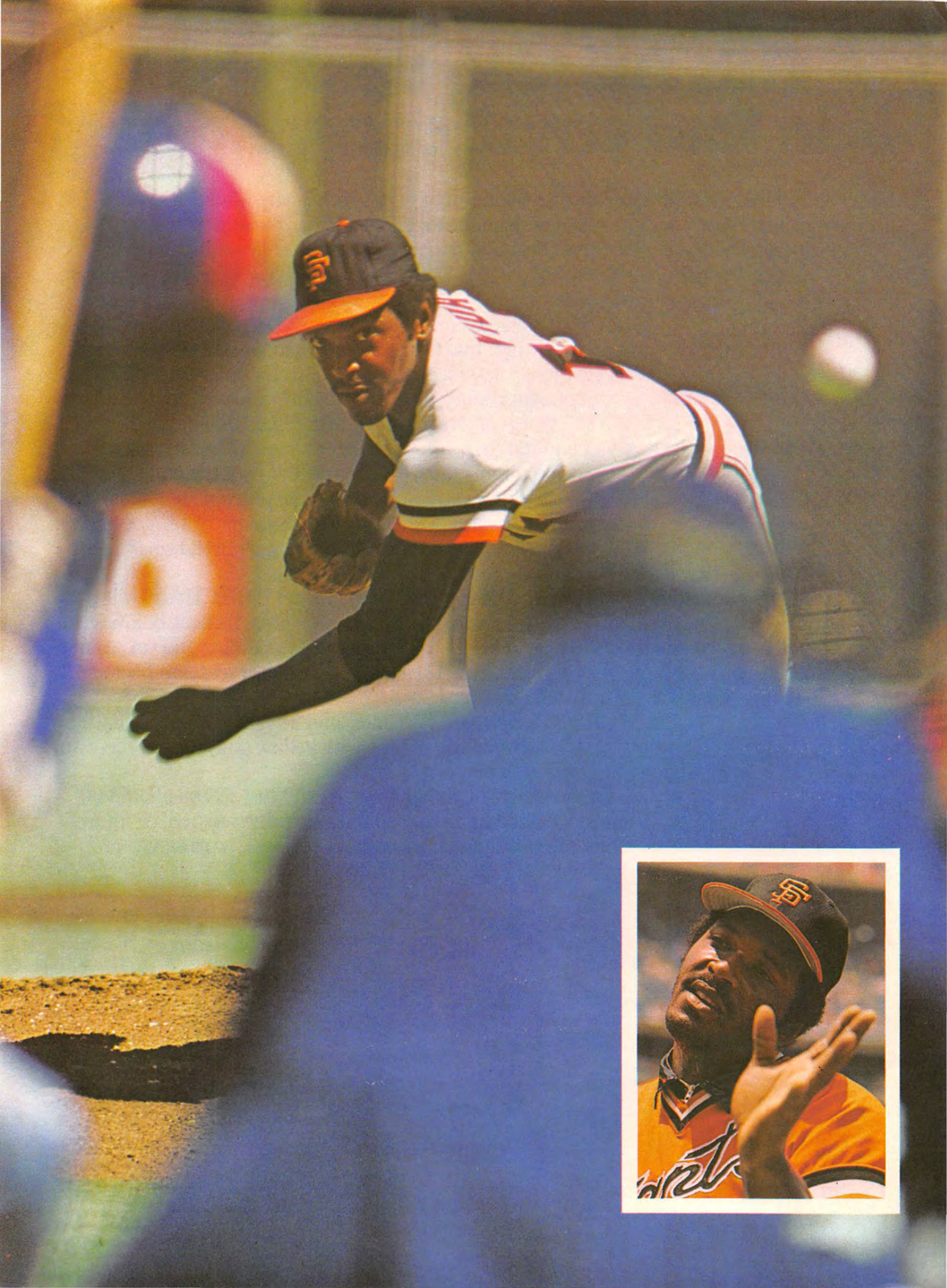
Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_









# Unwinding with Vida Blue

A once-bitter Charlie Finley chattel, Vida Blue now leads the Giants in lefthanded pitching and ambidextrous cheerleading

By JACK HICKS

**M**-m-m-mister Blue, I-I-I presume?"

"Now it *could* be. Just who wants to know?" The owner of the honeyed, singsong voice lopes in stocking feet to the edge of his redwood deck and spies my tattered form in the canyon below him.

"Lord, Lord, how'd you get down there?" he says. "You got mud all over you. Come 'round front, you hear?"

Chilled, torn by briars and pine needles, I detail my two-hour lateness to Vida Blue, who between sips of hot tea, grins at my ordeal. Taking an unmapped "back way" through the woodsy Oakland hills to his home, I have buried my Volkswagen camper to the axles in a swollen December streambed, drenched myself and lost a shoe in fording same, narrowly avoided getting trampled by a wild stallion, and been stricken hysterical by a pack of lions roaring in the thicket below Blue's elegant home.

"Wild stallions? Lions? What you talkin' about? This is the Oakland hills, man, not the African plain. Get real." Blue's rich chocolate features melt in warm laughter. "You're puttin' me on."

*On the field (left), Blue has developed a slider; off it (inset), he's developed a totally relaxed attitude.*

No, no, I assure him miserably, most certainly not.

"Those unpaved roads you took were riding trails, and that spotted wild horse—that's probably a stray Appaloosa. Big-money breeding stables are there across the canyon."

"But *lions!*" I shiver. "I tell you, man, there were *lions* out there."

"Sure they was," he giggles. "Lions, tigers, sharks, wolves. You name it. You know, your brain's runnin' a little hot today. That's a *zoo* down there. I live up the hill from the Oakland Zoo."

"I never knew writin' for SPORT was so dangerous," he teases. "But then I never dreamed I'd get paid so much money to play ball or end up in California in a house like this."

Royal-looking in blue running togs, three gold chains yoking his powerful neck, the San Francisco Giants' premier lefthander lies back on the carob-colored modular sofa. Lemonade sunlight streams through dark draperies, backlighting Blue's crispy hair in a burnished aura. As he reclines, the scene is striking: He looks like nothing so much as the black prince of some lost African tribe. He turns a baseball like a magic totem in his large hands, pausing in a slider grip.

"And I damn-sure never thought I'd love the game again after goin' round and





# The shoe built to take this pounding mile after mile.

Every time you run a mile you pound each foot down about a thousand times. Each one of those footfalls exerts up to 500 pounds of force. You're looking at the shoe built to take that kind of pressure, and a lot more. New U.S.A. Olympics™. They're built to take the pounding. Cushion the shock, and provide the comfort. Stride

after stride. Mile after mile. At the incredible low price of \$17.99. And every time you buy a pair JCPenney will contribute 50¢ to the U.S. Olympic Committee. U.S.A. Olympics™, available at JCPenney or through the catalog, in jogging, tennis, and basketball styles.

For men, women and boys. The shoes built to take it.

**INTRODUCING  
U.S.A. OLYMPICS**



**THE SHOE BUILT TO TAKE IT.**

Only at JCPenney



## Vida Blue

round with Charles Oscar Finley."

A year before this very winter afternoon, on December 9, 1977, Vida Blue was busy practicing his escape from the Oakland A's.

"Yeah, that was the day of the second deal that Mr. Bowie Kuhn killed 'for the good of baseball.' Sheeee-it."

Finley was peddling his prize chattel for the second time in two years, this time to Cincinnati for \$1.5 million and minor-leaguer Dave Revering. Like a June, 1976 deal which had made Blue a Yankee-for-a-day with a \$1.5 million purse, this one was also aborted.

"I'd about lost hope when I went to camp in the spring of '78." He frowns. "I figured Ole Massa had me through an option year in '80. But then. . ." he smiles wickedly. "My turn." He chokes the ball hard with both hands, as if it were a scrawny neck.

On March 15, 1978, the A's and Giants completed a deal that took one of baseball's best left-handers ten miles west, to the other side of the San Francisco Bay. "It was like being released from slavery," Blue recalls. "Like the old song goes, 'free at last, free at last.' " The price of this freedom was seven quality young players and \$400,000, but the Giants and San Francisco were every bit as ecstatic as Vida. The team had its first real stopper since Juan Marichal.

After a rocky start against the Reds, when he allowed ten hits, Blue found his stroke. His reborn good humor and his windmill-style cheerleading warmed the whole town to him. Drove of fans, who since 1971 had avoided windy Candlestick Park as if it were Alcatraz, returned in 1978—1,740,477 of them—often to watch Vida pitch, to see him, all business on the mound, his 182 pounds flexed like a single muscle, rearing back in a cobra kick, releasing the ball in a lethal strike. The Giants had not been over .500 in five years, until Blue and younger stars Bob Knepper, Jack Clark, Mike Ivie came along to combine with vets like Bill Madlock, Willie McCovey and Darrell Evans. After that rough Cincinnati game, Vida and the Giants were off and running. On June 1, Blue was 6-3 with a 2.65 ERA, and the club was 30-16, 1½ games in front. By July 1, the Giants were racing at an unbelievable .623 clip and their ace had extended to 11-4 and 2.38. At 16-4 and 2.45 in early August, Blue seemed a shoo-in for the Cy Young Award, and San Francisco, to everyone's amazement, was holding their cobweb lead. When the dust finally settled in September, the undermanned Giants finished a respectable third, six games out. And the Black Prince had spearheaded the best young pitching staff in the National League. His

final stats were 18-10, with 171 strikeouts and a 2.79 ERA in 258 innings.

Blue himself is optimistic about the 1979 season. He assesses point-by-point the club's most pressing needs: "First, I'd say we need another bat. Second, we need a little tougher defense, especially on the right side. We turn a few double plays and we're in business." The Giants finished ninth in NL fielding, 11th in double plays. "And we need a [Rich] Gossage or a [Terry] Forster. Somebody to blow some heat in the eighth or ninth inning." He leans back, dreamy at the fantasies. "Yeah. That'd all make me very happy."

He means happier. The sensitive man from Louisiana who had grown bitter and removed in Oakland, was warm and buoyant again in 1978, a pleasure to his teammates, fans and the press. To counter the Big Red Machine and Dodger Blue, Vida named the Giants The Little Orange Skateboard, because "it just keeps rollin' along in front unnoticed." The nickname stuck, and by midyear, rabid crowds wielding small orange skateboards had become a common sight at Candlestick.

Utterly serious on the mound, Blue led his club with a light touch between starts. He learned young that a sense of humor is a shield against inhuman pressures, and he put his wry talents to good use. Failing to finish four innings in a crucial August loss in Los Angeles, Vida met a postgame mob of about 40 magazine, newspaper, radio, TV and wire-service reporters. Bathed in scalding light and prodded with microphones of every sort, he patiently answered the same questions over and over, his weary left arm packed in ice.

Abruptly a spidery smile appeared, a hint of a wink toward the jostling pack. "Wait a minute," he deadpanned in a boyish Louisiana drawl. "Shut off yawl machines, you can't use this." The press tightened in like vultures on carrion. "I was too strong out there, overthrowing." He paused, his voice quaking. "This was a big game and, well, uh, I'm a desperate young Giant. You see, I haven't been with a woman in three days." A stunned silence. "We lost. . ." he held his face in his hands, near-whispering. . . "because of my manly needs."

All is quiet in the lockerroom. We can't be hearing this. It's obviously a mass hallucination, California-style. As reporters' eyes bulged and tongues lolled, Vida looked up smiling. "Sheee-it, you guys." The mob broke up in laughter, the tension shattered in one deft stroke. Blue's teammates nearby smiled and relaxed a bit, ready to skate at the Dodgers on another day.

"After all that talk about Don Juan Blue," Vida recalls now from his sofa, "thought I'd give you boys a little bit to work with."

"Come on," Blue says now. "We're

goin' for a little ride." We go down to the garage to board one of Blue's three cars—a Rolls-Royce owned by his agent Chris Daniels, a stiletto-like Maserati and a tasteful cream-colored Jensen Interceptor. We leave the hills in the Interceptor and wheel north in the failing light.

"I call this little trip my 'Boulevard of Sadness,'" Blue says. "I started driving up here to ease my mind when Finley and the pressure kept me up at night. I still cruise up here sometimes."

Vida joined Oakland late in the 1970 season, pitching a no-hitter and a one-hitter. He exploded the next year with a 24-8 record, a 1.82 ERA, 301 strikeouts, the MVP and the Cy Young. His handsome face was commonplace in magazines and on television, and he visited Richard Nixon in the Oval Office.

"Nixon was a little stiff," Blue recalls, citing the famous incident in which he playfully wrestled the President's spavined claw into a soul-brother handshake. "Like he had wires in there. But it tickled me when he said, 'I hear you're the most underpaid man in baseball.' Old Charlie O blew a gasket."

We weave quickly up the Warren Freeway and into the Berkeley Hills. "After my holdout in '72, it was downhill. Seemed like Finley would not be happy until he drove me crazy. I thought I was gonna end up at Napa [a nearby state mental institution]. If I had a dollar for every hour of sleep he cost me. . . ."

*Blue was "a little scared" when he joined the Giants; now he's bubbling with optimism about their pennant hopes.*





# Vida Blue

We pull to the top of Spyglass Hill. The view from up here is spectacular, with San Francisco and the Golden Gate Bridge sparkling ghostlike in the evening mist. "I'd wake up in the middle of the night and drive up for the scenery, let my mind out. Started comin' up here when Reggie Jackson bought a condo just up that street. Then later I'd just cruise up, listen to some tapes, sit by myself and try to get some peace of mind."

"Wait," I say. "Jackson lives right over there? Pretty slick. Did you ever visit him on these midnight rides?"

"Never. I was strictly on my own."

"You both had the same hassles with



Vida says Dodger Blue and the Big Red Machine can't match his Little Orange Skateboard Giants.

Finley and fame, yet you sat outside his house in the middle of the night, not wanting to go talk about it?"

"You have to know Reggie. His ego is so big, there's not room for much else. I respected his shit and I believe Jackson respected mine. But it was every man for himself on that team."

Unnerved by Finley's manner of running the Oakland A's like a glorified feed lot, Blue withdrew, grew moody. "Vida was used to a small-town way of treating people," a close friend says. "He couldn't believe somebody would do to other people what Finley did. There was that smiling-Blue face he put on, but underneath it he was hurt and angry."

"I loved playing with The Wild Bunch Down the Hill: Holtzman, Reggie, North, Rudi, Bando, Fingers. Somebody always smackin' somebody else. Lord, we scratched and clawed. But on the field,

we could get down." The Prince laughs with relish at the memories of those years under manager Dick Williams. "We had a weird psychology, like when we won, it hurt Finley. Can you believe that?"

"I've always been kind of a loner. I roomed with Mudcat Grant and Tommy Davis when I was first up, but we always went our own ways. I was friendly, really tight, with Angel Mangual. Since he was released in '75, I've not been really close with any baseball people."

"One time me 'n Mangual were roomies in '71, and our second time in Chicago, I was hot. I'd won seven out of eight and could do no wrong. My eyes were wide open and so were Angel's. So we're sittin' in this fancy hotel, callin' room service every 20 minutes, when the phone rings. It's a beautiful black voice. She wants to come up and, yes, she does have a girlfriend for Angel."

"So we're in there havin' a delightful visit when the telephone rings again. I figure it's more girls, so I answer as sweet as I can, 'Mr. Vida Rochelle Blue Jr. May I be of service?' " He giggles, thumping the steering wheel with his open hand.

"But it's gruff old Dick Williams and he's really pissed. The house detective sees these two black chicks come up, figures they're hookers, and calls our manager. So Williams says, 'You blankety-blanks, your ass is mine. I'll be up in five minutes and those girls'd better be gone.'"

"We somehow get the girls out and the place straightened up, and me 'n Angel are laughing and scared when BAM! BAM! BAM! Before I can move, Mangual jumps in bed with his clothes on, shoes and all, and I have to go face the mad dog. Williams busts in, and before I can say a word, my roomie has the bedclothes under his chin and pipes up in this squeaky voice, 'I no go out with girls, Mr. Williams, I mair-eeed.' So Dick chews my ass while Angel lays there like a Puerto Rican virgin."

"When Williams runs out of words, I about kill Mangual. 'Roomie, if you wanna stay with me, there's one rule. When I'm in trouble, you're in trouble. It's a war, man.' After that, we were a team—I was coffee and he was cream."

The story and laughter subside as we slow in freeway traffic. "Of course, Finley ditched Angel like a bag of garbage in late '75, and Dick Williams moved on. I stayed. In two years everyone left, for big money, and I was stuck in Oakland."

Back at Blue's house, drinking by the fire at the end of a long day, he says, "Yes sir, I sure do like to hang out at home. It's nice up there on Spyglass, but I'd never live there. One good earthquake and you're part of that big ocean. They're the two things I fear above all: earthquakes and drowning. We're safe here."

"Vida—surely you realize you're on the same San Andreas fault, ten miles south. If that baby quakes, you're fish

food. You and Reggie together again in the briny deep."

He denies this possibility. These days Vida Blue is beyond all horrors.

The next afternoon I arrive to find him installing a fireplace screen, his mammoth 5-by-7 Advent TV screen beaming a washed-out soap opera, *The Doctors*, one of Blue's secret vices.

"Seen any lions?" he asks.

Having lived in his spacious digs for more than a year, it is only since late last summer and the signing of a ten-year contract with the Giants that he has begun to fully furnish it. Out of a fierce privacy, Blue only grudgingly discusses financial matters. He talks brightly about several investments—a 3,500-acre cattle ranch in northern California and a more tentative venture, a Vida Blue travel agency. But he is terse on the subject of his 1978 salary, \$205,000, for the final leg of a three-year pact he insists Finley proposed under grossly deceptive circumstances. He refuses comment on a continuing lawsuit against Charlie O, the basis of which is a contract they negotiated in June, 1976.

More happily, after five months of 1978 negotiations, Blue and the Giants made a quiet September announcement of a six-year active contract with a four-year mutual option. Inside sources estimated a ballpark figure of \$3.5 million for the six years, but later information suggests that "bonuses" (a polite term for forbidden performance clauses) may well enable him to average \$750,000 a year.

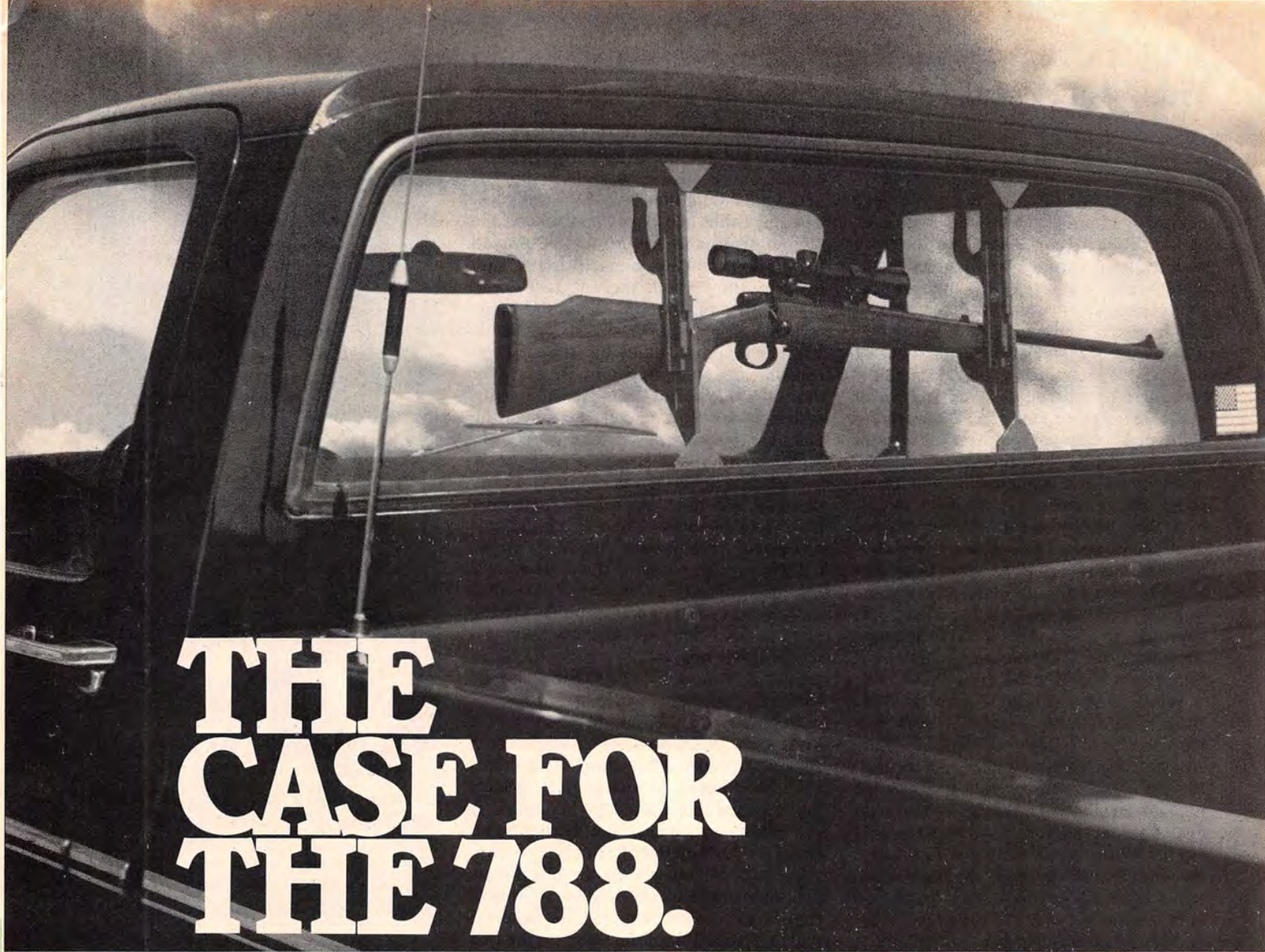
The salary negotiations were kept secret and developed without a hitch, in startling contrast to Finley and the Oakland circus, and Blue respects Giant owner Bob Lurie and his front office because of it. But the initial transition to the Giants did not proceed as smoothly as either party might have liked.

"For one thing, after waiting all those years, I was a little scared. It was like having to prove myself all over again," Blue admits. "For another, I felt underpaid. The Giants were getting gold leaf for the price of aluminum foil, and I wanted more money before I reported."

Lurie and the Giants refused. Blue delayed reporting, and San Francisco pressed him, as if determined to make a public show of treating their savior like any other ballfield hand. Blue saw red when general manager Spec Richardson came calling to his hotel room near the spring training camp. "He came by checking up on me, wanting to know what the trouble was, like I was one of his slaves. Then he came back later with our manager, Joe Altobelli, dragging him into the middle of it, embarrassing both of us." Vida's voice hardens. "He handed me an official letter advising me of a \$500-a-day fine for not reporting, and that was enough."

The next day, Blue bolted the club for





# THE CASE FOR THE 788.

**Some places were made for a gun that's all business.**

Some guns look good in a fancy display cabinet. The Model 788 works best wherever you and your 4x4 go.

Plain and simple, here's a center fire game-getter that's built for rough handling. Yet its performance features make it one of the best rifle values around.

It has an incredibly fast lock time. In actual tests against competitive rifles, the bullet left the barrel of the 788 before it left the cartridge case of the others. That helps the 788 deliver varmint-hunting accuracy with big-game punch.

The nine locking lugs on the bolt lock into matching grooves in the receiver for a superb fit and greater strength.

We left the fancy wood and checkering off this one, but gave it working features like a Monte Carlo stock, rear sight adjustable for elevation and windage, blade ramp front sight, detachable clip magazine. And a receiver drilled and tapped for scope mounts. Available with or without a four-power scope; even with the scope, the 788 is still surprisingly affordable.

The 788 is chambered for 222 Rem., 22-250 Rem., 223 Rem., 6mm Rem., 243 and .308 Win cartridges in right-hand models; left handers have a choice of 6mm Rem. or .308 Win.

Isn't it time you put a 788 in your favorite case, on or off the road? Learn more in our free catalog. Write Remington Arms Company, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn. 06602.

**Remington®** 





## Vida Blue

refuge with his mother and family in Mansfield, La.—not far from Shreveport—as he has often done in turbulent periods. Unaware of Blue's whereabouts, Richardson announced the fines with a stern warning, and Vida's teammates—undistinguished for their collective character in recent times—attacked him in media interviews. A normally taciturn Willie McCovey asked, "Why can't he have the courtesy to call Spec and try to straighten this out?" Pitcher Big Ed Halicki was more barbed: "We were going to do all right without him and we still will. Trade him." Seeing all this in the newspapers and on television in Louisiana, Blue seethed.

At this heated point, Bob Lurie stepped in with a promise to negotiate a new contract during the coming year, and after \$2,500 in fines and two idle weeks, Blue made his only preseason appearance, shutting out the Cubs for three innings. And after the 12-3 beating by the Reds, the season began to fall into place.

While 1978 was a solid year for Vida Blue and the Giants, it was not an unqualified success. Leading the league at the All-Star break, the club reeled through August and September below .500. Blue himself went six damaging weeks—August 4 to September 20—without a win. He had but two complete games through the last two months of the year. And while his ERA hovered around the final 2.79, he was 6-6 in the second half. What do these figures suggest?

"Yeah," Blue waves annoyed. "When I was younger that talk bothered me—that I couldn't win in the stretch. I guess it's based on my so-called poor performance in the playoff and Series games with Oakland. Now I'll just say look at my record. You figure the A's could win three straight championships with a choke-up Vida Blue?"

Blue is a power pitcher in a league of fastball hitters, and while he can win anywhere now, he realizes he can't rely forever on his staple of three fastballs, all arriving at well over 90 mph. Blue's curveball comes and goes for a year at a time, so from August on, he changed speeds more often and, setting aside his fears of elbow damage, perfected a slider. National League hitters will certainly see more of it in '79.

At a small party in the evening, the talk turns to sports gossip. Scurrilous tales involving O.J. Simpson and Reggie Jackson are fabricated amid great amusement. I describe how an athlete I once wrote about called me to complain: "The way you said I talked and dressed—you made me look like a nigger."

The mixed group laughs uneasily, and Vida nods. "It's no surprise to me. I saw

it in Loo-siana and I see it in California. I saw it in high school and I see it on a few of my teammates' faces. I remember Alvin Dark running out one time to tell Ken Holtzman to be sure to hold a black base-runner on because he was naturally fast and would steal you out of the ballpark. The guy stole two bases and scored the winning run, and Alvin must've prayed for an hour to calm himself down. You want to know about racism? Just count the number of black pitchers and quarterbacks in pro sports. Numbers talk."

Later we have a quiet dinner on the waterfront with Nathalie Smith, Blue's lover and closest friend over the last eight years. When Blue leaves the table, she talks candidly about the man she knows better than anyone else.

"Black Prince? Hmmmm. Partly. Underneath the bubbling brown sugar that kids and grownups all find so charming is a complex and private person." An intelligent young woman, she pauses over her food, choosing her words carefully. "You know, Vida jokes about being the first one in his high school class to have a receding hairline, but he's been through a lot for 29. I think he's just now where he can live comfortably inside his success."

She looks up. "Sports people see a big kid with a 14 on his back, a smile and a fastball. I know much more than that." We share notes on the subject: Vida's adolescence interrupted by his duties as the oldest son in a large family torn by his father's sudden death; his obligation, while still a teenager, to his illegitimate son (now ten years old) and the mother of that child, both of whom Blue supports and has moved from the South to the Bay Area; his humiliation at being dragged publicly through a bogus paternity suit in 1975; the torments of being Charles O. Finley's favorite toy for seven years. The hurts accumulate.

Weighty matters are set aside as Vida returns from a stroll around the counterfeited Spanish galleon on which we're dining. "Ho. Ho. Ho. Shiver me timbers, matey. What say, Smith," he salutes, "you tell all my secrets?"

Some time after midnight the silver Rolls-Royce pauses on a hilly drive as Vida and I get out.

"Now look," he warns. "If this article comes out funky, I'm gonna call New York and say you made me look like a white man." We laugh loudly, and then again as I am startled by the bark of a distant dog.

"Wait. Let the Prince give you a little takeout magic. It'll keep the beasts away." He guides my hand into a soul grip. "At least it's supposed to. But then I taught it to Mr. Nixon and look where it got him. So be careful, man."

JACK HICKS says his experience with Vida Blue ended his fear of lions, but now he runs from parakeets.

## NEXT MONTH IN SPORT

Our July issue will feature another big baseball package: Inside looks at the New York Yankees magical defensive third baseman **Graig Nettles**...the



Graig Nettles

Houston Astros' fire-balling **J.R. Richard**...and the Montreal Expos' lovable, exasperating **Ellis Valentine**...plus an in-depth **Rating the Catchers** story. In the **SPORT** interview with Oakland Raider quarterback **Ken Stabler**, The Snake bites back....We also examine tennis'



J.R. Richard



Ken Stabler

newest male superstar, **John McEnroe** as he aims for a Wimbledon title...and you won't want to miss the second story in our **Fan's Guide to Soccer** series....There will be much more in July **SPORT**, too.

## SPORT QUIZ

Answers from page 60

Ans. 1—c. 2—a. 3—a-3, b-1, c-2. 4—True. Al Lopez holds the major-league record, playing in 1,918 games between 1928 and '47. 5—Ted Simmons, St. Louis Cardinals. 6—b (20). 7—c. 8—a (2.51—holds N.L. record). 9—c. with Texas vs. Oakland, June 21, 1976. 10—b (.353 in 1974). 11—Jose Cardenal, Philadelphia Phillies. 12—a (with Cleveland Indians, 1941, 32 doubles, 20 triples, 24 home runs). 13—a-2, b-3, c-1. 14—b. 15—a (won in 1968 and '75). 16—b. 17—c (in 1977). 18—Baseball Commissioner Bowie Kuhn. 19—a-2, b-3, c-1. 20—Ty Cobb (left) and Mickey Mantle.

## PHOTO CREDITS

Dorothy Alfa—5 (2). Martin Blumenthal—16 (middle left). Cliff Boutelle—101 (right 3). Joe DiMaggio/JoAnne Kalish—48 (left), 94 (3). 95. Kevin Fitzgerald—16 (far left). Lewis Franck—60 (bottom left & right). George Gajkovich—76 (bottom left). Fred Kaplan—70 (background), 73. Jerry Liebman—37. Peter Mecca—2 (middle bottom), 12-13 (4). Ron Modra—100, 101 (left), 104. Marvin Newman—59. Darryl Norenberg—70 (inset). Rich Pilling—16 (right). Al Satterwhite—98. Phil Singerman—57. Carl Skalak Jr./Opticom—2 (bottom), 10. Dave Sutton—58. UPI—8, 16 (left), 41, 48 (right), 60 (top left and right), 76 (top). Wide World—74, 76 (bottom right).



# *Alive with pleasure!* **Newport**



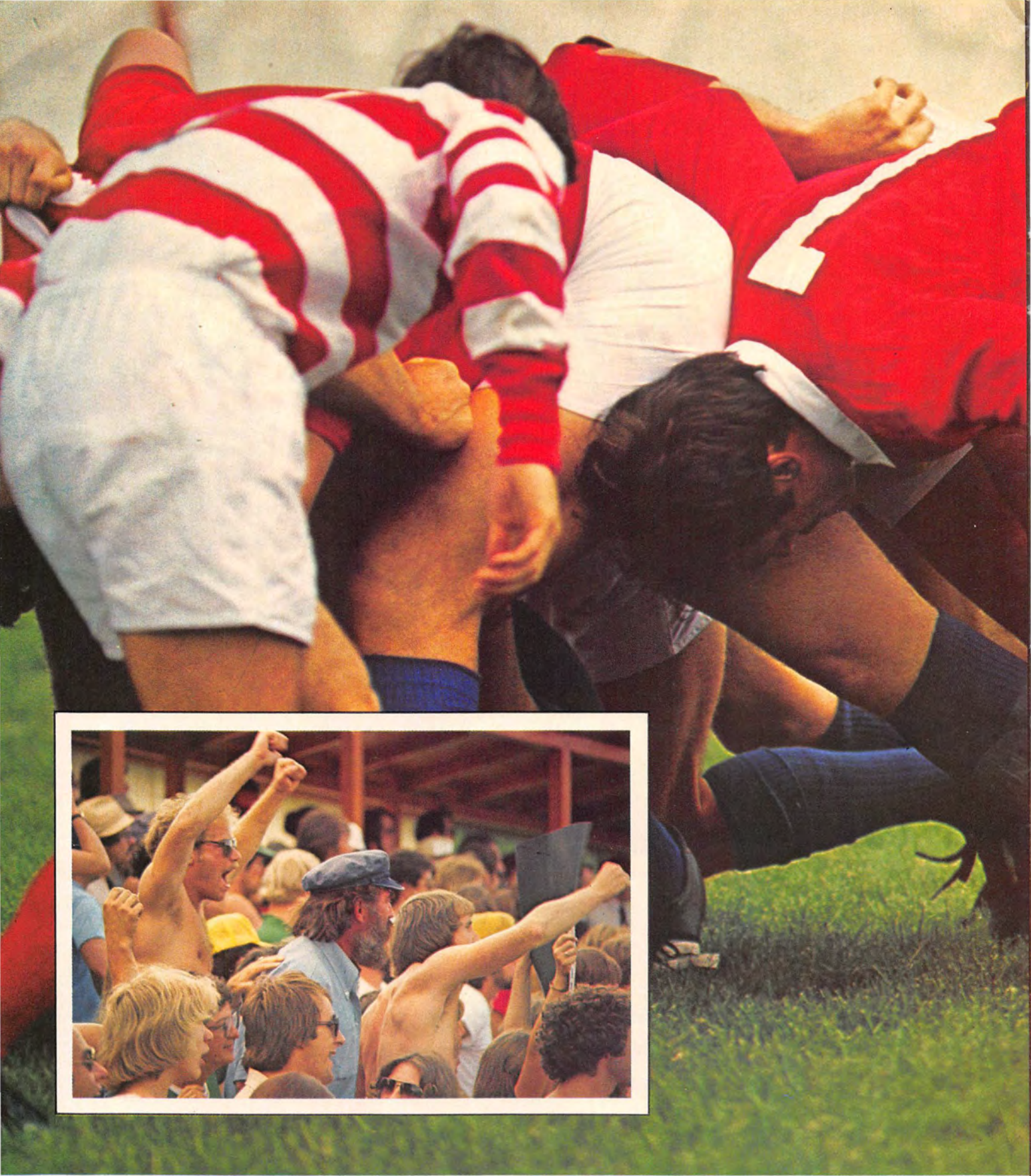
*After all, if smoking  
isn't a pleasure,  
why bother?*



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Box: 17 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine; Kings: 18 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine;  
100's: 19 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May 1978.





*Rugby fans and players from all over the U.S. converged to root for the American national team, the Eagles, against Canada. The spectators rejoiced as the Eagle forwards (above in solid-red shirts) dominated the push-and-shove scrums that are vital to ball possession. The majority of U.S. ruggers, like Tom Klein at right, took up the sport while in college.*





## "Give Blood, Play Rugby"

For the first time, the U.S. National Rugby Side won an international match—by employing the finer points of scruming, rucking and mauling

---

Text by CLARK DeLEON  
Photographs by  
PETER and JACK MECCA

---

**I**t is Memorial Day weekend and a line of cars snakes down the curving driveway of the athletic complex at Towson State University in Maryland. Out-of-state bumper stickers proclaim such slogans as "Give blood, play rugby," "It takes leather balls to play rugby," "Ruggers—the scrum of the earth." Hundreds of rugby fans and players from all over the country have assembled, hoping to witness the U.S. National Rugby Side, the Eagles, upset Canada. The Eagles have never won an international match and since joining the international rugby fraternity in January 1976, have lost to Australia, France, England and Canada. The







Eagles have to start beating teams like Canada before they can seriously contend internationally.

Weekends such as this remind American players that they are pioneers: Rugby is still a cult sport in the United States, although it is the national sport in countries like Wales and South Africa, and it is considered the largest purely amateur sport in the world.

The loosey-goosey atmosphere of the ruggerfest is absent from the practice field where the Eagles, whose players have been selected from clubs throughout the country, cluster around their two coaches, Ken Wood and George Betzler, and get instructions for tomorrow's

match against Canada. Wood and Betzler have been given three days in which to mold the eight forwards and seven backs that constitute a rugby side (team) into a cohesive unit.

Canada beat the Eagles' forwards the last time they played. Since it is the forwards whose basic job is to win possession of the ball in the "scrums," "rucks" and "mauls" and get the ball to the backs, coach Betzler drills the forwards mercilessly for hours in the finer points of scrumming, rucking and mauling.

The most common restarting point in a rugby game—the equivalent to a faceoff in hockey—is the set scrum, in which the forwards of both teams line up opposite

each other and then bind and clutch one another, trying to push the other team off the ball when it is thrown into the middle of the scrum. Each side's "hooker" will then kick at the ball and attempt to get it through the forest of legs to his scrum half, who is lurking about the melee.

Rugby is somewhat a combination of football, basketball and soccer. It has the hard-nosed tackling of football and opportunities for open-field running, although no blocking is allowed. As in basketball, there are frequent opportunities for quick passes, but they must be lateral, not forward passes. In one rugby attack, the ball may be handled by as many as 15 different players, who continue passing





the ball to open men in hopes of breaking through the defense. Like soccer, rugby is a free-flowing game—play stops only when the ball goes out of bounds, a penalty is called or there is a score. When a man is tackled in rugby, he must release the ball, and if the ball falls to the ground, opposing players will shove and fight for it in what is called a loose scrum or ruck. (A “maul” occurs when at least three players from both sides close around the ballhandler and vie for the ball.) Once possession is won in a ruck, the ball is passed out to the backs who advance the ball by running, passing or kicking.

Game day dawns cloudy, foggy and

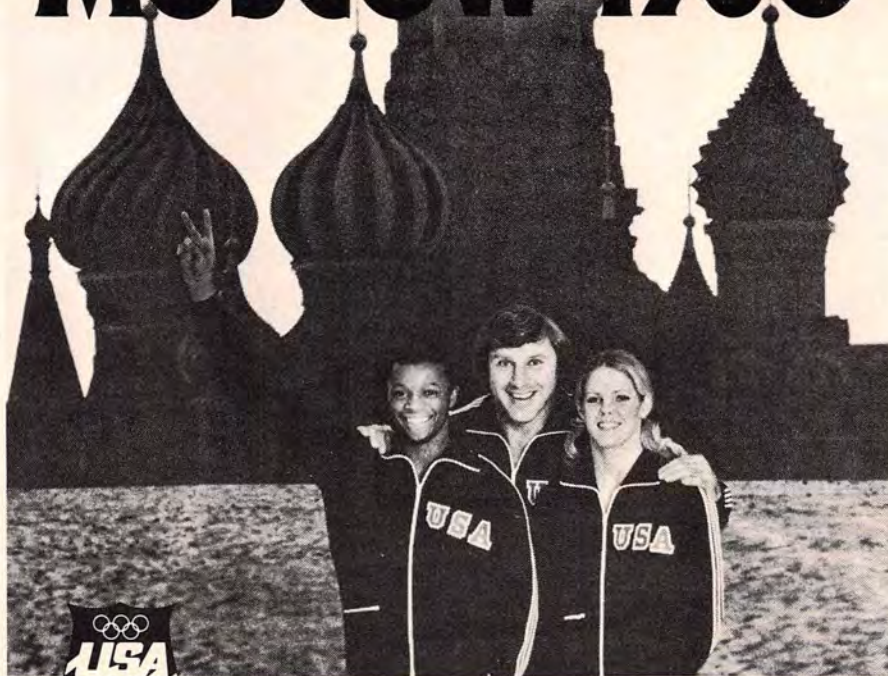
cool. “This is wonderful,” says Eagle forward Tom Klein as he walks toward a Howard Johnson’s for breakfast. Klein is rooting for the clouds today because heat takes a dreadful toll in a game in which substitutions are made only for injuries.

Klein, like most American rugby players, took up the sport in college. After playing running back for the football team at Amos Alonzo Stagg High School in Stockton, Cal., Klein switched to outside linebacker during his freshman year at Stanford. He started dabbling with rugby during the off-season, and within two years had decided to focus exclusively on the sport. “I’m a very competitive person,” he says. “One of my biggest rea-

*Scenes from the game: At top, rugger veteran Mickey Ording catches his breath during a brief pause in the virtually nonstop action; a Canadian forward taps the ball to start play from out of bounds. In the bottom series, the two sides begin to set up for a scrum, an Eagle is hit by an open-field tackle, and a Canadian back passes off to start an offensive attack. Above, Klein plants a victory kiss on Eagle captain Clarence “Mad Dog” Culpepper.*



# MOSCOW 1980



Make tax-deductible check payable to U.S. Olympic Committee, P.O. Box 1980-P, Cathedral Station, Boston, MA 02118

## Rugby

sons for retiring from football was the realization that I wasn't going to excel in the Pac 8. I was too small to play the middle and I couldn't keep up with the fast backs on the outside."

At 6-feet-2 and 195 pounds, Klein is just about the ideal size for a rugby wing forward who must be able to mix it up with the opposing forwards in the loose rucks and mauls, and then break away to help the backs once they get possession. The wing forward's job is to be wherever the ball is—whether offense or defense. It is a task—considering the 110-by-75 yard dimensions of the field—that requires an almost unattainable level of fitness.

Two hours after Klein's pregame meal, a crowd of perhaps 2,000 bruised—and for the most part hungover—rugby player-fans begins to filter into Burdick Field. They compare notes from the raucous night before:

"Was that you I saw last night?"

"Was I naked?"

"No."

"It wasn't me."

The Eagles kick off and it soon becomes evident that coach Betzler's hours of practice with the forwards has paid off, because the Eagles' pack is winning the ball in set scrums. The Eagle backs, although unable to penetrate the Canadian defense by running the ball, are gobbling up ground with long accurate kicks out of bounds, much like coffin corner kicks in football. The crowd begins to chant "EA. . . GLES, EA. . . GLES." At halftime the Eagles lead 9-4. It is the first time the U.S. has led at halftime during any of their international matches.

There are no marching bands or majorettes performing during halftime. There is just a five minute break, enough time for the players to switch ends of the field, take a couple of mouthfuls of water and hear a few words from the coaches. The crowd is treated to a raffle drawing and the winner gets a case of Canadian Club.

The two teams exchange penalty kicks in the second half and the U.S. goes on to win, 12-7. At the final whistle, the ruggers in the stands are on their feet cheering, raising half-empty Canadian Club bottles in a salute to the Eagles and then rushing onto the field. A conga line forms led by a bearded trombone player wearing an Indiana rugby T-shirt. He leads the procession through the middle of the crowd, picking up more dancers on the way. The line weaves its way around a beer truck and circles back around the goal posts as the trombonist plays a song by Chicago called "Beginnings."

CLARK DeLEON is a columnist for the Philadelphia *Inquirer* who has played rugby for the Whitmarsh Rugby Club for ten years.

## Without your help, we can't afford to win.

# SPORT

## SUBSCRIBER SERVICES

**Change of Address:** Please attach mailing label from this magazine and write in your new address below. 6-8 weeks advance notice is needed.

**Renewal:** 12 issues for \$5.94. Check the box below and attach mailing label.

**New Subscription:** 12 issues for \$5.94. Check the box below and write in your name and address.

**Mailing List Name Removal:** We occasionally make our mailing list available to organizations whose offers we believe might be of interest. If you do not wish to receive any mailings from companies not affiliated with Charter Publishing Company, please check the box below and attach your mailing label.

**Complaints:** For duplicate issues, late delivery or any other problems, attach label and send details to the address below.

For QUICK action call our toll-free number  
**800-247-5470** (Excluding Alaska and Hawaii.  
In Iowa call **800-532-1272**). Please have your  
magazine or bill handy.

FCP 3

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE

ZIP

Mail to:

**Sport**

P.O. Box 5016,

Des Moines, Iowa 50306

- ☐ Change of Address  
☐ Renewal ☐ New Subscription  
☐ Payment enclosed ☐ Bill me later  
☐ Please remove my name from your rental list

ATTACH MAILING LABEL HERE



[illegible]

Buy Cruex now — and use the coupon below to send for your “Coupon for Jocks” Booklet.

© PENNALT CORPORATION 1979

\* Based on \$120 in cash rebates and mail order discounts worth \$130 as compared to manufacturers' suggested retail price.

## City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_



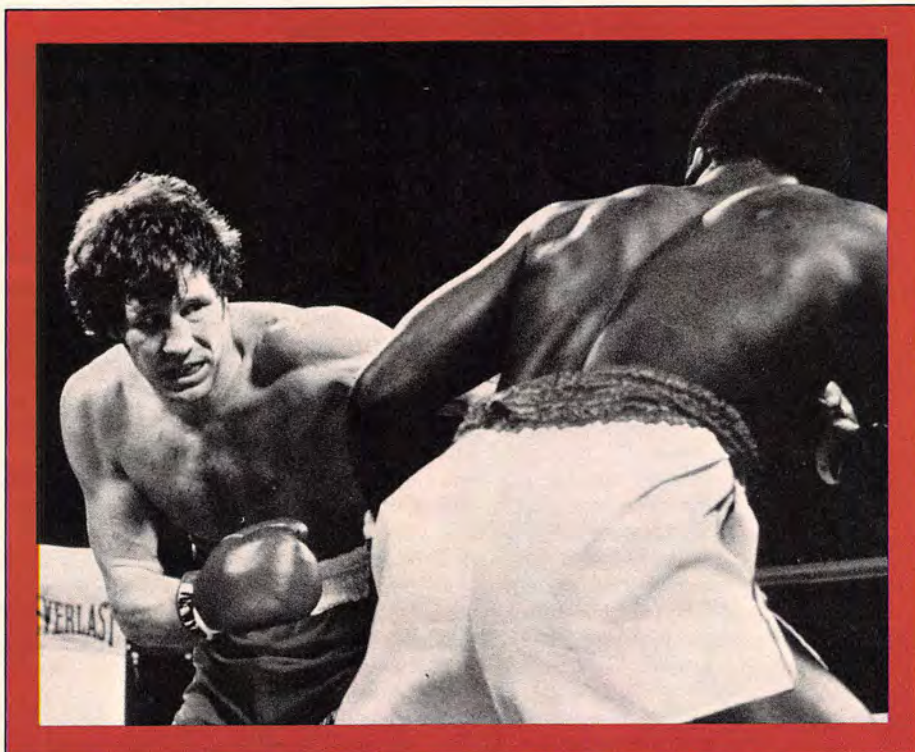
# The Opponent Within

**A**fter 50 professional heavy-weight fights, he still looked and sounded like Huck Finn. The red hair was thick and curly, the clear skin lightly freckled and unmarked; the voice twanged with mid-western melody. Only the expression in Duane Bobick's brown eyes gave a hint of trouble.

Sitting on his bed in the Indianapolis Hilton a few hours before his fight with Big John Tate, Bobick was talking about

the despair he had felt after being knocked out by Kallie Knoetze, the South African rogue cop, in the third round in Johannesburg back in February 1978. Going into that fight, he had lost only one professional fight in 41, a humiliating first-round knockout by Ken Norton on prime-time TV. "Still," Bobick was saying softly, "I had never been lower in my life than after the Knoetze fight. You see, for some reason I've always had this deep fear of dying, and I realized that I hadn't ever accomplished anything really important in my life, not *really* important." He smiled seriously, as though for emphasis. "And it looked like I wasn't ever going to get another chance. But I knew that if I quit, I'd never accomplish anything."

He spoke also of the death of his brother Rodney, also a heavyweight boxer, in an automobile crash on a Minnesota highway two weeks after the Norton fight. "That really confused me. Rodney was really struggling inside himself to become a better person, and just when it seemed as though he was



After a grueling comeback, heavyweight Duane Bobick was a contender again instead of a "bum." Then he discovered that his toughest fight must be with himself

By SAM TOPEROFF

changing, he was killed, just like that. I couldn't figure it out. Still can't. It didn't seem fair." Then the face, as open as a prairie, broke into a wider, gentler smile. He said, "But life goes on, doesn't it?" He closed his eyes and rotated his head in circles in an attempt to loosen his neck muscles.

Duane Bobick didn't quit, and clever management and hard work had brought him once again to the brink of an important championship fight.

And so he was in Indianapolis for what promised to be a very tough fight with Big John Tate, a youngster from Knoxville, Tenn. whose dream is "to become as good as Joe Louis."

The result of their match is now well known. Once again Duane Bobick had looked totally inept in a big fight, this time before a worldwide television audience. He looked defenseless almost from the opening bell. On his face, even before he had been hit cleanly, was that same fearful expression the cameras had caught when Ken Norton had finished him within one minute two years earlier. Now, after 2:16 of the first round, referee George DeFabis stopped the fight because, "Duane wasn't making any effort to defend himself against Tate." He was, in fact, utterly helpless and defeated on the ropes in a neutral corner, not merely beaten for the third time in a 51-fight profes-

*Defenseless against Tate (above), Bobick evoked pity from cut-man Pete Tomez and manager Dave Wolf (right).*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARL SKALAK, JR./OPTICOM







# Ordering Delco-GM sound with your new GM car can offer you a lot of stereo options.

Great sounding AM-FM stereos with a selection of features. Like 8-track, Cassette, CB, Digital Display. And the remarkable Delco ETR (Electronically Tuned Receiver). A wide choice is yours.

And that sound!

Your new GM car and Delco-GM sound systems are made for each other. Made by Delco's experts in automotive sound. The result is that ear-pleasing "Delco-GM sound." You've got to experience it to believe it. So insist on Delco-GM when you order your new GM car.

Check your Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick or Cadillac dealer for model availability. Whichever you choose, you'll like what you hear.



Electronically Tuned Receiver (ETR)  
AM/FM stereo with cassette



AM/FM stereo for Citation,  
Phoenix, Omega, Skylark



AM/FM stereo with cassette

**MADE  
FOR  
EACH  
OTHER.**

**Delco GM**

Delco Electronics Division  
General Motors Corporation

## Duane Bobick

sional career, but humiliated once again.

One way—the simplest and most popular way—of understanding what happened to Duane Bobick in the ring against Tate is simply to dismiss him as a bum, as an overrated white hope who showed his true colors against Teofilo Stevenson in the '72 Olympics, against Norton, Knoetze and now Tate. And certainly those results bear out the premise. To the people who have known Duane Bobick, who have spanned the years with him, that simple answer will never wash: They have seen too many examples of his commitment and courage, have been through too many of the tough times and seen him come back from the absolute depths.

No, the full explanation of what crippled him in the ring in Indianapolis is buried much deeper. Something other than the fighter had failed.

There have always been those people in the world who disparage the dreams of others, whose cynical approach to life is justified by the failures of the dreamers. Boxing is full of such men, and it is an especially cruel sport precisely because it is built on the hopes and efforts of young men reaching for golden rings. Going up, the steps are "prospect," "contender," "champ," and it is usually a long, brutal climb; only a very few can reach the top and stay there. As long as you're on the way up in the fight game, there's plenty of support. Coming down, you fall fast and usually alone: Immediately after becoming an "opponent" you're a "has-been" and very soon after that a "bum." This is the dark underside of the fighter's dream that Duane Bobick must peer into now.

Some of the disparagers of the dream had been bad-mouthing Duane Bobick in his absence from Gleason's Gym one afternoon about two weeks before the Tate fight. Managers, trainers, boxing writers, go-fers and old-timers barely hanging in there: They're a tough, cynical bunch these gray denizens of New York's boxing trenches. And Gleason's, with walls fading and paint peeling off the metal ceiling, years of smoke and sweat and linament hanging in the musty air, is their command post. The boys were unanimous in their negative appraisal of Bobick. (They didn't mind being quoted, they said, but they didn't like the idea of having their names used.)

"Overrated right from the go," says a gray little man, a manager who has a white-hope heavyweight he'd like to move as far along as the fighter he was putting down. "Look at that record. Totally manufactured. Who's he ever beat?"

"Norton finished him as a fighter. Made the guy gun-shy. He blinks even

when he spars, he's so scared of gettin' hit," is the verdict of an ex-club fighter with a symphony of facial tics.

The final nail is driven by the dean of Gleason's, a dour 70-year-old trainer with a face straight out of central casting: "He ain't got no potato." And the old man punches his own chin softly and rolls his head back. "You can never change the potato. If the legs are weak, you run a fighter. Stomach's weak, work him with a medicine ball. Bad manager, get him a new one. Bad woman, find another. But if you ain't got the potato, that's that. Look for another business."

Don't get them wrong, the "boys" at Gleason's say, Bobick's a real nice kid, he'll probably do real good in another business, he just ain't a fighter no more.

The fighter being thus discarded had won 98 out of 99 amateur and pro fights before the Norton loss, including one-sided victories over current WBC heavy-weight champ Larry Holmes and two-time Olympic champion Teofilo Stevenson; had run off 38 consecutive victories at the start of his professional career, a record topped among the heavyweights only by Rocky Marciano and George Foreman; was only 28 years old, in the best physical condition of his life, and coming into the Tate fight with eight consecutive knockouts. There are very few sports—or professions, for that matter—where someone with such a record can be so easily dismissed.

It cannot be denied, however, that Duane Bobick's career has been better known for the rare but stunning losses than for the many triumphs. One reason is that when he loses, he loses big and right out there for the world to see. In the '72 Olympics, Bobick was battered and knocked down two times by Stevenson before the referee stopped the bout in the third round. It was a fight Bobick was supposed to win because a year earlier he had won a unanimous 5-0 decision over the Cuban at the Pan-American Games at Cali, Colombia. Then, after turning pro and beating every opponent he faced, Bobick went in the first minute of the Norton fight. At that point in his career, most of the public wrote him off.

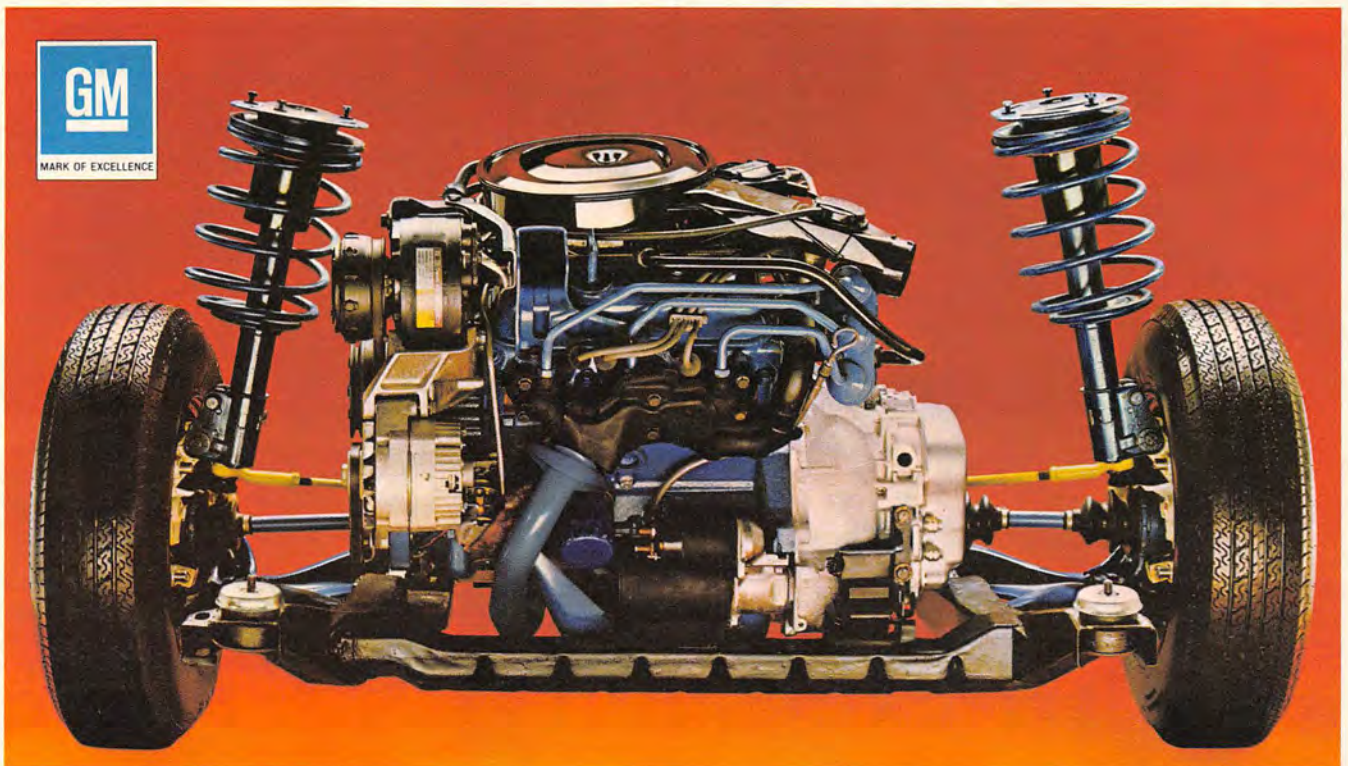
Ironically, few people saw the fight Bobick himself identified—before the Tate disaster—as the personal, professional low point in his life: The third-round knockout by Knoetze (overhand right to the "potato") in Johannesburg when Bobick was in the process of making a comeback after the Norton debacle. The loss to the South African was a crushing, unexpected defeat. Even people in his own camp gave up on him.

Joe Frazier, the former champ, had bought Bobick's contract from Denver millionaire sportsman Billy Daniels late in 1975 and guided Bobick smartly into the top rankings and an eventual championship fight if he got by Norton. A win



# GM's New Front-Wheel-Drive Cars

With a host of standard features including **transverse-mounted engine, MacPherson Strut suspension, rack-and-pinion steering, front disc brakes, radial tires and more.**



The above photograph contains a remarkable story. It is the heart of the new front-wheel-drive Chevrolet Citation, Pontiac Phoenix, Oldsmobile Omega and Buick Skylark. And it has a number of features that are standard equipment.

**Transverse-mounted engine.**

Because the engine sits sideways, we can reduce overall length, yet design a car with plenty of room for passengers and luggage. The one you see here is the available V-6, a 4-cylinder engine is standard. (These GM-built engines are produced by various divisions. See your dealer for details.)

**MacPherson Strut front suspension.** Helps us design a roomier passenger compartment.

**Rack-and-pinion steering.** Offers quick, easy response.

**Front disc brakes.** A new low-drag design with audible wear indicators.

**Radial tires.** A new design with a special rubber compound to lower rolling resistance even more than "conventional" radials.

**Delco Freedom® battery.** Maintenance-free, never needs water.

**Maintenance-free wheel bearings.** Completely sealed bearing assemblies are preset for precise clearance and lubed for life.

**And more.** The aforementioned features are just some of the standard items you get on these exciting new front-wheel-drive cars. You also get others like self-adjusting brakes, carpeted passenger compartment, Body by Fisher construction and many more.

**Take a test drive.** If you've never driven a car with front-wheel drive before, we're convinced our front-runners for the '80s offer you a great, new and rewarding experience.

If you have driven front-wheel-drive cars before, well—these are about to bring something brand-new to the ball game.

Look into buying or leasing at your GM dealers today.

## GM's Front-Runners for the '80s.

**Chevrolet Citation, Pontiac Phoenix, Oldsmobile Omega, Buick Skylark.**



## Duane Bobick

there, and Ali would have to give the white hope his shot. After the quick Norton knockout, however, Frazier lost interest in his tarnished heavyweight and began to think seriously about coming back himself. When Knoetze dispatched Bobick, trainer Eddie Futch left South Africa immediately to work with Frazier in the States. The message was easy to read: Bobick was working for people who simply didn't believe in him any longer.

At age 27, Bobick found himself on the rock bottom of the world, 12,000 miles from his home in Minnesota, with a painfully busted marriage, his confidence shattered and his professional future all but terminated.

About those dark South African days Bobick says, carefully choosing his words, "I almost quit, but something told me that I *still* hadn't given boxing my best shot. I knew that unless I did, I'd probably be a quitter for the rest of my life."

It was then that Bobick discovered personal resources he didn't know he had: "I suddenly became more aware of a real core of belief in myself. I also realized that I'd been a machine through most of my boxing career. That's when I decided to be myself." Most importantly, he discovered who his true friends were.

Murphy Griffith, Emile Griffith's uncle, shaves his head so closely that, given his piercing eyes and bony cheeks, he resembles a brown skull. Ten years ago Chief Petty Officer Griffith met 18-year-old, Quartermaster Third-Class Duane Bobick at the West Coast Navy championships. Griffith was coaching the boxing team and had only one week to shape up the raw heavyweight. Bobick cake-walked over the competition and, under Griffith's tutelage, learned and honed his boxing skills until he won the Pan-American Games championship in '71. Naturally, when Duane turned pro, he insisted that "Griff" be a member of the team. After 31 years in the Navy, Murphy Griffith retired and joined the Bobick crew, but not as the head trainer.

Working under ring-wise professionals like Chickie Ferrara and then Eddie Futch, Griff became little more than an equipment man. Asked why he stayed on when he had no significant position with the fighter, Griffith answers in a Virgin Islands' lilt: "I stay because I believe in Duane. And after so many years in the Navy, you learn to follow orders."

After the Knoetze loss and the exodus from the sinking Bobick ship, Griff was still there. True Friend number one.

Also remaining loyal to the fighter was David Wolf, an escaped sportswriter best known for Connie Hawkins' biography, *Foul*. Back in 1972 Wolf had done an article for *SPORT* on Olympic contender

**Guaranteed To Last Longer**

**RAIN DANCE**  
PASTE CAR WAX  
Keeps on Beading and Shining  
Rain after Rain, Wash after Wash.  
**Guaranteed**  
Watertight Guarantee  
NET WT. 14 OZ.  
Special Applicator Enclosed

**Guaranteed To Last Longer**

**RAIN DANCE**  
CAR WAX  
Keeps on Beading and Shining  
Rain after Rain, Wash after Wash.  
**Guaranteed**  
Watertight Guarantee  
16 FL OZ (1 PT)

**Rain Dance® lasts longer than the leading car waxes.**

**Water beading proves it.  
DuPont guarantees it.**

Rain Dance® is guaranteed to shine longer, to bead water longer, to last longer. It's the car wax with the watertight guarantee.

**DU PONT**

**GUARANTEE:** "RAIN DANCE" is guaranteed to keep on beading and shining longer than the leading liquid or paste waxes. If not completely satisfied, return unused portion to B-4233, DuPont Company, Wilmington, DE 19898, for full refund of actual purchase price and postage.



Bobick and in the process the two men had become friends.

Throughout the fighter's pro career, the canny Wolf was always available to advise Bobick on personal matters, to represent him in negotiations, to handle publicity and the press—to do all a wise and knowledgeable friend can do. Wolf was there after the painful defeat to Norton, and he was still there after Knoetze. True Friend number two.

After a painful soul searching, the three men decided to put together a small, do-it-yourself boxing operation. Fighter—Duane Bobick; trainer—Murphy Griffith; manager—David Wolf. It took around \$20,000 to buy out of the Frazier contract.

As the manager of record, Wolf said, holding forth like a bullfrog on a lily pad, "I discovered that I was decidedly overeducated [B.A. Wisconsin, M.A. Columbia] and woefully underqualified for the job. Every time I sat down to talk business with promoters, they looked at me strangely, like I was going to start quoting Toynbee. So I had to feel my way along, mostly by trial and error and with the help of a few friends in the business."

Wolf made two significant decisions that met with the approval of fighter and trainer. First, Bobick's career would have to be rebuilt from the bottom up. That meant fighting for very little money in tank towns ("Palookaville" in boxing parlance), trying to run off a string of knockout victories. For a fighter who had been at the gates to the championship, ranked as high as fourth in the world and paid \$250,000 for the Norton fight, taking on an "opponent" in Nanuet, N.Y. for a \$5,500 purse was a test of dedication.

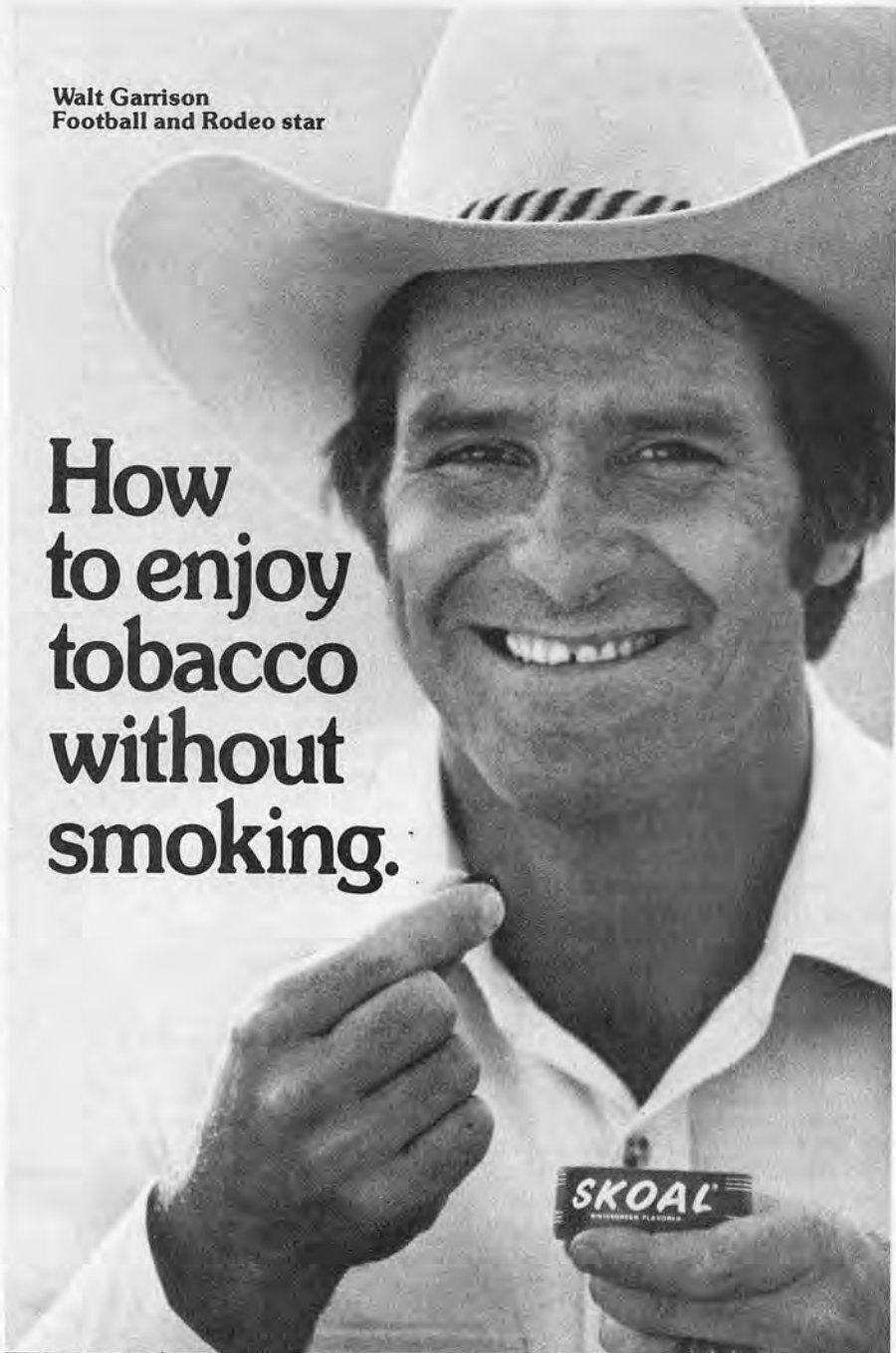
Bobick's comeback year has been a replay of those montage scenes from 1930's Hollywood fight films, where the blending images of a locomotive and the name of a small town culminate in a newspaper sportspage and the headline BOBICK KO's LOCAL HERO. In his real-life montage, the towns have been Hampton, Va.; Jacksonville, Fla.; Spartanburg, S.C.; the local heroes were John "Speedy" Jordan, Tom Nickson, Henry "Bulldog" Patterson.

The second managerial decision was even tougher and more demanding: In addition to remaking the fighter's reputation, the three men decided to physically and mentally remake the fighter, and to do so in a manner that had never been attempted before in boxing. The transformation began in June 1978 with a complete medical examination at Dr. Norbert Sander's Preventive and Sports Medicine Center in New York City.

Rarely has a boxer been so scrupulously and scientifically examined. Among the six single-spaced pages of medical esoterica in his analysis—such as, "the extrapolated maximum oxygen consumption was 49 ml. per kilo per minute"—Dr. Sander believed he discovered

**Walt Garrison**  
Football and Rodeo star

## How to enjoy tobacco without smoking.



**Free.** Just fill out this coupon, send it in and we'll send you a can of mild Happy Days, one of America's favorite "smokeless tobaccos." My brand is Skoal. But, if you're just starting out, I'd suggest easygoing Happy Days. It's so easy to enjoy. Just a pinch of mint flavored Happy Days between your cheek and gum gives you real tobacco pleasure without lighting up. And each can is dated for freshness.

Yes, send me my free can of Happy Days.  
Fill out and send to: "Smokeless Tobacco"  
100 W. Putnam Ave., Dept. SP 069,  
Greenwich, Conn. 06830



Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_  
State \_\_\_\_\_  
Zip \_\_\_\_\_

**Smokeless tobacco. A pinch is all it takes.**

© 1979 U.S. Tobacco Company. Offer not available to minors. Limited to one sampling per family.



## Duane Bobick

some very important and applicable information. Most significant was Bobick's level of fitness and his best fighting weight. The Balke treadmill stress test had to be terminated because Bobick reached "the volitional maximal level determined by the participant"—in other words, Bobick quit. Sander interpreted his performance as follows: "On a fitness classification of 1 to 8 for athletes, you are on the level of 5." The doctor also determined that Bobick's percentage of body fat was a rather high 22 percent and suggested that it be brought below 16 percent. This jibed with the fact that the 6-foot-3 Bobick has done his best fighting below 210. (He weighed 205 when he whipped Stevenson and about the same when he beat Larry Holmes.)

In order to become a lighter though stronger and more agile fighter, Bobick began a program of daily running, not merely the boxer's traditional six or seven miles, but running at a seven-minute per mile average. The fighter also began a flexibility program with the center's exercise leader, Malissa Avildsen; massage with Dr. Michail Roitman, a former trainer of the 1972 Russian Olympic team; and regular 45-minute sessions on Nautilus weight machines under the guidance of therapist Tony Meduri at the Sports Training Institute. "This stretching and Nautilus training," Meduri explained, "should not only help Duane absorb a punch, they'll make him much more fluid and tougher to hit. At least, that's what I'll be looking for in the first round of the fight."

At the posh, gray-carpeted east side New York fitness center, Bobick hobnobbed with shapely ladies in leotards and sweat-suited executives fighting the battle of the bulge. Although the gregarious fighter fit easily into this social world, his training sessions were severe. The toughest exercises were on the "four-way neck machine," which even-

tually added almost two inches to his neck, which was supposed to help him absorb those overhand rights on the "potato."

All this training was done *in addition* to the normal fighter's preparations which Bobick did daily at Gleason's. The heavy-bag and light-bag speed work, the jump-roping and shadowboxing, the hundreds of tough sparring rounds were done each day after the Nautilus training. Bobick was correct when he said, "There aren't many fighters who've made the sacrifices I've made to get back."

The boys at Gleason's, however, were not unimpressed. Fighters have been training in roughly the same way since the Greeks started hitting one another over 3,000 years ago, so it is no surprise that the boys thought weight training and stretching and a fancy medical team was nonsense. "Gimmick" was the appraisal of a wizened trainer who spit out his cigar stub with his judgment.

Colonel Jerry "Ace" Miller, the professional good ole boy who was managing and supervising the training of John Tate down in Knoxville, was only a little kinder when talking about Bobick's approach: "The stuff sounds awful sophisticated. Boxin's real simple. You kin fight or you can't fight. My boy kin fight."

In January, five weeks before the Tate showdown, Griffith and Bobick secluded themselves in the idyllic mountain community of Beaumont, Cal. The fight was too important to allow any distractions. Twice a week there was a four-hour drive to and from San Diego to work on the nearest Nautilus machines. Ms. Avildsen and Dr. Roitman flew in for exercise and massage; Marty Monroe, a tall, fast-fisted heavyweight *a la* John Tate, seemed the perfect sparring partner.

When Wolf, having taken care of most of the Indianapolis business and prefight arrangements, arrived in Beaumont, nothing seemed to have been overlooked. The finest scientific minds and techniques that money could buy had been employed. Bobick was down to 207 pounds and the paunch and chest flab he had carried even in his winning fights against Chuck Wepner and Scott Ledoux were gone. Even his personal life was stabilized, thanks to his new wife, Denise.

During his closed sparring sessions in Indianapolis the week of the fight, he picked off more punches than anyone could remember; his hand speed was improved, especially the jab; his movement, while never outstanding, was better too. Bobick was ready, and he knew he was ready. In the camp there was a genuine feeling of confidence.

Some sense of exactly how confident

the Bobick people were can be gleaned from how much Perfecto "Chico" Segura laid on the line. On temporary leave from his recreation job with the city of Las Cruces, N.M., this experienced and highly-respected boxing man had slipped into the Tate camp to spy for his old pal, Murphy Griffith (it's the sort of thing that's done in boxing all the time). After watching both fighters work, Segura decided, "There's no way in the world Bobick can lose," and agreed to become Bobick's assistant trainer. Segura willingly gave up his regular job and future pension benefits in order to throw in with a fighter so transformed and ready that a championship was a real possibility.

And then the fight.

At the bell, Big John Tate stormed out and bombed away with less-than-artistic overhand rights. Almost immediately Bobick's face contorted into a grimace of utter helplessness and capitulation. He never made any real attempt to escape, to slip punches, or even to tie up his opponent. He showed nothing of the long months of difficult preparation, or the skill he had displayed in sparring sessions, or the courage it had taken to make the climb from the rock bottom of the Knoetze defeat. There in the ring—and on millions of TV screens—was a fighter paralyzed, reverting suddenly to the pathetic "bum" the boys in Gleason's had thrown away.

At the counter of the hotel coffee shop the morning after the fight, Murphy Griffith was still confused but he had come to at least a tentative understanding: "The man was ready, I know that for a fact. An' I know the man can fight, 'cause I seen him lots of times. But some'ting in his head—some'ting I don't understand—come over him. Maybe when the pressure is on, he begin to doubt himself."

Another clue to Bobick's problem is the article Dave Wolf wrote seven years ago for *SPORT*. In it, Wolf described the beginning of a fight against a Russian Olympian that Duane eventually won easily, but in retrospect the story's insights seem prophetic: "But the Bobick who entered the ring was not the glib, cocky youngster of the previous night. . . . Bobick's movements seemed stiff and mechanical."

"At the bell, Bobick's features twisted into a pained grimace. He looked like a little boy struggling not to cry. 'My body just won't relax sometimes,' he admitted later. 'I can't let it go.'"

Surprisingly, very few of the boys in Gleason's were gloating over the Tate debacle, and it is unusual for these assassins to be so restrained. A retired boxing writer explained the phenomenon: "You see, some of these guys saw a fighter who was *afraid* in the ring, and Bobick had once been a guy who showed a lot of guts. Even these old cynics know better than to go after a guy when that happens."



*After the Tate fight, which could have led to a championship bout, Bobick was consoled by his wife Denise.*





# If you drive a van, pickup or 4x4, this picture is worth a thousand words.

## A few well-chosen words about the new Monroe-Magnum®.

As you can plainly see, the new Monroe-Magnum® is almost twice as big as the standard one-inch shock on the left. That means Monroe-Magnum has a bigger bore. Bigger piston. And almost twice as much oil capacity. Now, draw your own conclusion. Which

shock will give your truck or van a firmer, more stable ride?

## Here's an offer that also speaks for itself.

We think that, either on or off the road, no standard shock built measures up to the Monroe-Magnum. And we're backing that with this special offer: "If in 60 days you don't agree four Monroe-Magnums give you the best ride you've

ever had, Monroe will replace them, no charge, with any comparably priced shocks." Offer extended to October 31, 1979. See your Monroe dealer for details.

**AMERICA RIDES MONROE®**

Monroe Auto Equipment  
Division of Tenneco Automotive





## RUN FASTER!

Regardless of your present running speed, I will show you how YOU can run faster. **GREAT SPEED** for sports, or for sprint competition. No gimmicks and nothing else to buy. Guaranteed results. Send \$3.00, plus name and address to: **SPEED RESEARCH**, Box 343, Napoleon, Ohio 43545



**Skinny, can't compete. Win... gain pounds, inches, confidence.**

Too skinny because you don't eat right? Wate-On's calories can help fill-out, shape your entire body. Vitamins, minerals, energy nutrients, too. Wate-On works, pleasantly and naturally. Users report gains of 5-10-15 pounds and more. Wate-On, at drug stores. Liquid, tablets, bars, tonic. Regular and Super strengths.

**Shape a new you.**

**Wate-On®**



## An Atlas Body? In 7 days

my method of **DYNAMIC-TENSION** starts giving you results that you feel and your friends will notice. Big, useful muscles. Gain pounds in weight where needed. Lose "pot belly." Send me your name and address for my 32-page book—FREE.

**CHARLES ATLAS**

49 West 23rd St.,  
New York, N.Y. 10010  
Dept. F167



## MARKET PLACE

For ad rates—Classified, 100 E. Ohio, Chicago 80611

### OF INTEREST TO ALL

★ **GENUINE INDIAN AND GOLD JEWELRY BELOW WHOLE-SALE!** Details \$2.00. (Refundable). Lange-CIMG, 6031 N. 7th St., Phoenix, Ariz. 85014.

★ **PAYING \$15-\$70!** for gold class rings, wedding bands! Ship: Sciuto, Box 953-C, Lawrence, MA 01842.

★ **POEMS SET TO MUSIC!** Nashville Music Productions, Box 40001-MG, Nashville, TN 37204.

### BARGAINS—CATALOGS

★ **FIREWORKS!** Over 100 items. Top quality, lowest prices. Catalogue 50¢. Pyro-Sonic Devices, Box 711-M, Grand Haven, MI 49417.

### EDUCATION—HOME STUDY

★ **LOCKSMITH REVEALS SECRETS:** Tools, Locks, Techniques, clearly explained. List \$1.00 refundable. Locksmith, Box 42226, Portland, OR 97242.

### OF INTEREST TO MEN

★ **BEAT THE CASINOS!** Now you can easily win at Craps! Free details. Stickman, Box 8466-A6, Orange, CA 92667.

### BUSINESS—MONEY MAKING

★ **BIG PROFITS!** In becoming a supplier to major industry through electroplating, small parts and metalizing non-metallics. Write for free particulars: Mason, Room MC-196-IE, 1512 Jarvis, Chicago, IL 60626.

★ **\$480 WEEKLY!** Home Mailing Program. Alltime, Box 25131-MR, Tamarac, FL 33320.

★ **BEAT THE RACES!** Free Booklet! "Unlimited Lifetime Income from Thoroughbreds—Harness". Elias, Box 47-Q, Brooklyn, NY 11219.

★ **\$250 PROFIT/THOUSAND POSSIBLE!** Stuffing-Mailing Envelopes! Offer: stamped addressed envelope. Universal A-G 6/79, X16180, Ft. Lauderdale 33318.

★ **\$480.00 WEEKLY!** Unique Mailing Program. Free Details: Monterey, P.O. Box 33147-T, Coon Rapids, MN 55433.

### SLEEP LEARNING—HYPNOTISM

★ **SLEEP-LEARNING—HYPNOTISM!** Strange catalog free! Autosuggestion, Box 24-PT, Olympia, Washington.

★ **HYPNOTISM REVEALED!** Free Illustrated Details: Powers, 12015 Sherman Road, North Hollywood, CA 91605.

### PERSONAL—MISCELLANEOUS

★ **ARE YOU LONELY?** Descriptions, photographs. Men, Women. \$1.50. Ladysmith, Box 5686CA, Lighthouse Point, FL 33064.

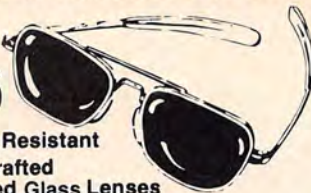
★ **BEAUTIFUL MEXICAN GIRLS** will write you! Free photos, information. "Latins", Box 1716-SM, Chula Vista, CA 92012.

★ **CONFIDENTIAL INTRODUCTIONS.** Write: Golden West Club, Box 785-D, San Fernando, CA 91340.

## INVENTORY ADJUSTMENT SPECIAL!

## PILOT'S GLASSES AT UNBELIEVABLE PRICES!

**ONLY \$6.95**



- Impact Resistant
- Handcrafted
- Polished Glass Lenses
- Hardened Metal Frames
- Money Back Guarantee

To order, send check or money order (include \$1.00 for postage and handling) to U.S. Optics, Dept. 325, P.O. Box 14206 Atlanta, GA 30324. (Please specify gold or silver frames.) **SPECIAL:** Order now and get TWO PAIR for \$13 plus one dollar handling charge.

**FREE! During this limited offer.**

Deluxe velour lined protective case. A \$3.00 value.

**LIMITED OFFER FROM U.S. OPTICS**

## Sport Goes Shopping...



### Putt-er there, golf pal!

Congratulations—you made it to the green with so few strokes. Now, use this happy-go-lucky, stymie marker to make sure you properly replace your ball when it's your turn for that precious, score-saving putt. Four-leaf clover of stainless steel is engraved with golfer's name. \$5 each. Elgin Engraving Co., Dept. SM6, 940 Edwards Ave., Dundee, IL 60118.



### Sweet spot!

Personalized golf balls—the perfect gift for golfers! Any name (up to 18 letters) imprinted on professional quality balls. Long-hitting solid state construction, tough, cut resistant covers for a good game. Print name, please. 2-3 weeks delivery. Set of 6, \$7.98. Set of 12, \$12.98. Ppd. Walter Drake, SP49 Drake Bldg., Colorado Springs, CO 80940.

## Duane Bobick

It was true. It was fear that paralyzed Duane Bobick in the ring, and some of the boys in Gleason's know that if that can happen to Bobick, it can happen to anyone—even one of their fighters.

For now, Duane Bobick's future is unsure. First, he will receive a neurological examination, including a brain scan to make certain that there has been no damage. Second, he and Wolf must decide whether or not Bobick should continue boxing. Should they decide to try again, they might hit the rocky road back to Palookaville, fighting local heroes in an attempt to win back some credibility. But should he manage to fight back into contention, there is no assurance that Bobick wouldn't freeze again in the first round of the next fight that really mattered.

Another possibility is to become an "opponent," a former contender other fighters would like to add to their victory lists. And if Bobick can master the demon that paralyzed him against Tate, some of the world's better heavyweights might be in for a big surprise. But, at this stage of the game, that is an unlikely "if."

Griffith and Wolf have spoken of hypnosis as a possible short-term solution to break the vicious cycle of the fear that appears during the pressure fights. "It's worked for other athletes," Wolf explains, "and at this point we've got to find some way to get Duane through the first round. If we can't solve the problem, there's no reason to go on."

Although hypnosis might modify his behavior in the ring and enable him to function, it wouldn't help Bobick deal with the source of the problem, which undoubtedly lies much deeper. It is probably buried in the wounds of childhood, some of which never heal and tend to leave many of us vulnerable at crucial moments in our lives. Everyone is afraid of something. That's one way we know we are human. When, however, our fears do not allow us to function—and that is precisely what happened to Duane Bobick in the ring at Indianapolis—it is necessary eventually to find the source of the problem and confront it.

Whatever personal wound is buried in this fine young man, it is buried so deeply that it will take more effort as a human being to dig it out and come to terms with it than Duane Bobick the fighter has ever been asked to make. It won't be on national TV, but it will be the biggest fight of his life. If he wins it, he'll be the champion of himself. Then there will be no need for requiems for this heavyweight. ■

**SAM TOPEROFF**, a professor at Hofstra U. and the author of seven novels, frequently writes about boxing.





CANADIAN WHISKY - A BLEND - EIGHTY PROOF • © 1979 SCHENLEY IMPORTS CO., N.Y., N.Y. CLOTHES: PAULINE TRIGÈRE/ANDRÉ OLIVER

Now that you've made it, **Mac** it.



**CANADIAN MacNAUGHTON**  
The lightest, smoothest Canadian  
you can buy.





*Danny Ongais, pulling on his flame-retardant balaclava (above right), signing autographs (opposite) and taking a cool-off lap in his 800-horsepower Champ-car "drives so hard," says ex-racer Dan Gurney, "sometimes you want to look the other way."*





# Danny Ongais Waits for No One

In just two seasons, this newcomer had dominated USAC racing because, says three-time Indy-winner Al Unser, "Danny just charges. Always"

By VIN GILLIGAN

**D**anny Ongais' 800-horsepower, \$150,000 Vel's-Parnelli racing car dangles from the back of a wrecker. An hour ago, Ongais had won the pole position by a huge margin for tomorrow's Mosport Park, Canada round of the United States Auto Club's Championship Series for Indianapolis-type cars. But while trying to go still faster, Ongais had crashed the Champ-car.

"I don't understand it," three-time Indianapolis-500 winner Al Unser says as he stands in the late afternoon sunshine examining the wreck. "Danny already had the pole locked up, but he was still out there flat flyin'. Wasn't leavin' no margins no where. No way any of us could have come anywhere near Danny's time."

The "us" Unser refers to includes most of the top drivers in America: Al and Bobby Unser, A.J. Foyt, Johnny Rutherford, Gordon Johncock and Tom Sneva, the fastest of whom was nearly three seconds slower than Ongais.

Al Unser smiles his wide southwestern grin and says, "Danny just does things different, I guess. I charge when there is something to be gained. Danny just charges. Always."

Ongais, a former motorcycle and drag racing star, has done nothing but charge since joining the USAC circuit in 1977. After making an abortive USAC debut—a horrific 185 mph, end-over-end crash in

which Ongais escaped injury—at the California 500 in September 1976, he joined the circuit full time at the beginning of the following year and since then made a greater impact than any new driver in USAC history.

Racing his first Indianapolis 500 in 1977, Ongais posted the fastest race lap (192 mph) ever recorded at the Speedway. This June '78 Mosport race marks the eighth time in ten races that Ongais has been the fastest qualifier. Over the span of 1977-78, Ongais has won more pole positions and led more laps than any other driver—and his six victories have tied him with Johnny Rutherford for most wins. In virtually every race he enters, Ongais does one of three things: He wins, drops out with mechanical problems while leading or crashes.

Former racing great Dan Gurney stands a few feet away from Unser and says, "Danny is scary to watch. He drives so hard that sometimes you want to look the other way. Brave is a word that drivers just don't use when describing other drivers. But in Danny Ongais' case you have to make an exception. Danny is brave. Very brave."

Danny Ongais emerges from the Mosport track control tower where he has been checked by doctors following his crash. He heads toward his Interscope Racing Team car sipping a Pepsi and walking with the springy step of a boxer. He does not look shaken after his crash, he looks relaxed, almost refreshed. He is a solid 5 feet 11, 175 pounds with a thick, well-developed chest and broad shoul-

ders that taper to a slim waist. His curly black hair is combed straight back and his face is round and dark. His expressive brown eyes are riveted straight ahead.

The crowd gathered around the car silently parts to let Ongais through and he takes a place at the side of his chief mechanic, Phil Casey. "You okay?" Casey asks without taking his eyes off the car.

"Sure, fine," Ongais says.

Casey nods toward the car he will have to work through the night repairing and asks, "Did you feel anything break?"

"Nah. . . car was perfect," Ongais says. "It was my fault. As I went faster, a little bump in turn eight became more of a factor and spun me off the road." Ongais' words are soft but free of apology.

"Danny?"

Ongais turns to face three journalists, pads and pencils poised.

"Would winning the pole have been as easy if Mario [Andretti] had been here?"

Ongais' face breaks into a rare, broad smile. "I'd like to think I'd be on the pole no matter who was here. But, Mario. . . whew, it would have been tough."

Ongais' respect for Andretti is apparent. And although he's relatively new to Champ-car racing, Ongais is one of the few drivers whose variety of experience even comes close to Andretti's (who has raced on every kind of track in every type of car).

Ongais began racing motorcycles in Hawaii in 1957, quickly establishing himself as one of the islands' top riders. In the 1960s, he rose to the pinnacle of Ameri-



# Aftate® for Athlete's Foot is better than Desenex.® Really better.

If you've got athlete's foot and you're still using Desenex, you should know that Aftate is better.

In independent studies, the medication in Aftate has been proven to be more effective in killing athlete's foot fungus than the medication in Desenex.

In fact, doctors recommend the medication in Aftate 14 to 1 over the medication in Desenex. 14 to 1.

Aftate is better than Desenex. Really better. It's the killer.

Read and follow label directions.



© Plough, Inc. 1979



## Trial size offer.

Enclosed is 50¢ (for materials, handling, postage) for one (1) .09 oz. Aftate Gel for Athlete's Foot, plus a coupon good for 25¢ off on my next store purchase of regular size Aftate products. Send to:

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_ APT. # \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

Mail to: Plough, Inc., P.O. Box 377, Dept. MC, Memphis, TN 38151. Tenn. residents add 7¢ sales tax. Offer good only in Continental U.S., Alaska and Hawaii. Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery. Offer expires Dec. 31, 1979.

## Danny Ongais

can drag racing by winning three National Championships, two Driver-of-the-Year titles and purses that ran to \$100,000 a year. He has raced sprint cars on dirt tracks and has set numerous world-speed records at the Bonneville Salt Flats.

In addition to USAC—and this season Ongais and most of his fellow drivers will be racing their Champ-cars under the sanction of CART, Championship Auto Racing Teams, not USAC—he has made initial forays into Grand Prix racing and he has competed in the 24 Hours of Daytona. Last March, driving a Turbo Porsche 935 with owner Ted Field and a third driver, Hurley Haywood, Ongais won the 24-Hour Pepsi Challenge in Daytona and his 109.249-mph average speed set a track record.

"Danny," says a reporter, "Dan Gurney said you are the one driver he considers truly brave. Do you think you're brave?"

Ongais looks sternly at the writer. "That's a silly question," he says. Then a smile spreads across his face. "Maybe I did consider myself brave a few months ago. During a testing session at Ontario [Raceway in California], I did a lap of 198 in the rain without rain tires."

I cannot help wondering if such a feat is grounds for compliment or commitment. The dry-track record at Ontario is 202 mph; driving an 800-horsepower racing car without rain tires on a wet track is tantamount to driving on ice.

A short, bespectacled writer asks, "Danny, would you clear up one thing? Where were you born?"

A silent Ongais stares fiercely at the writer, who instinctively takes one step backward. This is a typical Ongais response to a question about his personal life. In racing circles, Ongais' reticence is almost as legendary as his driving. "He's a strange one," a driver once told me. "Five of us would be having coffee at the Indy track restaurant and Danny would come in, look at us, and then go sit by himself. Nobody seems to know him or know much about him." Even the most basic biographical facts about Ongais remain clouded; the *New York Times* has reported his birthplace as Hawaii while CBS-TV has said Samoa. There are also conflicting reports as to his marital status and age, and his family background is virtually unknown.

Another reporter asks Ongais why he risked going faster when he had already won the Mosport pole position.

"We have a lot to learn about the car," he answers. "So we were doing testing aimed at future development." With that Ongais abruptly turns and walks into the relative privacy of the garage.

Ongais' answer reflects either ration-

alization or bad race-team management: Such testing should not be done less than 24 hours before a championship race for which there is no backup car entered. But Enzo Ferrari, the great Italian race-car builder, may offer an explanation. Ferrari makes the distinction between the rare, natural racing drivers and those who learn how to race. Ferrari wrote that one of the marks of the great born racing drivers is that they do not know *how* to go slow. Ongais is of this mold. When he is in a racing car, he is virtually incapable of laying back, of not going his fastest.

But Ongais has risen to the top not so much because of this quality as in spite of it. Modern racing is so expensive and so technically complex that "seat of the pants, balls to the wall" drivers are out of vogue. Favored now are the more calculating, conservative drivers who demand less of the car, take fewer chances, have fewer accidents and are therefore more likely to finish races.

Ongais, though, is uncompromising about his driving style. "I have my own definition of winning," he has said. "And it doesn't include driving around hoping that someone else breaks down." Indeed, Ongais waits for no one. He is a ferocious but uncannily skilled passer who at 200-plus mph darts cleanly through traffic. His concept of race strategy is simple: Go as fast as you can at all times.

But this spectacular style tends to be aggressive to the point of being counterproductive, especially on road courses. Ongais often overdrives corners with time-consuming (though wonderful to watch) slides. He manhandles a car through sections of track where a smoother style would permit optimal use of suspension and tires. There is a saying in racing for such aggressive drivers: "If they'd slow down, they'd go faster."

That evening, Ongais is in the Inter-scope Racing Team motorhome that is parked behind the pits. Through the window I can see Ongais changing out of his driving suit and chatting with Vel Miletich, one of the owners of the Parnelli cars. At my knock, Miletich opens the door and visibly winces. He sees a scruffy, 6-foot-2 man wearing a torn motorcycle jacket, Levi's and a three-day beard topped by a Red Sox cap.

"Is Danny here?" I ask.

"What do you want him for?" Miletich asks gruffly.

Before I can respond, Ongais emerges from the back of the motorhome and recognizes me, a writer he seems to tolerate more than most—possibly because, like himself, I used to race motorcycles.

"Danny, I've got to talk to you," I say.

Ongais, still hitching up his rust-colored jeans, looks resigned. He pulls on an orange polo shirt and steps into the cool evening. He moves his bare feet carefully on the gravel paddock. His face reflects discomfort.



"Look, Danny, I've never run into this before," I say. "I get conflicting reports on the most basic information about you. But when I ask you, you just clam up."

Ongais smiles sympathetically and says, "Hey, my personal life and my family have nothing to do with racing so I don't want to talk about them. It's not that I'm hiding anything, it's just that they are private people, not stories for some magazine."

There is a softness about Ongais' face, almost a vulnerability that seems incongruous on the face of the most ferocious racing driver in the world.

"But," Ongais says, "if you need some background for your story we can get my mother on the phone and talk to her."

I am surprised and touched by his gesture, but I realize that mothers are probably the least objective sources when it comes to their sons. "No, I don't want to bother your mother," I say.

"Then what do you want?" Ongais asks.

"I just want to find out why everything about you has to be such a damn mystery. I mean, I look in the USAC press book and it says 'bachelor' and then I find out you've got three kids, two of them college age. Why this mystery-man routine?"

Ongais' face flashes anger. "I'm not a mystery man," he snaps. "People call me that and I don't like it. I'm just a private person."

"Yeah, but you've chosen to live your life as a public figure," I say. "So why don't you just open up and get it over with before all those damn press guys drive you nuts."

Ongais says nothing. He stuffs his hands in his pockets and stares at the small stone he is pushing around with his bare foot. I wait in vain for an answer. Finally I say, "Danny, I just want to run some things by you before I use them. I made a bunch of calls to Hawaii and found a lot of things, even going way back to the way your grandfather spelled his name: U-N-G-A-Y."

Ongais looks up, surprised. He stares at me for a long moment and then says softly, "Let's go to the motorhome. We'll talk now."

Vel Miletich is still in the motorhome and I realize his presence would inhibit any conversation.

"Tomorrow would be better," I say.

Ongais smiles and says, "Okay, tomorrow."

The next morning, Ongais is in the garage where his crew is just finishing the repairs to his car. He is engaged in an intense, whispered conversation with Ted Field, a heavyset 26 year old who, with his full red beard and tortoise-rimmed glasses, exudes the air of an academician. Field founded Interscope Racing in 1975 and has since spent upward of four million dollars in racing, the bulk of which

has gone to financing the career of Danny Ongais. It is money he can well afford. Field has inherited a large portion of the Marshall-Field fortune, which consists of department stores, publishing and real-estate interests worth hundreds of millions of dollars.

Field became involved in racing at the same time Ongais was struggling to make the transition from drag racing to circuit racing. It is a difficult transition. Though both motorsports, they are as dissimilar as baseball and golf—both stick and ball games. While still a top drag racer, Ongais laid the groundwork for the switch by taking track-side jobs to familiarize himself with circuit racing. He got a close-up look at professional road racing by working as a liaison for Goodyear's European effort in 1967. While driving a factory-backed Ford dragster for the Vel's-Parnelli team, he worked as a crew member on the team's Indianapolis-car effort.

Ongais had hoped for a tryout in one of the team's USAC cars, but they already had Al Unser, Mario Andretti and Joe Leonard—three of the best and most experienced drivers in racing—so Ongais was never given the opportunity. In 1974 he bought a used Formula-5000 (similar to an Indy car) to drive in amateur races.

But he had little money and fewer prospects until he met Field. In 1975, Field began helping him in a small way, but was quickly impressed with Ongais' potential and determination. He was also impressed with Ongais' character. Field, like many people of means, had developed a sharp instinct for detecting people drawn to him by wealth and saw Ongais as a man whose personal honesty precluded crass opportunism.

Ongais' conversion from drag racing to track racing didn't take long, but it was expensive. His newly acquired, banzai racing style produced a succession of crashed cars, blown engines and large repair bills. His first two years with Field resulted in no wins and expenditures of about three-quarters of a million dollars. Ongais has said that he does not know where he'd be if it were not for Ted Field. He probably would be nowhere.

In such an expensive sport—where there are more good drivers than good rides—it is difficult to imagine any other team owner investing so much money in a driver already in his 30s, untried in circuit racing and prone to crashes. But Field's commitment to Ongais was more an act of faith than of logic. In sponsoring Ongais, Field acted less like a calculating team owner and more like a patron of the arts, helping a needy and neglected artist in whom he detected genius.

A photographer begins to line up a shot of Field and Ongais in their garage and the owner instinctively positions his back to the camera. Field is the only man in racing as reticent and publicity-shy as On-

# Aftate® for Jock Itch

## is better than Cruex® Really better.

If you've got jock itch and you're still using Cruex, you should know that Aftate is better.

Aftate's medication has been tested and found to be more effective than the medication in Cruex for killing jock itch fungus.

Aftate's powerful medication not only kills all major types of jock itch fungus, but also helps prevent reinfection.

For the relief of painful itching and chafing of jock itch, get Aftate.

It's the killer.

Read and follow label directions.



© Plough, Inc. 1979



### Trial size offer.

Enclosed is 50¢ (for materials, handling, postage) for one (1) .09 oz. Aftate Gel for Jock Itch, plus a coupon good for 25¢ off on my next store purchase of regular size Aftate products. Send to:

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_ APT. # \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

Mail to: Plough, Inc., P.O. Box 377, Dept. MC, Memphis, TN 38151. Tenn. residents add 2% sales tax. Offer good only in Continental U.S. Alaska and Hawaii. Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery. Offer expires Dec. 31, 1979.



## Danny Ongais

gais. Since auto racing has become so saturated with corporate sponsorships that it is now as much an advertising medium as it is a sport, a race-driver's skill in promoting himself is normally considered an important asset. While Ongais' attitude about publicity would have hurt him with any other team, it only served to strengthen his bond with Field.

Finished with his prerace responsibilities for a few hours, Ongais sits with legs crossed on a couch in the Interscope motorhome. The sunlight heightens the warm oranges of the interior and the curtains billow from the cool Canadian breezes. Ongais' face is set in a relaxed half-grin. "You really surprised me last night when you mentioned the original spelling of my name," he says. "You know the first time I found out about that? Two weeks ago."

Ongais is not very familiar with his father's side of the family. His father, who now owns a piano store in Hawaii, separated from his wife when Danny was still a child. Ongais and his brothers and sisters were brought up in humble circumstances by his mother.

Ongais slumps on the couch and stares at the ceiling, the grin still fixed on his face. "I see all this attention focused on drivers' personal lives," he says, "and I just don't see where it does anybody any good. At Indy they had newspaper stories about drivers' wives," he says, his grin giving way to a laugh. "What good does that do except maybe hurt a few guys with their girlfriends? Okay, I was married once, have three real good kids, but why

talk about them? Why get them involved in racing? Besides, I don't see any 'heroes' involved in racing that I would like for my son to say, 'Yeah, I'd like to be just like him.'"

I ask how he felt at Indianapolis when a photographer from the Honolulu *Advertiser* wanted him to pose with a lei, a pineapple and a Hawaiian flag. Ongais' smile collapses into a pained expression and he says, "I told him, 'Wait a minute, no way.' What do I have to do with a Hawaiian flag? I was born in Hawaii, but that's it. And besides, I've been called 'Pineapple' a couple of goddamn times and I don't like it."

Ongais resents the ethnic slur "Pineapple" and the constant association with Hawaii. "How long do I have to live in California before I'm not 'Hawaiian Danny Ongais' anymore? Hell, I've lived around Los Angeles for 16 years. When are reporters going to stop asking me about surfing and hula girls?"

The subject of Hawaii has transformed the normally laconic Ongais. His words now flow uninhibited in a tone that wavers between bitter and hurt. "You know what really pisses me off about Hawaii?" he says. "I win a few races in USAC and I'm out there at Indy and every radio, TV station and newspaper in Hawaii is calling me up, bothering me and telling me that they are claiming me as homegrown. Hell, when I lived there they treated me like a bum. 'Motorcycle' and 'drag racing' were dirty words and the politicians were always trying to close down the tracks and the police were raiding them. And now, after I've made it, those same people want to be buddy-buddy. Well, I'm not buying it."

"I'll throw another thing about Hawaii on you," he says. "I had done a little sports car racing there before I left. A few years ago, I needed the people in the sports car club there to sign a paper verifying that experience, but none of those

buggers would sign. They just said, 'Hey, we don't remember you.' Bull! They didn't want to remember. Those sports-car guys were a bunch of snooty phonies—you know, driving Jaguars and smoking pipes. They thought guys like me were dirt."

Ongais looks surprised when I ask him about his stint in the Army. After a long pause he says, "Well, I was in the Army for two years, but for my own reasons that's one thing I just kind of omitted from my biography. Back in the '60s I didn't want to get wrapped up in all that 'hawks' and 'doves' and Dow Chemical stuff, so I just kind of wrote it off."

Ongais may have another reason for writing it off. If he was born May 21, 1942, as his biography states, and if he began racing motorcycles after his hitch in the Army, as his father states, then Ongais would have been inducted into the Army at 14. His father puts his son's age at over 40. But taking liberties with one's age is common among race drivers.

Ongais leans back, shakes his head and begins laughing to himself. He stops abruptly and sits bolt upright. "You know what I really can't stand? All those press guys trying to psychoanalyze me. I don't like that kind of prying. The only thing I need to know about someone is, do I trust him? Is he loyal? I don't like questioning things; I don't like to keep saying why? What if? If I did, I probably wouldn't be a racing driver."

"Look, I do what I do because it's fun," Ongais says. "I know it's not the most humanitarian thing I could be doing, but it's what I like. Race driving is more than a job. It's what I am. It's a 24-hour-a-day, 365-day-a-year involvement. I have a little apartment, I drive a stock Ford van, and when I have a little spare time, I go ride my Montesa [a motocross motorcycle] up in the hills. Outside of racing, that's kind of it."

There is a loud knock on the motorhome door and Al Unser bursts in carrying his drivers suit.

"HULLO DANNA!" Unser booms in his Albuquerque twang. "Mind if I change in here? Can't find a damn private place nowhere, man."

Two hours later, Danny Ongais sits strapped in his rebuilt car as he awaits the start of the race. His expression is one that in my nine-year involvement with racing, I have rarely seen on the face of a driver about to start. Ongais looks calm, serene, complete. As I watch him, Karl Wallenda's words go through my mind: "Life is when I'm on the high wire. Everything else is waiting." Ongais presses a button and the 800-horsepower engine fires to life. For Danny Ongais, the wait is over. ■

*Co-driving a Turbo Porsche, Ongais, Ted Field(center)and Hurley Haywood(right) won the 24 Hours of Daytona this year.*



Ex-motorcycle racer VIN GILLIGAN has been involved with managing Formula 5000 racing cars.



# FREE

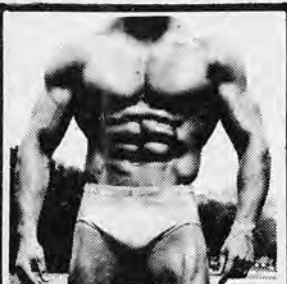
## Booklet

**SEE YOUR MUSCLES  
GROW DAY BY DAY!**

**YOU'LL PUT ON INCHES OF  
POWERFUL MUSCLES  
ON YOUR BODY!**

**TAKE  
YOUR CHOICE!  
You Can Do This...**

- BUILD POWERFUL MUSCLES....FAST!
- LOSE FAT!
- GAIN MUSCULAR WEIGHT!
- DOUBLE OR TRIPLE YOUR STRENGTH!
- TRIM YOUR WAIST!
- FEEL BETTER



**Shape-Up, Get  
that waistline  
down and  
muscularize it!**

**GET INTO SHAPE**

**LIKE MORE FACTS?**

We'll be glad to send you free colorful brochures and even a free booklet. All you have to do is send us your name and address.

Our New System will develop muscles so fantastic that your muscles and strength will seem to be almost Super-Human! Thousands have doubled or tripled their strength while following our unique methods. It is actually possible to have everyday muscular growth while following our body-building system! Imagine what you could accomplish while following our methods? Regardless of the shape you're in, **WE CAN IMPROVE YOUR BODY 100%!** Your own friends won't recognize your body when we get done with it. **FANTASTIC, BUT TRUE!**

This system is actually 200 to 300% more effective in muscle-building than any form of isometrics. Don't confuse this method with any form of isometrics — this is a 'full-contractional' body-building system. Full Contractional Methods enable you to obtain a **FULL MUSCLE PUMP** — which is absolutely necessary in muscular growth. Our methods leave nothing to chance — our system develops your body **TOTALLY!**



**SKINNY?  
MUSCLES WILL  
APPEAR ...  
ALMOST LIKE  
MAGIC!**



**FAT?  
FAT WILL  
DISAPPEAR —  
REPLACED BY  
MUSCLES!**



**YOUR NEW  
MUSCLES WILL  
FEEL LIKE  
DYNAMITE!**

**BE GREAT-BE SOMEBODY SPECIAL!**

Improve your health, self-confidence and your outlook on life as you become more muscular. Regardless of your age, height or present build, we'll help you build a fabulous body!



# No-Hassle Hisle

The Milwaukee outfielder is one of baseball's best run producers and a notoriously nice guy. "He's the kind of player," says his manager, "kids should look up to"

By BOB WISCHNIA

In baseball, the term "free agent" has become synonymous with overpriced underachievers. Major league rosters are littered with them. But there have been exceptions. After eight unheralded years, Larry Hisle became a free agent, signed with Milwaukee in 1978 and led the Brewers to their best season as the key man in their challenge to the Yankees and Red Sox. In just that one season, Hisle became known as that rarity: A Free Agent Who Paid Off.

It is quite extraordinary to hear baseball people say Hisle is worth the \$3.2 million the Brewers spent to sign him, but the 6-2, 195-pound, 32-year-old outfielder had the finest season of any free agent ever. He was the Brewers' Most Valuable Player and third in the American League MVP voting. He tied for second in the league in home runs (34), third in RBIs (115) and was second in slugging percentage (.533). With runners in scoring position, Hisle batted .297, had 28 home runs and 104 RBIs. Coming to bat in situations where the score was tied, he produced eight home runs and a .303 average. Thirteen times he drove in the winning run.

Another former free agent, Milwaukee captain Sal Bando, says, "I know what Larry went through last year with the free-agent thing. It is very difficult playing under all the pressure of a big contract because the fans never let you forget

agent signs one of those big contracts, there's a tendency to think they've got to do more than they've done in the past. If Pete Rose says, 'I've got to play like a million-dollar ballplayer,' he'll be in trouble.

"A free agent gets a lot of money for two reasons: He either plays the game very well or he draws fans to the park. Pete Rose and Reggie Jackson bring people to the park better than anybody. People come out just to see them play. Personally, there are only two people who come just to see me play—my wife Sheila and my son Larry—but I'm the type who helps make the Brewers a better team, and the fans pay to see the team.

"You know, it's funny because last year was the first time I ever experienced any attention," Hisle continued, "and it was all due to the contract. I'm glad that's all over with because the interviews were mainly centered around the money—I found that somewhat disheartening. This sounds awful, but the money has meant very little. The only thing I bought was a new lens for one of my cameras.

"My son is seven years old and he hears things in school, that his daddy is rich now, but it's very important to me that he doesn't learn what I signed for. The other day he asked, 'Daddy, how much money do you have in the bank?' I said, 'How much do you think I have?'

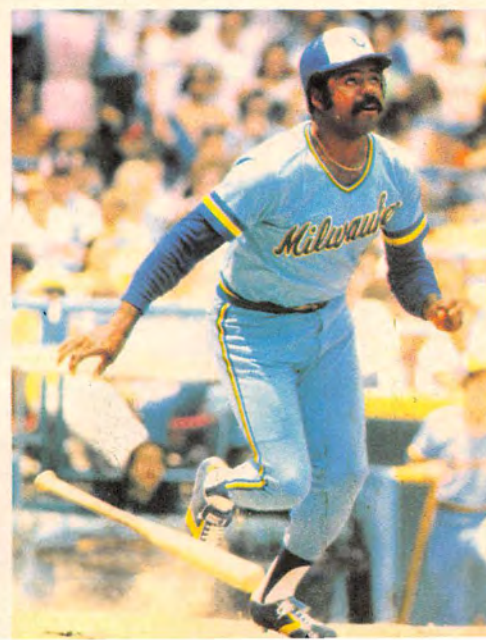
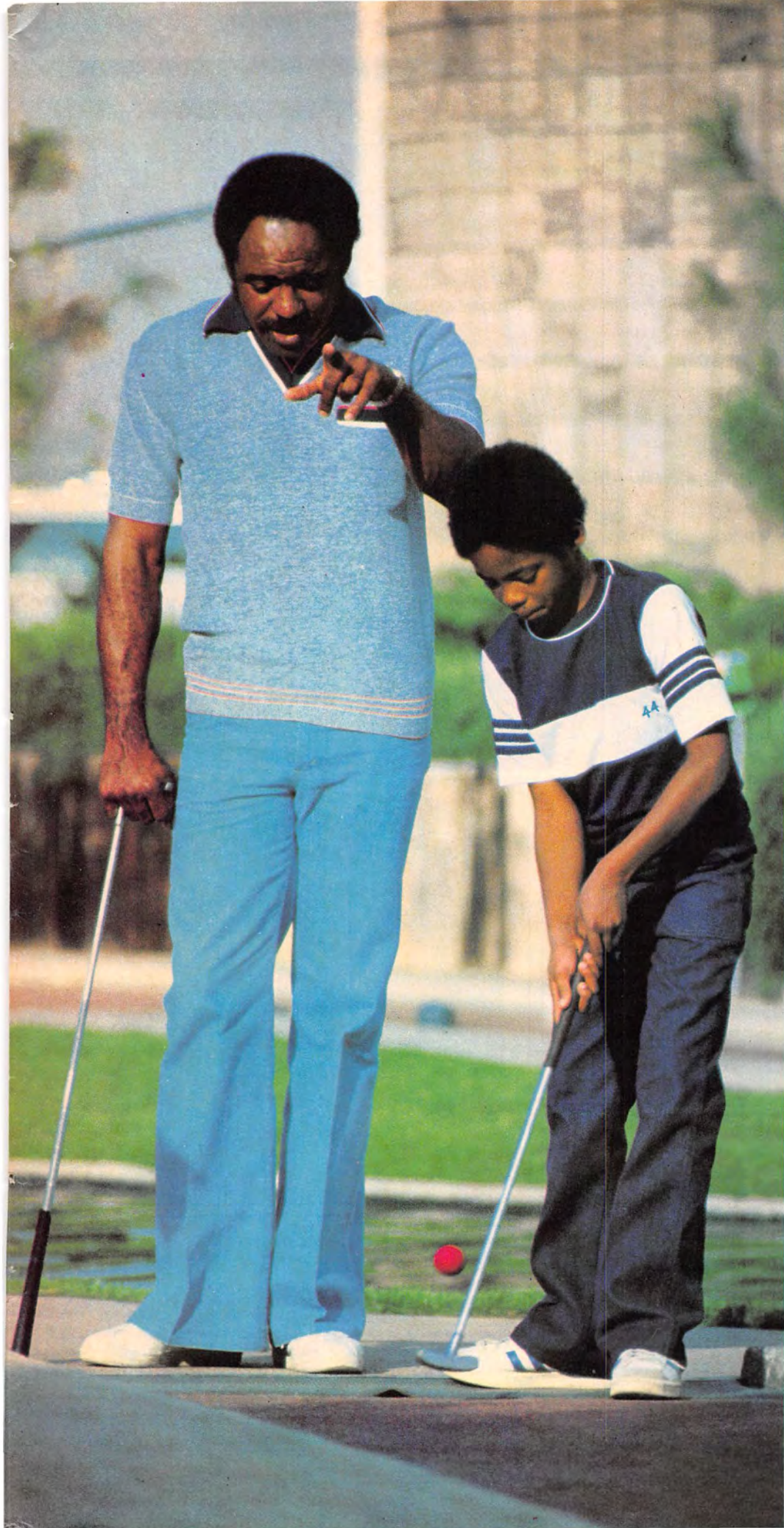
His reply was, '\$200.' I said, 'Well, you're close.' I wouldn't be honest if I didn't say the money makes me happy, but I am somewhat embarrassed by it."

Only a few days ago, Hisle had been digging his non-superstar Buick Regal out of a snowbank in Mequon, Wis., where he lives. He regards the city as another key to his success. "One of the reasons I chose Milwaukee," he said, "was I felt I could relax there and not be bothered too much off the field as I might have been in New York, Texas or Los Angeles. I know Lyman Bostock—who I was very close to—had a difficult time at first adjusting to the constant attention in L.A. I'm the type of person who would just as soon remain unnoticed, and I felt if I could, it would be to my advantage. When I look at myself in the mirror, I see a low-key person—Milwaukee fits my personality. I'm not very excitable and neither are the people in the Midwest."

Unquestionably the highlight of 1978 for the Brewers was a three-game sweep of the Yankees. In the first game of the series, Hisle hit two home runs off Ron Guidry, who lost for the first time all year.

*Family man Hisle go-carts (below) and putts (right) with budding young athlete Larry Jr., age seven. On the opposite page, Hisle demonstrates his run-producing swing.*

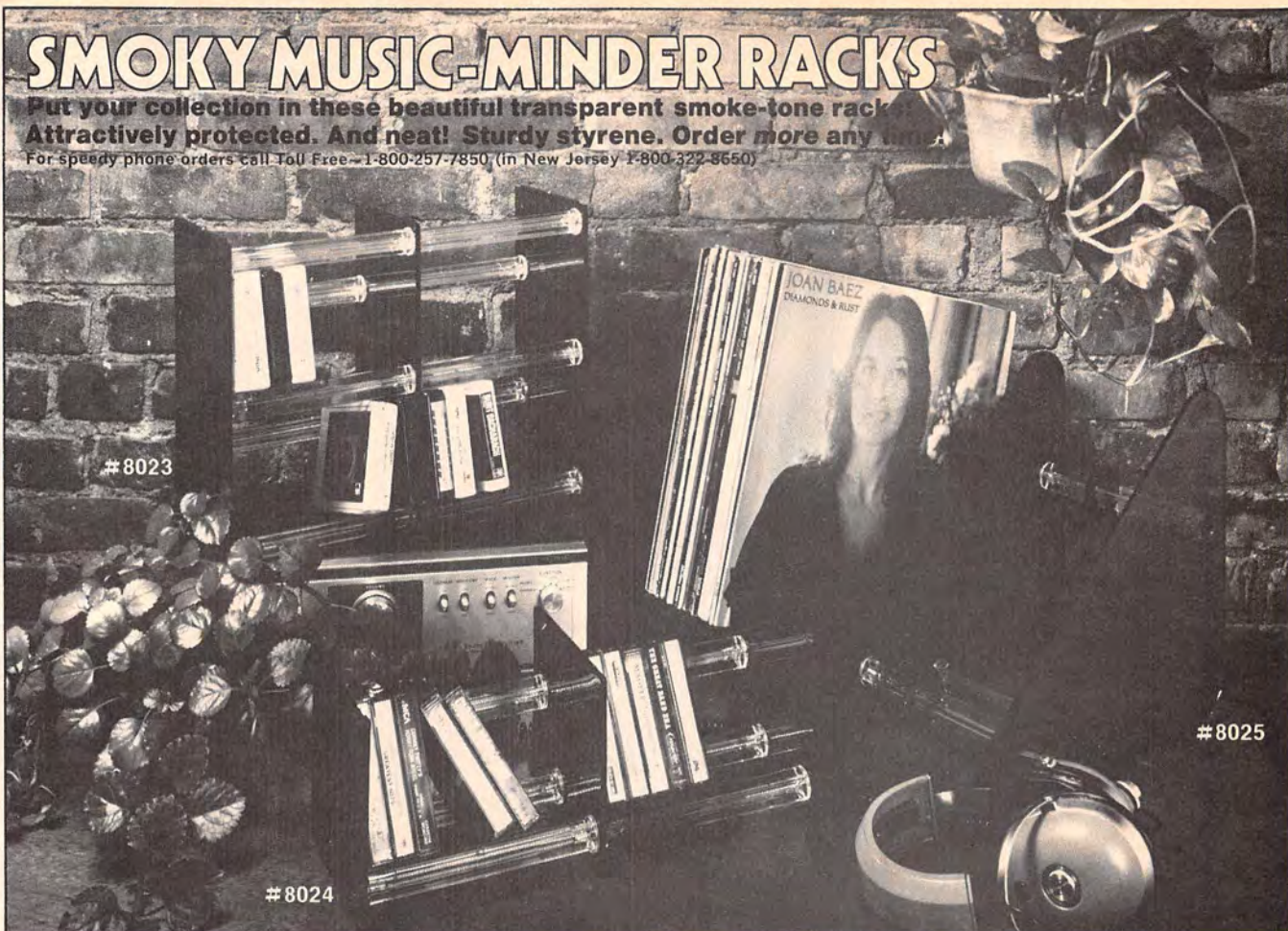






# SMOKY MUSIC-MINDER RACKS

Put your collection in these beautiful transparent smoke-tone racks. Attractively protected. And neat! Sturdy styrene. Order more any time. For speedy phone orders call Toll Free 1-800-257-7850 (in New Jersey 1-800-322-8650).



#8023

#8024

#8025



## #8025 Record Rack

Slants 100 albums for easy selection. Rod lock-rings will hug just a few records. Add extra racks as your collection grows. Great for books or magazines, too! 14½"W x 11½"H x 13¼"D. \$16.95



## #8024 Cassette Rack

The 2-compartment unit (below) holds 20 cassettes angled on grooved rods. Stackable, two will fit flush beside one 8-track tape unit. 14½"W x 6"H x 5¾"D. \$9.95



**#8023 8-Track Tape Rack**  
Basic 4-compartment unit (below) tilts 32 tapes on rods for pick and play ease. Add up or side by side. Fits sideways with cassette units. 14½"W x 11½"H x 5¾"D. \$16.95

The Charter Guild Ltd., Dept. 952  
1419 West Fifth Street, Wilton, Iowa 52778  
Please rush Smoky Music Minders as noted! Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.

\_\_\_\_\_ # 8023 8-Track Tape Rack(s) . . . @ \$16.95 plus \$1.35 P&H  
\_\_\_\_\_ # 8024 Cassette Rack(s) . . . . . @ \$ 9.95 plus \$1.15 P&H  
\_\_\_\_\_ # 8025 Record Rack(s) . . . . . @ \$16.95 plus \$1.35 P&H

Enclosed is \$ \_\_\_\_\_ (N.Y. & Iowa add sales tax.) Charge:

☐ Money Order ☐ Check ☐ Visa ☐ Master Charge ☐ American Express

Interbank # \_\_\_\_\_ Card # \_\_\_\_\_ Exp. date \_\_\_\_\_

Signature \_\_\_\_\_

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

STREET \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_



# Exclusive! The **SPORT** shirt and shorts.



**For jogging, softball, biking, racquet games, volleyball, or doing absolutely nothing at all.**

Now, SPORT offers you custom-designed shirts and shorts. The handsome red accents on white give you the look of a winner. And the blend of cotton and polyester helps you keep your cool even in really hot weather. Both shirt and shorts are designed for maximum comfort and maximum absorbency, full cut to American sizes, with action-easy elasticized waist for the shorts.

Shirts come in men's sizes small (34-36), medium (38-40), large (42-44), X-large (44-46). Companion sizes for the shorts are men's X-small (24-26), small (28-30), medium (32-34), large (36-38), with X-large (40-42) available. We also offer the shirt in boy's medium (size 10-12) and large (14-16), for the younger males of the family. Most women will be well fitted by ordering their shirts and shorts in the smaller men's sizes.

Specially priced, for SPORT magazine readers, the shirts are \$4.50 each; the matching *all-purpose* shorts are \$4.50 a pair. Please add \$.40 per item for postage and handling. To order yours today, fill out the coupon below and send check or money order to CHARTER GUILD, Dept. 950, 1419 West Fifth Street, Wilton, Iowa 52778. At this attractive price, order extras—for yourself, for a gift, for the family team!

**CHARTER GUILD, Dept. 950**  
1419 West Fifth Street  
Wilton, Iowa 52778

Please indicate size and quantity desired (consult paragraph two above for women's sizes):

#7974 SPORT Tee Shirt (s)  
@ \$4.50 plus \$.40 p&h \$ \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_ Men's small \_\_\_\_\_ med. \_\_\_\_\_ large  
\_\_\_\_\_ X-large \_\_\_\_\_ Boy's med. \_\_\_\_\_ Boy's large  
#7975 SPORT All-Purpose Shorts  
@ \$4.50 plus \$.40 p&h \$ \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_ Men's X-small \_\_\_\_\_ small \_\_\_\_\_ med.  
\_\_\_\_\_ large \_\_\_\_\_ X-large  
Add sales tax (N.Y. & Iowa) \$ \_\_\_\_\_  
Total enclosed \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_  
State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_



## Larry Hisle

The next night Hisle tied the game with one home run and won it with another off Rich Gossage.

"There's no question that 1978 was my most satisfying year," Hisle said, then adding, characteristically, "but the most enjoyable aspect was how well our team did." In their ten-year history the Brewers had never even come close to playing .500, but in 1978 they won 93 times and finished only six and a half games out of first place. As manager George Bamberger resolutely says, "Larry was the key."

Before he signed his multiyear, million-dollar contract, Larry Hisle had batted over .300 twice in five years with the Twins, and in 1977 hit 28 home runs and drove in a league-leading 119 runs. Yet on Calvin Griffith's tight payroll the most Hisle ever made was \$64,000. When Hisle declined a Twins' contract offer made in the spring of '77, Griffith cut his salary the maximum 20 percent. Still, Hisle wasn't so sure he wanted to test himself on the free-agent market.

"I heard what some of the other free agents had gone through and I didn't want that," Hisle said. "I remember we were on a road trip in Toronto and Howard Fox, the Twins' executive vice president, and I agreed on a five-year contract. But once we got back to Minnesota, the contract that was presented to me was different from what Howard and I had shook hands on in Toronto. I realized Howard was under the gun because everything had to be okayed by Calvin Griffith."

"There was a little more than a month to go in the season and my stepparents and stepbrother [Hisle was adopted when he was 11, after his parents died] had come up from Ohio to watch me drive in my 100th run. We beat Baltimore and although I drove in a run, I was still one short. Still, I was extremely pleased; the fans had given me a standing ovation and my family was happy. Well, we woke up the next morning and in the newspaper there was a big article in which Calvin called me a 'damn liar.' He said that I had no intention of signing with the Twins. That really upset me. But even after that, I didn't really want to leave Minnesota; Calvin was always saying absurd things and I guess he always will. But looking back on it, leaving the Twins was the best move I ever made."

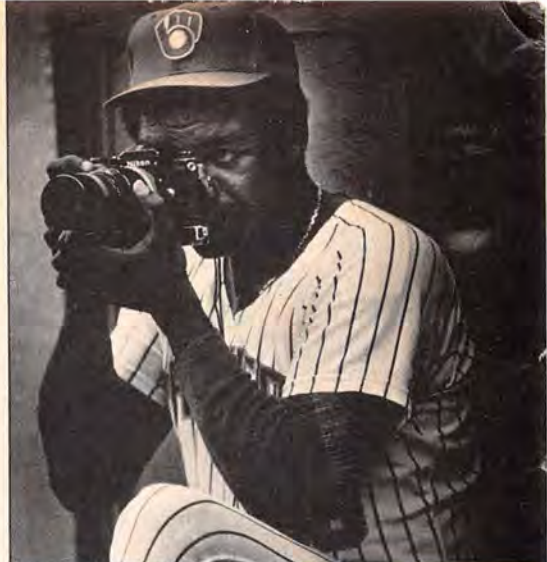
Before joining the Twins in 1973, Hisle had been with the Phillies, the Dodgers and, for one month in the winter of 1972, the Cardinals. Playing for Tommy Lasorda on the Dodgers' Triple A Albuquerque farm team in 1972 was, in Hisle's view, "the turning point in my career. The Dodgers have the ability to instill

positive thinking in their young players. Especially Lasorda. He showed me I had as much talent as anybody on the team." Crucial to his success, too, Hisle said, were conversations he had in the off-season back in the town where he'd grown up, Portsmouth, O. The conversations, Hisle said, were with "Al Oliver, who was a high school teammate of mine. By this time, Al was a very good player with Pittsburgh, and he was successful while I wasn't. After talking with Al, it was apparent why—he firmly believes he is the best hitter in baseball. That was what I was missing. I never believed in myself. I do now, but I still need reinforcement. There's a song from *The Wiz* that brings goose pimples to me every time I hear it. It's called 'Believe in Yourself,' and before every game I try to either listen to it or sing the words to myself. If you don't have confidence in yourself, there's no hope."

With the Twins in 1973, Hisle became a regular and began to establish himself as one of baseball's best run producers. Even so, there were problems. "It seemed like every year," Hisle said, "I had to win a job in spring training. After my first year, I had to go to arbitration over my contract—they offered me the same contract as the year before—and after I won in arbitration, Calvin said he'd get his money back from me some way or another. So they took my starting job, but the guy they gave it to got hurt, and in the last three exhibition games I hit five homers. The owner made it difficult to play for Minnesota sometimes, but I'm a firm believer that nothing in life is going to be exactly the way you want it. There are always going to be obstacles and Calvin was just one of those obstacles."

For seven years after signing his first major-league contract, Hisle attended college in the off-season, taking his classes at various universities, and this coming winter he hopes to get his degree in mathematics from the University of Wisconsin at Milwaukee. One year, while attending the University of Minnesota, "I was taking a psychology class and one of the students asked me what I thought I could do in that particular upcoming season," Hisle said. "I told him I didn't have any idea. So he asked me to guess. Well, I guessed what I could do in five categories, wrote them down, stuck them in my wallet and forgot about it. After the season I remembered the piece of paper in my wallet. I was amazed how close I had come. After that, I did it every year."

Three years ago, Hisle decided to let someone else, Mike Weinbrecht, predict the statistics for him. Mike Weinbrecht is the 14-year-old son of Hisle's high school coach. Mike has been disabled by muscular dystrophy since he was a baby. Through him, Hisle became involved in raising funds in Ohio for muscular dys-



Camera-buff Hisle keeps things in focus.

trophy. These days, Hisle also serves as Wisconsin state chairman for multiple sclerosis and works actively in behalf of the special Olympics.

"I've never met a more courageous young man than Mike," Hisle said. "He's been an inspiration to me and I told him, 'Mike, from now on it's up to you what I should do.' So every winter we get together and discuss my goals. Then he writes down what he thinks I should do. It's really good for Mike because it keeps him closer to the game. And when I do well, I'm not only happy for myself and my family, but also for Mike—because I know he feels just a little bit better."

Although Hisle had an extraordinary season in 1978, he attained only one of the goals Mike had set for him—home runs. "This year," Hisle said in spring training, "I've got my work cut out for me. I've got to hit 36 home runs, drive in 123 runs, hit .300, score 101 runs and steal 30 bases."

When George Bamberger was advised of Weinbrecht's 1979 goals for Hisle, the manager said, "I don't know if he'll be able to steal 30 bases, but it wouldn't surprise me if he did everything else." Bamberger added, "He's the kind of star it's a pleasure to be associated with, the kind of player kids should look up to. He's also without a doubt one of the nicest men I've ever known."

Nice. Whenever someone asks about Larry Hisle, one word invariably crops up to describe him: Nice. He's a nice guy, a nice husband and father, a nice person to travel with, he's got a nice swing, a nice smile, he's nice to the fans, to the kids, to the media. Nice. Just as the term, "free agent," has become synonymous in baseball with overpriced underachievers, the word "nice" is now linked to Leo Durocher's rule about decency leading to last place. But Larry Hisle, once again, is an exception to the rule. ■

BOB WISCHNIA, assistant editor of *Runner's World*, last reported in *SPORT* (Jan.) on Phoenix forward Walter Davis.



# \$3748. THE TRUE BARGAIN.

## IT ISN'T JUST A LOW PRICE. IT'S A LOW PRICE, HIGH MILEAGE, AND TOYOTA RELIABILITY.

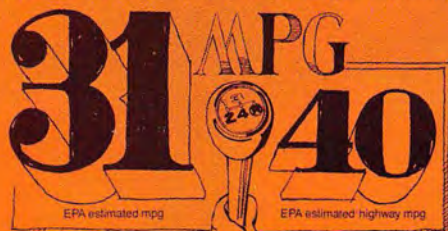
\$3748—now that's a bargain! And it's probably why you started to read this ad. But the 1979 Corolla 2-Door Sedan's quality—that's why you should keep reading.

**Quality Construction.** The Corolla is built with welded unitized body construction to help keep it tight. And there's rust-resistant galvanized metal in rust-prone areas. Out of sight, but definitely not out of mind, are power assisted front disc brakes, for surer stopping. And MacPherson strut front suspension, for surer cornering.



**Quality Features.** You won't suffer in a Corolla. Not when you're driving with a reclining bucket seat under you. Headlight, headlamp flasher, and windshield wiper/washer controls within easy reach on the steering column. And plenty of room for four.

All for \$3748. Manufacturer's suggested retail price. Price does not include tax, license, transportation, California emissions or optional equipment.



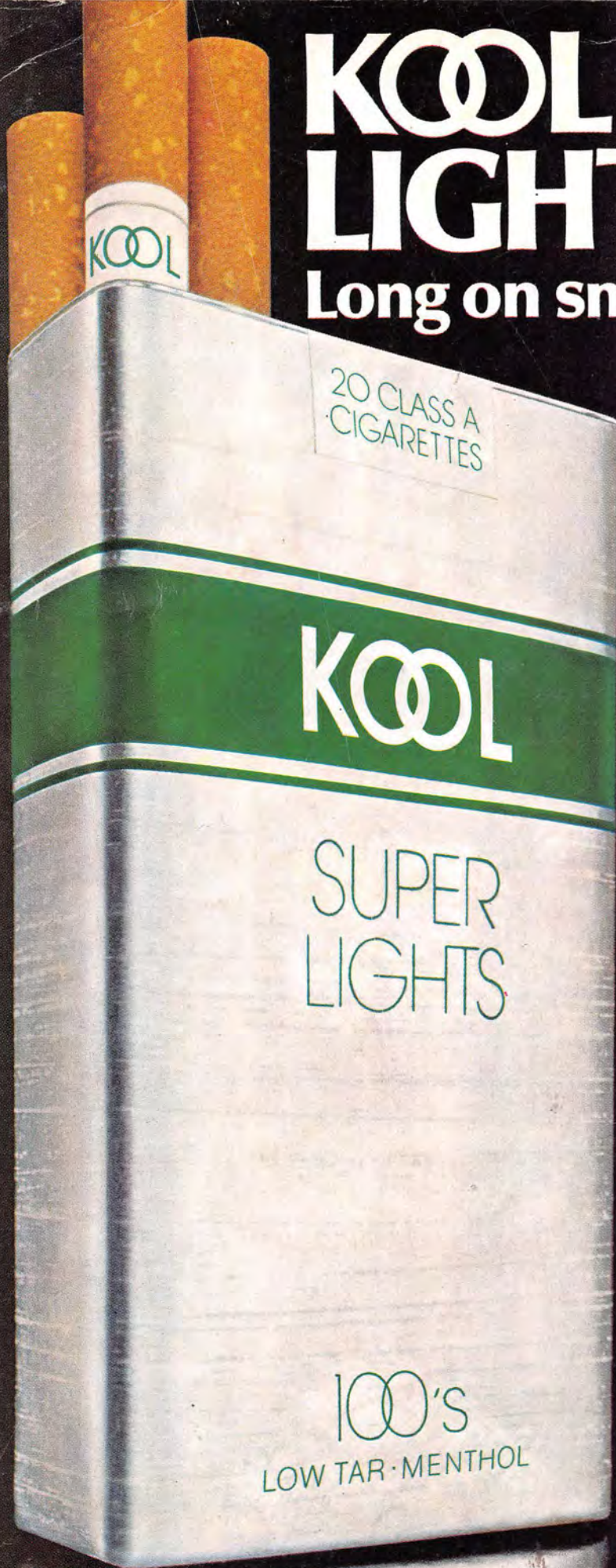
**Good gas mileage too.** Remember: Compare this estimate to the EPA "Estimated MPG" of other cars. You may get different mileage, depending on how fast you drive, weather conditions and trip length. Actual highway mileage will probably be less than the EPA "Highway Estimate." The 1979 Toyota Corolla 2-Door Sedan. A low price, and a whole lot more. A true bargain.

# YOU GOT IT.



## THE COROLLA 2-DOOR. TOYOTA



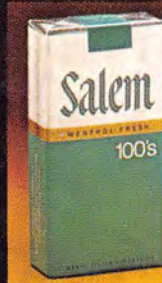


# KOOL SUPER LIGHTS "100's"

Long on smooth and fresh...  
short on 'tar.'

A light menthol blend gives low "tar" smokers the smooth taste they want. Never harsh tasting. Make the smooth move to KOOL Super Lights.

At only 9 mg. 'tar,'  
it's lower  
than all these.



19 mg. 'tar'



11 mg. 'tar'



10 mg. 'tar'



19 mg. 'tar'

Smooth taste in Kings and  
"100's," both at only 9 mg. 'tar.'

9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.